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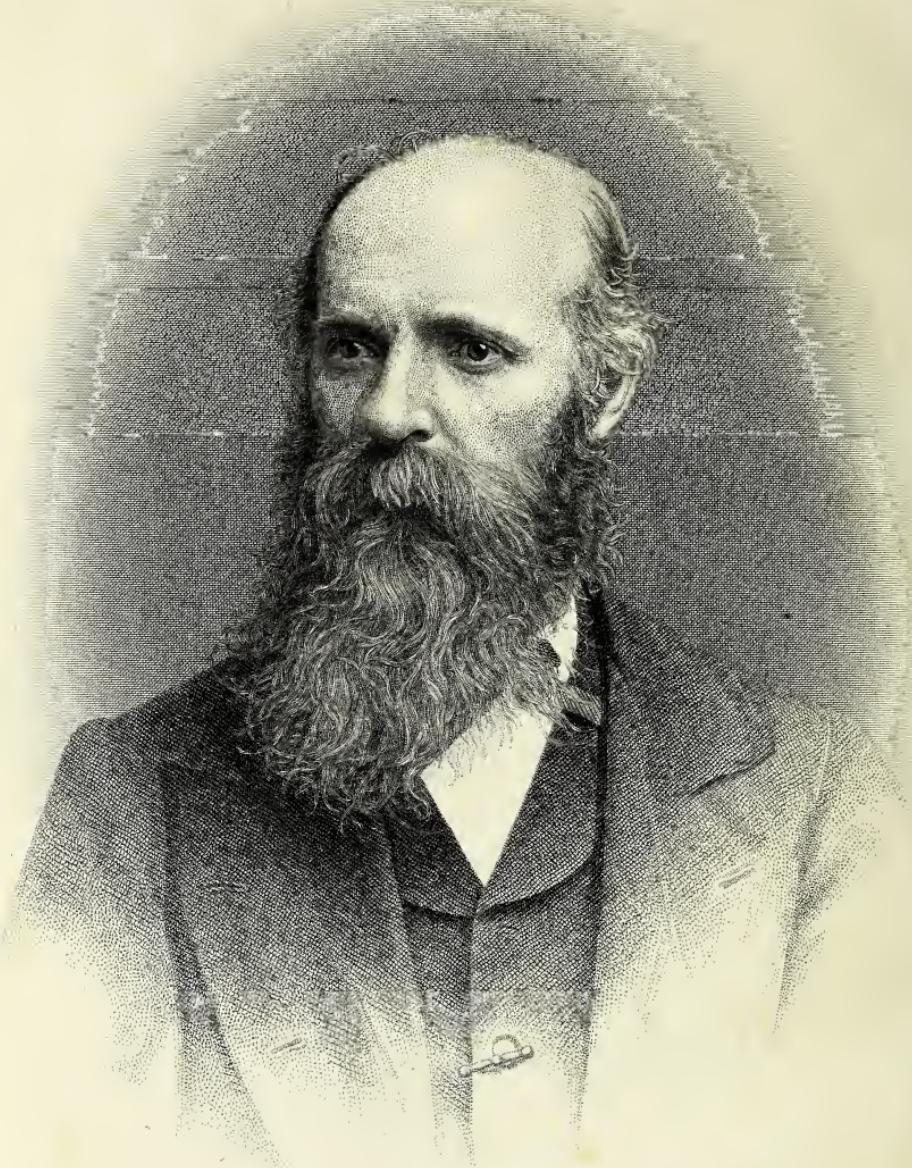
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W. Roffe, sc

Yours very truly  
Simeon Payne

# Yorkshire Folk-Lore Journal:

*With Notes Comical and Dialectic.*

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THIRTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

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EDITED BY J. HORSFALL TURNER,  
Idel, Bradford.

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VOL. I.

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Printed for the Editor  
By T. HARRISON, QUEEN STREET, BINGLEY.  
1888.





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# Yorkshire Folk-lore:

## WITH NOTES COMICAL AND DIALECTIC.

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FABRICATED "ANCIENT PREDICTION. (Entitled by popular tradition—'Mother Shipton's Prophecy,' published in 1448, republished in 1641.)

"Carriages without horses shall go,  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Around the earth thoughts shall fly  
In the twinkling of an eye.  
The world upside down shall be,  
And gold be found at the root of a tree.  
Through hills men shall ride,  
And no horse be at his side.  
Under water men shall walk,  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.  
In the air men shall be seen,  
In white, in black, in green.  
Iron in the water shall float,  
As easy as a wooden boat.  
Gold shall be found and shown  
In a land that's not now known.  
Fire and water shall wonders do,  
England shall at last admit a foe.  
The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

This alleged "prediction" has been published in several newspapers, &c., during the past few years, and having very strong doubts regarding its authenticity I forwarded a cutting of it to *Notes and Queries*, with the enquiry "Where was it first published, and is it considered genuine?" It appeared in (4th S., vol. X., p. 450, Dec. 7, '72,) and replies appeared at page 502; and vol. XI., pp. 60 and 206, from the Rev. W. W. Skeat, Mr. J. C. Cox, Dr. Rimbault, and Mr. Wm. Andrews. The answers were to the effect that there were very great doubts regarding its authenticity, and that the date 1448 could not be correct, as the accounts of "The Life and Prophecies of Mother Shipton," generally say that she died in 1561, aged 73, so that her birth would be about 1488. However, the matter was completely set at rest by the following *note* by the editor in "Notices to Correspondents," at page 355, 4th S., vol. XI., *Notes and Queries* :—

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.—Mr. Charles Hindley, of Brighton, in a letter to us, has made a clean breast of having fabricated the Prophecy quoted at page 450 of our last volume, with some ten others included in his reprint of a chap-book version, published in 1862.”

SIMEON RAYNER.

WITCHES AND BROOMSTICKS.—I have an old Mother Shipton chap-book bearing on the title page a woodcut as follows:—



Can any reader favour me with the origin of the broomstick notion?

SPIDERS.—The other day I knocked a spider from my face, and a little girl, standing by, remarked, “ You are going to have a fortune.”

SELLING WARTS.—My little boy's hands were covered with warts a few months ago, and a bottle I got from the doctor containing some liquid to rub them, seemed to be ineffective in removing them. A neighbour woman seeing the disfigurements told the boy to go to her house and sell them. She paid him a half-penny, wrapped in paper, and told him to place it carefully away till the warts disappeared. In a month his hands were clear, and the coin is still wrapped up. He has not had one since September. This is a fact; whether the doctor's lotion took effect afterwards I cannot say.

MARY STEAD.

ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVESTONE.—Not only is this old stone surrounded by high, iron railings, but the top has been also protected by iron bars, because the rustics stole into the grounds and climbed the rails, to chip a little off the stone as a charm for toothache.

J.H.T.

HAUNTED HOUSE.—Mayroid, the old home of the Cockrofts, at Hebden Bridge, was formerly reported to be haunted; and

no wonder such statements should arise, if all that Oliver Heywood and others tell of their debauchery is true. Persons now living have heard many unaccountable noises in the roof, but my chief object in writing is to report that the knockings have ceased since we bored holes in the under-drawing. There is a fine coat of arms over the side door, of the Cockcroft family, with a Cock for crest.

W.H.

HOLY WELLS.—A descriptive list of these interesting relics will be acceptable. We have accounts of three to hand, viz.: Alegar Well, near Kirklees, Holywell at Stainland, and Helliwell, in Lightcliffe.

ED.

ANCIENT VILLAGE SPORT.—In the *Northamptonshire Notes and Queries* for April, 1885, is a Note which we transcribe as it corresponds with a favourite game now played in Shipley district, under the name of A FARMER'S LIFE. My daughter has given me the following rendering, retaining the bad grammar :

Oats, and beans, and barley corn,  
You, nor I, nor any one knows,  
You, nor I, nor any one knows,  
Where oats, and beans, and barley grows.

First the farmer sows his seed,  
And then he stands, and takes his ease,  
Stamps his foot, and clasps his hand,  
And turns him round to view the land.

Waiting for a partner ; waiting for a partner,  
Open the ring, and take one in,  
And pick the fairest of the ring.

Now you're married you must obey,  
You must attend to all I say,  
You must be kind, you must be good,  
And help your wife to chop the wood.

We make a ring by joining hands, and a boy goes into it, and we begin to sing. At the proper time, he picks a girl he likes the best. He then kisses the girl, and goes out whilst she remains in and picks a boy.

ED.

“ Having been recently invited by the kind Vicar of Raunds, to join the annual Christmas Entertainment of the Raunds Church Choir, I noticed that a very favourite pastime of the evening was one which I shall call “ Choosing Partners,” and this I will go on to describe, as being in all probability a sport which has come down by tradition from very remote times, and possibly has not before been noticed in print. The game is played thus. The young men and maidens join hands indiscriminately, and form a ring ; within the ring stand a lad and lass ; then they all step round the way the sun goes, to a plain tune and the following words :—

“ Does you, or I, or anie one knowe  
 Where oates and beanes & barlie growe ?  
 Where oates and beanes and barlie growe ?  
 The farmer comes and sowes ye seede.  
 Then he standes and takes hys ease  
 Stamps hys foote, and slappes hys hand  
 And turnes hym rounde to viewe ye lande.”

During the singing of the two last lines they all disjoin hands, stop, and stamp their feet, and clap their hands, and turn right round—all in time and tune; and then join hands again, and proceed:—

“ Waiting for a partner  
 Waiting for a partner  
 Open the ringe and take mee in  
 Make haste and choose your partner.”

The two in the middle here choose each of them a partner of the opposite sex out of the ring, which they do by pointing to the one chosen; then they continue the dance round to the words below, the two pairs of partners crossing hands,—first right and then left,—and revolving opposite ways alternately. The march round is temporarily suspended for choosing partners:—

“ Now you're married you must obey  
 Must bee true to alle you saye  
 Must bee kinde and verie goode  
 And helpe your wyfe to choppe ye woode.”

The partners then salute—or rather each lad kisses his chosen lass, with the proper amount of reluctance on her part, and the first two partners go out; the game continues as before, being repeated *ad infinitum*; until every one in the ring has chosen, and been chosen; and consequently every lad has saluted every lass, which is lovely.

The antiquity of the pastime is evidenced by its not mentioning *wheat*; wheat was in remote times an exceptional crop. The village people lived on oatmeal, and barley bread, and were none the less strong and happy for that.

It also, possibly, points to a period when most of the land lay in grass. Portions of the open fields were cultivated in turn, and after a few years of merciless cropping were laid down again to recuperate.

The advent of a young bachelor farmer to a parish would cause a flutter among the girls; and in the winter time when this eligible individual had nothing to do but walk over his land and slap his hands to keep them warm, then was the time to choose a partner to grace his lonely hearth and warm his heart.

One good joke to be noticed is the ignorance calmly professed by each maiden, and recognised as the correct thing, as to the whereabouts of the farm in question. "Do you or I or anyone know?" No, of course we don't know, who ever thought we did?

When, at length, the farmer's heart has been entangled, and the knot securely tied by the good Priest of St. Peter's; then the triumphant Raunds damsels, in secure possession of the ring, quite forgetful of the marriage service, proceeds to say or sing

"Now you're married you must obey," &c. &c.

"Helping to chop the wood" recalls the time when coal was not known as fuel.

There are many other local village pastimes still existing with quaint rhymes attached to them, which ought to be preserved from possible extinction by being recorded in "N.N. & Q."

Will your readers say whether they have met with "Choosing Partners," or other sports of a like kind?

I am indebted for the correct words of the above to a Raunds maiden, Miss Bertha Finding, a native of the village, who kindly wrote them down for me. ROB. S. BAKER.

Hargreave. Hon. Local Sec. of the Soc. Antiquaries, London.

The same game is played at the school feast at Maxey; but the words, as I have taken them down, vary from those given above. We have no mention of any crop except barley, which is largely grown in the district; and the refrain, repeated after the second and sixth lines, is

"Waiting for the harvest."

A lady suggested to me that the two first lines of the conclusion are addressed to the bride of the game; and the two last, which in our version run

"You must be kind and very good,"  
apply to the happy swain. ED., N. N. & Q.

—o—

PROPHET WROE.—The following is a copy of a placard in my possession which was posted in this neighbourhood fifty years ago, and will, no doubt, be interesting to your readers;—

The public are respectfully informed  
that

JOHN WROE,

will be

Publicly Baptised

in the River Aire,

near Idle Thorpe,

At half-past one o'clock

on Sunday, the 29th day of the 2nd month, 1824,

at which holy ordinance appropriate hymns (accompanied by a select band of music) will be sung, and immediately after

WILLIAM TWIGG,

one of the witnesses mentioned in Rev. chap. ii., will preach the everlasting Gospel, as revealed by the Redeemer of the World.

S. & E. Nicholson, Printers, Bradford.

I shall esteem it a favour if any of your readers who know any particulars about John Wroe, will send them to your "Notes and Queries."\*

W. CLARK.

\*In the *Bradford Observer*, of ten years ago.

PROPHET WROE. Allow me to say a few words on Prophet Wroe, or Pudding Wroe, as he was generally designated in his early career. I remember Wroe's appearance very well. He was rather stout, and wore very plain clothes, something in the Quaker style, and had a long beard. All his male followers imitated him in this style of dress, whilst the female portion wore green dresses, &c. Mrs. Wroe was a good-looking woman, and far superior as a preacher to the "prophet." At the commencement of his prophetic career he saw many visions and had trances, the details of which were published in penny tracts. I have read many of them (perhaps some of your readers might have preserved some of them). In one of these visions he said it was ordered that twelve pure virgins should wait upon him. I believe that number of young women was obtained. He lived then just below the church in Bowling, and he preached in an upper room in Aldermanbury; the lower part of the building being at one time the lock-up. This room was situate somewhere about where Brumfitts and Firth's grocery warehouse is now. At one time Wroe was going to take all his followers to Jerusalem, and they were all to go on white donkeys. Then came his foolish attempt to divide the waters of the river Aire, in 1824, and its signal failure. An immense crowd assembled, and as he did not walk as he had promised the crowd nearly drowned him, and he was glad to make his escape. A man or two fell into the water from some trees, and caught cold and died from the effects. (The last who came up out of the water was a man with a bald head and a wood-leg.) He said this was a judgment of the Lord for scoffing at one of His prophets. He did not carry any money, so his wife or attendant paid all dues and demands, tolls, &c. All furniture and seats of the chapels or tabernacle were constructed of oak, without any ornamentation. A grand tabernacle was built at Ashton-under-Lyne, and at every service the members had to cast their silver and gold into the Treasury of the Lord. Then he sojourned in the wilderness, riding on a mule. His extravaganzas eventually excited the minds of the populace against him, and a regular

riot ensued at Ashton. The destruction of the Temple ensued, and he went from that town to the neighbourhood of Wakefield, where he built an excellent mansion. I remember hearing him preach in a large room in Croft Street, Bradford, which had been raised by subscription. When built he claimed the property, and those shareholders who had £60 or £70 demurred, and a trial was the issue, but I believe he was successful. It was on September 24th, 1837, that I heard him. The discourse was taken from the 9th chap. Ecclesiastes, 13th and 14th verses. He likened himself to the poor man in the latter verse, who by his wisdom was to deliver the city, showing that he by his wisdom was to deliver the world. A more rhapsodical, incoherent and enigmatical sermon was never heard. A few years since he went to Australia and preached his dogmas there, but he died suddenly at Melbourne at an advanced age. Perhaps some of your readers can give more precise details instead of these random outlines. At all events Prophet Wroe has secured a niche in the temple of fame as one of those religious fanatics who every now and then engage the attention of the ignorant and unthinking.

JOHN CLARK.

The Wroe-ites hold an Annual Meeting at the said mansion at Alverthorpe, I am told, and the following is a copy of a bill issued by one of the fraternity :

#### JUDGE RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

WHEREAS, John L. Bishop of New York, and Benjamin Eddows of Wakefield, **Preachers**, professing to be followers of John Wroe, the said parties have through their **Malicious Envy** condemned me as **Insane**, and have by their usurping authority in the Church of Israel, contrary to its just Laws had me a Legal authorised Judge and Minister of the said Church, unjustly turned out of the Sanctuary, and from the privileges of the said Church; having robbed me of my Wife, Children, and Property, they are now using their unholy influence in endeavouring to still keep me in Beggary by their **Refuge of Lies**.

Whereas, Robert Barratt, Lawyer, of Wakefield, having joined the said parties in condemning me as Insane, therefore, I, Daniel Milton, of Wakefield,

#### CHALLENGE

the said parties to come forward before an enlightened public on Whitsunday, May 19th, 1861, at 10 o'clock in the morning in my field (hired to Lecture in) in Wrenthorpe, opposite the Israelite Mansion, or on any Sunday previous, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and prove their charges, or for ever after stand condemned as Libelors.

## TAKE NOTICE

to facilitate said parties in their search for proof, I do hereby agree to furnish them with my Public writings for the past 3 years, and furthermore, I will agree to be examined Mentally, before any number of Clergymen of the Church of England, or be examined Physically by any number of Doctors, or Morally by any number of Lawyers.

Given under my Hand this 25th day of April, 1861, in Wakefield,  
DANIEL MILTON.

Copy of a letter from Lawyer Barratt, to the parties that I have hired the field from to Lecture in, and to expose a most GIGANTIC and OUTRAGEOUS SWINDLING COMPANY:

"I do hereby give you and each of you Notice that every person who shall knowingly permit or suffer any congregation or assembly for Religious Worship of Protestants to meet in any place occupied by him until the same shall have been certified as required by Law, shall forfeit not exceeding Twenty Pounds. You are therefore hereby required to take Notice that if you permit any person or persons or any congregation or assembly to meet in or on your premises on Sunday next, or at any other time for the purpose aforesaid, proceedings will be taken against you to recover the said forfeiture."

Dated this Nineteenth day of April, 1861.

Yours &c.,

R. BARRATT,  
Attorney at Law, Wakefield.

To Jane Ramsden, Thos. Ramsden, }  
and each of them. }

W. R. Hall, Machine Printer, Free Press Office, Wakefield.  
C.W.

—o—

**ANECDOTES.**—In the early days of Moravianism in Yorkshire, 1742, a German Preacher was sent to Gomersall, bnt, being overtaken by darkness, managed to slide down one of the top-shafts, or surface coal pits, on Hartshead Moor, where he was fortunately discovered next morning by a collier, who hearing a call, looked down, and heard the marvellous question, "Is this the way to Gomersall?" the only words of English the foreigner had been taught.

A Bradford girl of tender years, hearing the Coffee Tavern movement highly praised, expressed a strong desire to go into a Toffee Cavern.

The Rev. Canon Hulbert being shewn Tillotson's Sermons, three folio volumes, chained to the Communion Table at Lydgate Unitarian Chapel, Holmfirth, where David Clarkson's Works had formerly kept them company, expressed his earnest

desire they should be released from their captivity and elevated to the Pulpit. Well done !

Mr. Slugg's *Woodhouse Grove School* records an instance of juvenile revolt. A boy had seen the porridge ladle in the 'swill' tub. All vowed they would touch no more porridge until they had taught the governor their sense of indignation. Most of the boys refused their porridge morning, noon, night; but next morning, when they should have joined in the Lord's Prayer, they were mute, except in responding to one sentence, which they thundered out with more indignation than devotion—“Give us this day our daily bread.”

CROMWELLS—Thomas and Oliver.—It is amazing to find the amount of confusion that obtains regarding these two Cromwells. Thomas, to nine-tenths of the people, is a name unknown, and his acts are added to those of the more recent Oliver. The latter has the credit, like Robin Hood in a former day, of all the marvellous feats and wicked pranks of giants. In the popular mind, it was Oliver that planted his cannon against Bolton, Kirklees, Kirkstall, and all our old abbey ruins, and a line or two may be of service to your readers in calling attention to the anachronism, that they may rectify this widespread notion.

Y.

NOTES ON TOWNSHIP OF HIGH ABBOTSIDE.—Libraries, Newspapers, Reading Room, Booksellers,—nil. Education is under control of School Board. New Schools (two), one at Hardrow, one at Lunds (Hell Beck Lunds). Curate was formerly school-master. The Fawcetts were curates and schoolmasters for three generations. The Rev. John Fawcett, the last curate-pedagogue, is said to have been the author of many poems, the MS. of which is, I believe, in the hands of the Rev. Richard Fawcett. I was fortunate enough to obtain copies of two of the poems, said to be the composition of the above reverend gentleman, which I enclose. The poems have never, so far as I am aware, been published in book form, although I am given to understand such a thing has been contemplated. The Church is new, having been opened in 1880. It was built by the Rt. Honble. the Earl of Wharncliffe, who is owner of by far the largest portion of the Township; the villages of Hardrow, Sedbusk, Shaw, and Cotterdale being almost wholly his property. There are no remarkable epitaphs in the Church Yard, but the names most numerous are those of Stuart (formerly one of the principal land-owners of the district); Metcalfe (whose original home was Bear Park, Aysgarth), Taylor, Moore, and Johnson; the latter three do not seem to be original natives, but of comparative recent importation. Bell, Ineson, and Mason are also very common names in the

District. Dinsdale was, I believe, the original owner of the Simonstone estate, but as a tombstone in memory of George Dinsdale, of Simonstone, states—"In the Dale had lived and died his forefathers for 300 years. And in him passed away the last who made it his dwelling-place, beloved and honoured far as he was known." George Dinsdale's mother was a Stuart. There are tombstones to the Stuarts from 1768, one signed, Firmadge, Fecit, Leicester, is a most beautiful specimen of caligraphy, on a Lias flag, to Cuthbert Stuart, Esq., of Simonstone, who died in 1768.

**CUSTOMS.**—*Hen Silver* at Weddings, spent, with additions, in feasting and drinking.

*Begging Collops*, i.e. begging slices of bacon on the Monday (i.e. Collop-Monday) before Shrove Tuesday. This custom is almost extinct.

*Barring Out* the Schoolmaster on the 5th of November,\* is still encouraged by the elders as it was by their forefathers.

*Peace-eyging* or *Munning* at Xmas.

The Church bell is rung at 8 a.m. each Sunday to inform the people there will be Morning Service, and at 4 p.m. to inform them there will be Evening Service.

**WORDS, &c.**—Bad with you, injurious or detrimental to you.

Good with you, beneficial or of service to you.

Thummel teâ bo, the ball of the big toe.

Formel, to order for any person what he or she might require from a shop, &c., i.e. to forward.

Garth, a small field, as Mill Garth, the field in which the mill either stands or stood.

Scar, a waterfall, as "Hardrow Scar."

Foss, fors, or force, a waterfall, as Colter Force, Aysgarth Force.

Ghyl, a ravine, as Shaw Ghyl, Hell Ghyl.

Beck, a small river or beck.

Sett, against:—generally a village set against or opposite to a hill, as Burtersett, Counterset, Apperset.

Ware, to spend.

Gân, to go,

Gane, gone.

Lile, little.

Câr, care.

*Hardrow, Aug. 25, 1885.*

[Our friend has omitted to mention that grand sight of some winters back, when Hardrow-force was one mass of ice. Photographs were taken of it.]

---

\* This was (and slightly lingers still,) the custom in various parts of Yorkshire on Shrove Tuesday, at 11 a.m.

## HARDROW SCAR.

A Descriptive Poem by Rev. J. Fawcett.

While modern bards depict the scenes of war,  
The rival muse resorts to Hardrow Scar,  
A strange hiatus formed in nature's mould,  
A striking portrait wondrous to behold.  
On first approaching this romantic place,  
Majestic rocks the op'ning prospect grace,  
A humble cottage at the foot appears,  
Above, a towering hill its summit rears.  
A scene of grandeur meets the ravished eye,  
Here rocks impend, there moss-grown fragments lie,  
While round the top or elms or ashes grow,  
And form an ombre o'er the gulf below.  
Amidst the rocks, and near the centre, stands  
A curious pile as if composed with hands ;  
Ingenious nature here displays a part  
That seems to rival all the traits of art.  
Yet what excites our wonder most of all  
Is the renowned Cascade—the water-fall.  
When low the river, and the day is bright,  
The stream descending forms a brilliant sight ;  
A thousand colours beauteously display  
The various power of Sol's reflective ray,  
While o'er the top a pond'rous rock impends  
In awful grandeur, as the stream descends ;  
But if incessant rains have swelled the rills  
That pour spontaneous from the neighbouring hills,  
And these united in one common course  
Rush down the precipice with rapid force,  
From the deep gulf the raging flood recoils  
And hideous, roaring, like Charybdis boils.  
The gazing trav'ller, with uplifted hands,  
In dread amazement at a distance stands,  
Struck with the scene he contemplates it o'er,  
And tries the work of nature to explore ;  
Then tired, at last, he quits his nice surveys  
And on the Scar betows his meed of praise.

## THE POOR MAN'S BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

Poverty, begone ! thou dread source of my care,  
 Thou parent of sorrow and nurse of despair ;  
 Through thee life's a portion embittered with gall  
 I trust there's a Providence careth for all.

I find with regret the old adage too true—  
 When Fortune deserts us our friends are but few,  
 Yet blessed with content, though my pittance is small,  
 I know there's a Providence careth for all.

To numberless ills so [oft subject] \* are we,  
 From suffering and sorrow no mortal is free.  
 Distress was entailed on our race through the fall  
 Yet still the same Providence careth for all.

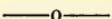
What though I am plunged in misfortune and woe,  
 And mis'ry and want are my portion below,  
 Joy beams on my soul which no grief can appal  
 From the trust that a Providence careth for all.

Then why should I fret and in anguish despair,  
 Since man still is Heaven's peculiar care,  
 This anchor of hope shall my spirit console  
 A firm trust that a Providence careth for all.      per J.C.

\* *Obnoxious*, in copy.



## Yorkshire Dialects.



Each of the numerous Yorkshire valleys has its own peculiar words and modes of pronunciation ; nay, there is frequently a marked difference on opposite sides of a valley, and between the dwellers in the upper and lower dales. By the aid of our philological friends, we hope to register the dialectic peculiarities of each district ; and we commence with a list compiled a dozen or twenty years ago of words and pronunciations common to Calder Vale, from the source of the river to Wakefield. It need scarcely be added that omissions—few or many—will be thankfully inserted as supplied. Some of the words are recognized as good English, and found almost throughout the country, but we give the list in its entirety.

Aase-verse, a 'spell' on a house, to prevent its being burnt, or to keep off witchcraft.

Aboon, above, more than.

Abaht, about.

Abide, tolerate.

Ackerons, ackerils, acorns.

Addle, to earn ; addlins, earnings. "Savin' 's gooid addlin'."

Afore, before.

Agate'ards, to accompany part of the way.

Agait, get agate, begin.

Agate, annoying ; "Agate o' sumdy," (somebody.)

Ah, oi, I ; ah-ther-say, I dare say.

Aht, out ; ahted, put out ; altin, outing or excursion ; aht o' t'gate, out of the way, or dead.

Ait, eat ; Saxon aete.

Aight, ought, or owed ; "handed down to us by our Saxon ancestors." Watson's Halifax.

Akst, banns of marriage published.

Aks, ax, ask, from acsian. Used by Chaucer and other writers.

Alegar (Elliker) Well, near Kirklees, a noted 'holy well.'

Aleker, elliker, vinegar.

Alehoof, ground ivy, used in brewing, formerly.

Amang, among ; Saxon gemang.

Ample, a corruption of amble.

A nod glass, a nuther, a nahnce ; an odd glass, an other, an ounce.

All-hallow-tide, All Saints' day, November 1st.

All aht, entirely ; all nowt, nothing ; all ta nowt,

Alley, passage, also aisle.

All theare, self-possessed ; not all theare, short of intellect.

Anent, opposite ; we hear "opposite anent" ; sometimes "ovver anent."

Apprun, apprum, apron.

Ammut, am not.

Arr, vicious, as, *arr toad*.

Arless, an earnest penny. (Watson's Halifax.)

A-e, though now considered a vulgar and indecent word, is frequently used without any intention of being indecent. It is found in old writings, particularly ballads. Saxon, breach or fundament.

[Cart-a-e] behind a cart, tied behind a cart.

Ar-e-smart, water pepper-plant.

Arran, a spider ; Latin.

Arrandweb, spider's web.

Arrant, downright, monstrous, arrant rogue.

Assart, to grub roots up, land cleared of roots.

Ask, keen, piercing, as, *an ask wind*.

Asteead, instead.

Askerd, "dry askerd," a land lizard; "watter askerd," a newt.  
 Ass, ashes, cinders.  
 Assemever, how-so-ever, however.  
 "Tremmle, (tremble) like an *aspin* leaf," trembling poplar.  
 At, that: probably a Danish habit.  
 Aumery, a provision cupboard.  
 An-all, also; but really is *and all*; 'him an-all' means "him also."  
 Aumust, almost.  
 Awand, a warrant, as, *I'll awand thee*.  
 Awms-haases, owms-hahses, alms-houses.  
 Awf, elf; also a sly fellow. "Awf-Houses" in Hipperholme,  
 "Half," or "Elf" ?  
 Awther, ayther, either. Saxon awther.  
 Anparcy, and parcel, &c. "x, y, z, and parcel, goa ta bed."  
 Arridge, edge or ridge, in front of the horse shoe.  
 Arvil-cake, bread given to poor people at funerals. Now a  
 Savoy biscuit is given.  
 At-after, afterward.  
 Assoyl, absolve. On a gravestone found in Ilkley Church.  
 Obsolete.  
 Avver-bread, oat-cake.  
 Awfish, sickly, neither ill nor well; half-ish.  
 Aye, eea, ah; yes.  
 Aye Marry, Ave Mary, Hail Mary! yes, surely.  
 B thru a bull fooit, one who does not know the alphabet; an  
 illiterate.  
 Baarns, children. Saxon-baeran, to bear.  
 "The blissful Barne that bought us on the rode." [Cross.]  
 Shakespeare and other old writers use it.  
 Bang-full, bank-full, brim-full.  
 Balack-handed, left-handed, gauchy.  
 Bahn, going. Where are ta *bahn*? [I'm *bahn* to go, I am  
 going away.]  
 Bain, near, convenient. (Watson).  
 Bat, bundle of straw. "The straw of two wheat-sheaves."  
 (Watson.)  
 Bat, speed, to go at a great bat.  
 Bat, a knock on the head.  
 Bad, a cricketer's bat.  
 Bawson, ugly, brutish fellow.  
 Bauk, a beam, joist.  
 Bauk, to disappoint, disappointment.  
 Badger, flour-dealer.  
 Baarly, barley, a truce when boys are at play; "parley;"  
 "by your leave."  
 Bas, a doormat. German—a rush.  
 Beade, a prayer; obsolete.

Beck, a brook. Scandinavian—a small stream.

Beass, beasts, cows.

“Begin at t’beginnin,’ like t’clark o’ Beeston.”

Beest, first milk after the cow has calved. It was formerly distributed among the customers gratuitously, and a rich Yorkshire *pudding* made from it.

Bezzlt, drunken, tipsy.

Bensel, to soundly beat, thrash a person.

Bene, beneson, blessing.

Belive, in the evening, quickly, immediately. (Watson.)

Bell, belling, bellowing.

Berrin, burying, funeral.

Birk, birch; Saxon-berc, “Birk-hill,” “American birk.”

Bildering, levelling the ground, breaking the clouds; billing.

Bid, to invite; bid to burying.

Bigging, a building; big, to build. (Watson.)

Blags, blackberries, fruit of bramble, one of the sweetest of fruits, and makes a delicious preserve. “Bumblekites,” N.R.Y.

Blade, slang term for a sharp, cutting fellow.

Bleared, besmeared, sticky substance; “bleared to th’ een.”

Blether, bladder; “as a full bleddere,” Piers Plowman, 1390. Welsh, *dd* and *th* often interchange.

Blether-eead, a wrong head, an empty head; like a bladder.

Blether, blethered, blethering, roared, wept.

Blutherford, bellowed, roared, wept.

Blink, evade.

Bloke, a name of contempt applied to persons.

Boadle, half-farthing. We were well pleased formerly if we got a boadle-worth of spice, [sweets.]

Boken, nauseate, inclination to vomit.

Bother, trouble.

Bonny, beautiful.

Bosm, bosom. Saxon-bosm.

Botch, a novice at workmanship, a jobber, but not a cow-jobber.

Boggard, ghost, common to Northern languages. “Be not afraid of the bugs (terrors, evil spirits) by night.” One scarcely dare stir out on dark nights before gas lights were common for fear of boggards.

Boh, to frighten; “Boh, son of Odin.”—*Fosbroke*.

Bolster, bowster drawer, pillow-case, pillow-beer.

Bolster, a boy against whom another places his head at the game “Ships.”

Brackle, broken, unsettled; “brackle weather.”

Brackens, fern. Used still for bedding for cattle during winter, instead of straw.

Brah, brow, bank of a hill. ? Brea in Over Brea.

Braidy, foolish. (Watson.)

Bran-new, brand new, burnt new, quite new.

Brake, broken.

Brag, boasting.

Brades, resembles, acts like.

Brat, a pinafore, coarse apron. Used by Chaucer. 'Brat'-a child, is seldom used in Calder Vale.

Breet, bright; Saxon-breoth.

Brander, Brandrith, an iron, over the fire place, to set a vessel upon. Also an iron frame on which Yorkshire puddings are baked.

Bray, to beat, to pound, to hammer, to break.

Brig, bridge; Saxon-brig, "Brighus for Brighouse, Brigg, Briggs." Used by old writers.

Briggs, a two-forked branch of a tree, similar to Y, placed across the brewing tub, on which was placed the hop-seive, and all the liquor 'strained' through it. Recent legislation on 'home brewing' will render this description necessary for the next generation.

Brocks, old name for badgers or pates; used by the Rev. Oliver Heywood.

Brocks, cuckoo spit, an insect. "Sweat like a brick," properly, "Sweat like a brock," the little fly which envelopes itself in 'spit' for self-defence, found by thousands on the grass on road sides in spring. The spit is locally called "cuckoo spit."

Brief, a funeral club. Probably the name is derived from the briefs granted by magistrates authorizing collections in places of worship for persons &c., suffering from fires, ship-wrecks, floods, before the days of Insurance Societies.

Bridle sty, a road for horses but not for vehicles.

Breward, braward, the rim of a hat.

Broached, broiched, a spire steeple, (Watson); tapping a barrel.

Brust, burst.

Bukth, bulkth, great size.

Bun, bound, bond.

Bur, to stop a boy's marble; to put a block or stone behind a cartwheel; to prop, as a bur-wall; to burrow; a rabbit's bur.

Buck-hummer, used as an invective; "Go to Buck-hummer, where there's nother winter nor summer."

Butty, partnership, rendering mutual help, often surreptitiously.

Butter and Cheese, the tender leaves of the thorn. Some children are fond of eating them.

Butts, abuttals, (French), boundaries. Used also as a verb.

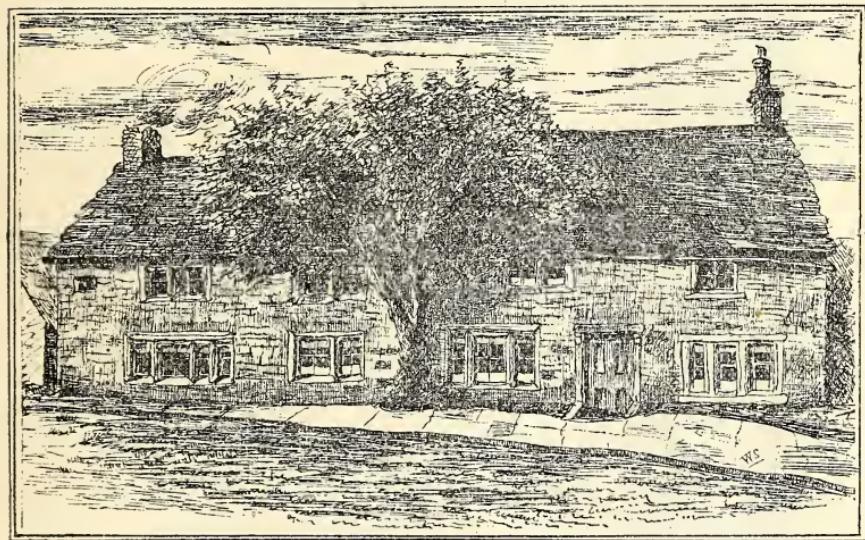
Also for the place where archers met to shoot at a mark.

Buckstick, a smart or brave fellow.

By, in place names, is found at Sowerby. Danish.

Byerlaw, by-law, borough-laws.

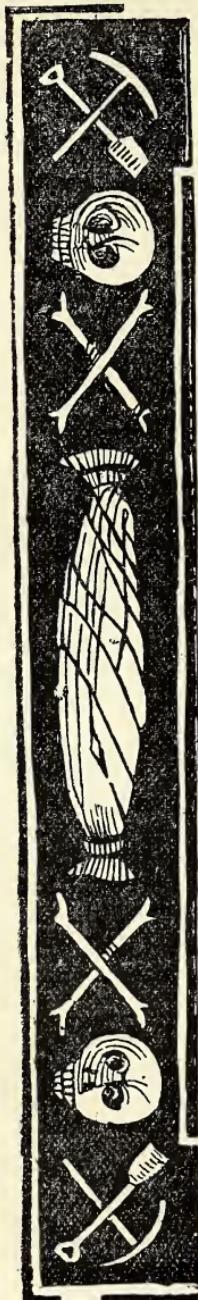
**PROPHET WROE.**—Banks, in his “Walks in Yorkshire,” records that Wroe’s house at Wrenthorpe was broken into by burglars in 1842, and in consequence of false statements, made by Wroe’s son, daughter, and servant, three innocent persons were transported for ten years but released at the end of five years, as it had been discovered to be the work of others, and the servant declared she had given her statements under compulsion. The three ~~convicts~~ returned home to find their homes ruined. Prophet Wroe’s mansion, otherwise Melbourne House, was built in 1856-7, at a cost of £9,000. It is two storeys high, Doric in style, and has a frontage of about ninety feet toward Wakefield. This temple for the Israelites was left by his will to his grandchildren. The old house at Bowling, where the prophet was born, is still standing, and we give an excellent sketch of it made by Mr. W. Scruton.



Wroe began his mission in 1822, issued his Southcottian writings about 1823; travelled in Spain, Italy, Germany, Scotland and Wales; was mobbed in Bradford and Ashton-under-Lyne in 1831, settled in and near Wakefield about 1832, visited America and Australia—the latter several times, and died at Melbourne in that colony, in 1864.

**BURIALS IN WOOLLEN.**—Two witnesses were required to certify on oath, immediately after any funeral ceremony took place, that the deceased person was buried in woollen. Entries in our parish registers, referring to this custom, are not infrequent. Generally the woman who “laid out” the body, and a relative, took the oath. The following is a copy of the printed certificate, 9½ inches by 7½, and is worthy of insertion in the pages of *Y. N. & Q.*, because (1) of its great scarcity;

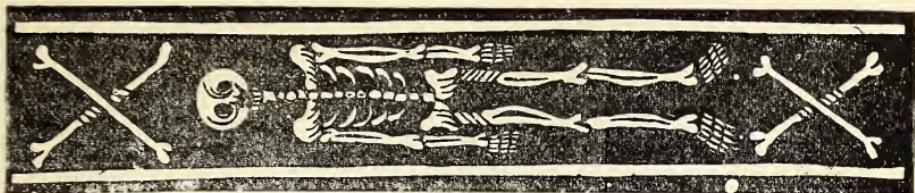
(one in the possession of Mr. W. Scruton being the only one I have ever seen), (2) it bears a local Bookseller's name, and (3) its pictorial embellishments are admonishing if not charming. A monument at Otley bears a sculptured alto-relief copy of a winding sheet, with the face uncovered.



of the Parish of  
 in the of make Oath, That  
 of the Parish of  
 in the of  
 lately Deceased, was not put in, wrapt,  
 or wound up,  
 or Buried, in any Shirt, Shift, Sheet, or  
 Shroud, made or mingled with  
 Flax, Hemp, Silk, Hair, Gold or Silver,  
 or other than what is made of  
 Sheep's Wool only: Nor in any Coffin  
 lined or faced with any Cloth, Stuff,  
 or any other thing whatsoever made or  
 mingled with Flax, Hemp, Silk,  
 Hair, Gold or Silver, or any other  
 Material, contrary to the Act of  
 Parliament for Burying in Woollen, but  
 Sheep's Wool only.

Dated the of  
 year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord,  
 Charles the Second, King of England,  
 Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender  
 of the Faith. And in the year of our  
 Lord God, 16

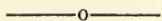
Sealed and subscribed by us  
 who were present, and Wit-  
 nesses to the swearing of  
 the abovesaid Affidavit.



do hereby Certifie, that the Day and Year abovesaid, the said  
came before me, and made such Affidavit as  
is above mentioned, according to the said late Act of  
Parliament, Intituled, *An Act for Burying in Woollen.*

Witness my Hand the Day and Year above-written.

London : printed for John Penrose, Bookseller in Leedes.



*By the 30 Carl. 2., St. 1, c. 3.*—For the encouragement of the Woollen Manufactures, and prevention of the exportation of money for the importing of linen, it is enacted that no corps (sic) of any person shall be buried in any shirt, shift, sheet or shroud, or any thing whatsoever made or mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold or silver, &c., in any stuff or thing, other than what is made of sheep's wool only ; on pain of £5.

And all persons in holy orders, deans, parsons, deacons, vicars, curates and their substitutes, shall take in account and keep a register of every person buried within their respective precincts, or in such common burial places as their respective parishioners are usually buried ; and one of the relations of the party deceased, or other credible person, shall within eight days next after the interment, bring an affidavit in writing under the hands and seals of two or more witnesses, and under the hand of the Magistrate or Officer before whom the same was sworn (for which nothing shall be paid), to the minister or person, that the said person was not put in, wrapt or wound up or buried, in any shirt, shift, sheet or shroud, made or mingled with flax, hemp, silk, hair, gold or silver, or other than what is made of sheep's wool only ; or in any coffin lined or faced with any cloth, stuff, or any other thing made or mingled with flax, hemp, &c., or any other material but sheep's wool only ; And if no relation of the party buried or other person shall bring an affidavit as aforesaid, to the parson or minister within the time aforesaid, then the goods and chattels of the party deceased shall be liable to the said forfeiture of £5, to be levied by way of distress and sale thereof, by warrant of

\* This Capital I is adorned with a flowering plant on each side.

the chief Magistrate in a town corporate, or any Justice of the Peace ; or in default thereof, by like distress and sale of the goods of the person in whose house the party died, or of any that had a hand in putting such person into any shirt, shift, shroud or coffin, contrary to the act, or did order or dispose the doing thereof ; and in case such person were a servant, and died in the family of his master or mistress, the same shall be levied on the goods of such master or mistress, and if such person died in the family of his father or mother, then the same to be levied on the goods of such father or mother ; which said forfeiture shall be levied, paid and allowed, out of the estate of the deceased person before any statute, judgment, debt, legacy, or other duty whatsoever.

The said Affidavit to be made before a Justice of the Peace, or Master of Chancery, Mayor, or other Chief Officer of the city, borough, corporation, or market Town where the party was buried, who shall administer the said oath, and attest the same under their hands upon such Affidavit gratis. And if no such Affidavit shall be brought to the minister where the party was buried within eight days, such Minister shall forthwith give or cause notice to be given in writing under his hand to the churchwardens or overseers of the poor of such parish, who shall within eight days after such notice, repair to the chief magistrate in a town corporate, if such party was buried there, or else to any justice of the peace, who upon the certificate thereof from such minister, shall forthwith grant a warrant for the levying the forfeiture : Half of which forfeitures shall be to the poor of the parish where the party shall be buried, and half to him that shall sue for the same ; to be recovered by warrant of the chief Magistrate or any justice of peace in the city, town corporate, or county where such party was buried.

Then follows a clause setting forth that—If any Minister shall neglect to give notice to the churchwardens or overseers of the poor, or not give unto them a note or certificate that such affidavit was not brought to him within the time limited ; or if the churchwardens, or overseers of the poor, shall not within eight days after the receipt of such certificate, repair to such chief Magistrate or justice of the peace with such certificate and demand his warrant thereupon for levying the forfeiture ; and if such magistrate or justice of the peace shall neglect his duty in not issuing his warrant for levying the same, he shall forfeit £5, to be recovered by him that shall sue, with full costs, so as the suit be commenced within six months ; one fourth to the King, two fourths to the poor of the parish where the offender shall dwell, and one fourth to him who shall sue.

The Minister of every parish to keep a register in which he shall keep an account of all burials within his parish, and of all affidavits brought to him as aforesaid.

Provided that no penalty shall be incurred by reason of any person that died of the plague. W.S.

CURES FOR WARTS.—Your note on *Selling Warts* in No. 1, reminds me of a few “Notes” made, Captain Cuttle like, some years ago when I heard the cures mentioned:—If you have warts that you want to be rid, try some of the following remedies, which I have been told are never failing cures. Sell them to some one, a friend, and then wrap up the money received, be it a penny or more, and hide it, not looking at it again, and you will soon lose your warts; so my informant, a woman, told me, and she had it done, and successfully too, she said. Other remedies are—Rub them with raw beef, and then bury the beef somewhere, and as the flesh decays so will your warts die. Tie a piece of silk round the warts cutting off the ends of the silk after tieing: wrap up the ends and lose them, and you will soon lose your warts, not knowing how or when: so my informant did, (again a woman,) and she lost her warts, and never knew how. Rub them with a cinder and then throw the cinder over your head. This reminds me of a practice we used to perform when I was a boy at school. When we found one of these long haired or downy snails, or caterpillars, which are generally found in hedge bottoms and which we called “Tommy Tailyers,” we used to throw them over our heads for luck. S.R.

Our readers will remember the instance of wart-cure by cutting notches off a stick in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Ed.

A woman here, a noted Methodist, cures warts regularly simply by looking at them. The usual advice is “Go to Mrs.—and let her look at them.” B.

CURE FOR A SORE MOUTH.—A woman was going recently to a medical man with her child who had a sore mouth, with a view to have it cured, and meeting on the way with an old woman whom she knew, told her her errand. The old woman said to her go back home, and obtain a live frog and put it into the child's mouth; then pull it out by the legs and the child would be cured, and not only that, but ever afterwards, any person who might be suffering from a sore mouth might also be cured, if her child should blow its breath into the mouth of the person so afflicted. S.R.

DUCK.—“The duck will come and lay you if you don't behave,” was the expression used by a poor woman, whose child would not keep quiet when my wife called on her. What is the meaning of the word “duck”? G.W.

Rotherham.

FINIS.—Who does not remember his wonderful school-boy feat of F. for fig, and I. for jig and N. for nigny no ne, I. for John the Waterman and S. for Sally Stoney? and still the wonder grew how I. rather than J. should stand for John.

ARKENGARTHDALE.—A great majority of the Christian names of the people here are Scriptural. When I came here, ten years ago, I had in the School a Matthew, a Mark, Luke and a John. Obadiah, Reuben, and Benjamin are not uncommon names. There is a peculiar custom here with regard to the use of Christian names—a custom which is even more prevalent in the neighbouring dale (Swaledale). An illustration will make plain the custom to which I refer: There is a person living in the dale named Wm. Slack, whose father's name was Andrew. He is almost invariably called Andrew Will. Sometimes three and occasionally four Christian names are connected in this way, the surname being omitted. In White's "Month in Yorks." you will find a reference to this custom. The principal Inn in this dale is called the C.B.—the initials it is said of Charles Backhouse, the person who discovered lead in the dale more than two centuries ago.

H.G.

PRISON BARS, OR RUN-OUT SCOTCH.—This is an old game for boys, and a great favourite. It was a royal amusement in 1549. It seems to have originated with the Scotch depredations. The boys take opposite sides, and one of set A runs or ventures out as scout, and is followed in hot haste by one of set B, who is again followed by one from A, and he is also pursued. The first may elude all his opponents and get back safely to his den. Any that are caught by opponents, who left the den after they departed, are sent to prisons. A's prison is at some distance opposite B's den, and B's prison opposite A's den. One of A's lot can release an imprisoned countryman if he can manage to touch him before a B touches the gallant rescuer. The game is really up when all are caught save one, or if a den is totally abandoned. The enemy leaps over the line, and raises a jubilant shout of victory. If the armies are face to face the prisons are kept in the enemies' dens, and all the skirmishing is between the dens, with the greatest latitude commandable. This is called "Short Scotch."

E.R.

Shipley.

FAIR IMOGENE.—Where can I find a poem beginning: "A warrior so bold and a maiden so bright"? M.T.

SPIDERS.—It is said to be unlucky to kill spiders. The very small spiders we see suspended by a thread of web, are known as money-spinners, and are said to betoken good fortune to those they visit.

I.B.

What is the Ghost Story of Woodsome Hall? J.H.I.

THE BRETON BALLAD cannot be very old, from the substitution of beer for ale, and the common use of glasses, not cups or horns.

I.B.

OBNOXIOUS.—"The Poor Man's Bane and Antidote," page 12, should properly be—"To numberless ills obnoxious are we."

The word obnoxious has two meanings the older one is "liable," the later one is "disagreeable, repulsive, offensive," &c., and any good dictionary will give both forms. I.B.

ALEGAR, is not, correctly speaking, vinegar. Alegar was formerly made from stale ale, vinegar from wine, or grapes. The latter word has been improperly adopted in both cases. I can remember when it was otherwise, at least in Manchester.

I.B.

### Yorkshire Ballads.

The following ballad, communicated by the Rev. J. L. SAYWELL, F.R.H.S., F.S.Sc., (London), was written by a lady on the occasion of the Duke of Gloucester's visit to Ackworth in October, 1823 :—

" I trust my muse will not refuse  
 To celebrate the happy day  
 When Gloucester's Duke his court forsook,  
 And to the Country hied his way.

T'was Cantley Hall which first of all  
 Received this most illustrious guest ;  
 What there befell I cannot tell,  
 I must proceed to speak the rest.

All in the dark to Kippax\* Park  
 The royal stranger sped amain,  
 Perchance that he disliked to see  
 On Pomfret's wall, the bloody stain.

All danger past, arrived at last,  
 He finds a noble party there,  
 The weleome said, the board is spread  
 With fish, and soup, and viands rare.

And fowl and game, both wild and tame,  
 Were all in tasteful plenty given,  
 And fruit so fine, and choicest wine  
 From every country under heaven.

Each day and night, with rapid flight  
 In gay succession sunk and rose ;  
 The time is flown the Duke is gone,  
 I must pursue him as he goes.

\* The object of the Duke's visit, was to stand sponsor to the twelfth child of Thomas Davidson Bland, Esq., of Kippax.

A friendly call at Hundhill\* Hall  
 Impedes him in his hasty course ;  
 He there would stay the Sabbath day,  
 That day of rest for man and horse.

Then in the morn to Church† he's borne,  
 But not in car of royal state ;  
 To lay aside all thoughts of pride,  
 Full well becomes the rich and great.

The Rector's‡ seat, as (h)is most meet,  
 Receives him with a train of friends ;  
 The bells have rung, the hymn is sung ;  
 The congregation mute attends.

“ God save the King,” or some such thing,  
 Is sung with ready glee and art ;  
 Then out they pour forth from the door,  
 And for the Quaker's school depart.§

All in amaze, with steady gaze,  
 The assembled crowd astonished stare,  
 Take a last look at Gloucester's Duke,  
 Then to their several homes repair.

The school is seen,§ so neat and clean ;  
 The boys and girls prepare to eat ;  
 The dinner brought, the grace is thought, ||  
 Who would not relish such a treat ?

The meal is done, the clock strikes one,  
 The noble party onward passed ;  
 T'was pleasure all at Hundhill Hall  
 That even, but it was the last.

The noble guest awakes from rest,  
 And takes his leave with grief so true ;  
 The coach and four are at the door  
 Adieu, Adieu, Adieu, Adieu !”

The caligraphy of the original MS is very obscure, and although several hiatus are apparent, the rhyme is a good specimen of the Yorkshire ballad.

\* The residence of Mrs. Bland, mother of T. D. Bland, Esq., and two or three unmarried daughters. It was said that she had been kind to the Duke when he was a young officer in the army, hence his intimacy with the family. J.L.S.

† Ackworth Church.      ‡ Rev. W. R. Hay, M.A.

§ The writer's chronology is doubtful. The visit to Ackworth School took place on Monday morning, the festivities on Monday evening, and the departure on Tuesday Morning.

|| After the manner of the Quakers.

In the Ballad—"The History of Sir John Eland of Eland, and his Antagonists," given in "Whitaker's History of Leeds," one Verse has been omitted. The ballad as given in "Watson's Halifax" consists of 124 verses, but Whitaker has only given 123, having omitted verse no. 116 which is as follows:—

" And then they slew him out of hand,  
 Dispatch'd him of his pain ;  
 The late death of their Lord Eland  
 Inforced them certain."

It will perhaps be as well to give the 115th verse in order to understand the above.

" When Eland men returned home  
 Thro Aneley Wood that day,  
 Then they found Quarmby laid alone,  
 Scarce dead, as some men say."

BATLEY.

W. COLBECK DYSON, F.S.A. (Scot).

WITCHES AND BROOMSTICKS (vol. 1, p. 2).—Perhaps the following remarks will not be unacceptable to your correspondent:—The notorious besom or broomstick is an instrument in the operations of witchcraft common to all the Aryan nations. According to the "Asiatic Register," for 1801, the Eastern, as well as the European witches, "practice (sic) their spells by dancing at midnight, and the principal instrument they use on such occasions is a broom." It is regarded as "a type of the winds, and therefore an appropriate utensil in the hands of the witches, who are wind makers and workers in that element." *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, by C. Hardwick, 1872, p. 116.

F. C. BIRKBECK TERRY.

NOTES ON TOWNSHIP OF HIGH ABBOTSIDE, (vol. 1, p. 9).—The explanation of "formel" given by your correspondent is incorrect. The word has nothing at all to do with "forward," but is from the A. S. "fôr-mæl," an agreement, a treaty, &c.; hence the verb means to bespeak, order, &c. Again, "Sear" never means a "waterfall," but a rock from Icelandic "sker," isolated rock, and is cognate with "share." "Sett" has nothing to do with the meaning of "against," but probably means "seat," "settlement," "possession."

It may be as well to mention that Hardraw Force was frozen in January, 1881, an event, I believe, which had never occurred since the great frost of 1739-40. F. C. BIRKBECK TERRY.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES AT YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The ceremony of "the Sheriff's riding" used to be one of the greatest observances in the city of York, but is now discontinued. The riding day was usually on Wednesday, eight days after Martinmas, but they were not strictly tied to that day; any day betwixt Martinmas and Christmas would serve for the ceremony.

They then appeared on horseback, apparellled in their black gowns and velvet tippets. Their horses were in suitable costume, and each sheriff carried a white wand in his hand, a badge of his office, and there was a servant to lead his horse, who also carried a gilded truncheon. Serjeants-at-mace, attorneys, and other officers of their court then came on horseback, in their gowns, preceded by the city waits in their scarlet liveries and silver badges, playing all the way through the streets, one of these wearing on his head a red or pink tattered cap or badge. They then went at the toll of the bell to Allhallows' Kirk, in the Pavement, to hear a mass of St. Thomas. When the mass was over, they made a proclamation at the Pillory of the Yoole-Girthal in the form that follows:—"O yes, &c. We command in our liege lord's behalf, the King of England, whom God save and keep, that the peace of the King be well kept within this city, by night and by day, with all manner of men both gentle and simple, &c. Also we command that the bakers of the city bake good bread, and that no baker nor huckster put to sale any manner of bread, unless that it be sealed with a seal delivered from the sheriffs, also that the brewers of the city brew good ale and wholesome for man's body, &c. Also that all manner of thieves, diceplayers, and all other unthrifty folks be welcome to the town, whether they come late or early, at the reverence of the high feast of Yoole, till the twelve days be passed." After this proclamation, the four sergeants shall go and ride whither they will, and one of them shall have a horn of brass of the Toolbooth, and the other three sergeants shall have each a horn, and so go forth to the four Bars of the city and blow the Yoole-girth, &c. The origin of this custom is said to be as follows:—"William the Conqueror in the third year of his reign (on St. Thomas's day) laid siege to the city of York, but finding himself unable either by policy or strength to gain it, raised the siege, which he had no sooner done, but by accident he met with two Fryers at a place called Skelton not far from York, who, being examined, told him they belonged to a poor Fryery of St. Peter's in York, and had been to seek relief for their Fellows and themselves against Christmas, the one having a wallet full of victuals and a shoulder of mutton in his hand, with two great cakes hanging about his neck, the other having bottles of ale with provisions likewise of beef and mutton in his wallet. The King knowing their poverty and condition thought they might be serviceable to him towards the attaining York, wherefore (being accompanied by Sir George Fothergill,\* General of the field, a Norman baron), he gave them money and promised that if they would let him and his soldiers into their Priory at a time appointed he would not only rebuild their

\* Who ever heard of General Fothergill before? Where has the writer got his information?

Priory, but endow it likewise with large revenues and ample privileges. The Fryers easily consented and the Conqueror as soon sent back his army, which that night, according to agreement, were let into the Fryery by the two Fryers, by which they immediately made themselves masters of all York, after which Sir Robert Clifford, who was Governor thereof, was so far from being blamed by the Conqueror for his stout defence made the preceding days that he was highly esteemed and rewarded for his valour, being created Lord Clifford, and there knighted with the four magistrates then in office, viz. Howngate, Talbott, Lassells, and Erringham. The arms of the city of York at that time were Argent, a cross Gules, viz. St. George's Cross. The Conqueror charged the cross with five lions passant gardant or in memory of the five worthy captains magistrates who governed the city so well that he afterwards made Sir Robert Clifford governor thereof and the other four to aid him in counsel, and the better to keep the city in obedience he built two castles and double moated them about, and to show the confidence and trust he put in these old but new made officers, he offered them freely to ask whatsoever they would of him before he went, and he would grant their request, wherefore they (abominating the treachery of the two Fryers to their eternal infamy) desired that on St. Thomas's day for ever they might have a Fryer of the Priory of St. Peter's to ride through the city on horseback with his face to the horse's tail and that in his hand instead of a bridle he should have a rope and in the other a shoulder of mutton, with one cake hanging on his back, and another on his breast, with his face painted like a Jew, and the youths of the city to ride with him, and to cry and shout 'Yoole! Yoole!' with the officers of the city riding before and making proclamation that on this day the city was betrayed. Their request was granted them, which custom continued till the dissolution of the said Fryery and afterwards in imitation of the same the young men and artizans of the city on the aforesaid St. Thomas's day used to dress up one of their companions like the Fryer and call him Yoole, this being done in memory of betraying the city by the said Fryers to William the Conqueror."

THE YORK CITY WAITS.—On the 1st December, 1571, it was ordered and agreed that the common waits of the city of York, "for divers good causes and considerations, shall from henceforth use and keep their morning watch with their instruments accustomed, every day in the week except only Sundays, and in the time of Christmas only, any custom or usage heretofore had and used amongst them, or others before them to the contrary, notwithstanding." But on the 2nd of February, 1770, another order was made, which is read to them on their several appointments, as follows:—"You shall be obedient to the Lord Mayor,

or his Deputy for the time being, and shall attend and play upon such musical instruments as you are best masters of, in all service of the Corporation when required by him or his Deputy. You shall attend the Sheriffs of this city in their public cavalcade to read the proclamation on or about Martinmas, as also each Sheriff, on the day he makes an entertainment for the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, for which service you shall receive from each Sheriff one guinea, but if the Sheriffs, or either of them, require your further attendance for the entertainment of their friends after the aforesaid days, then you shall be paid as such service may deserve. You shall call the city from the Monday after Martinmas to the end of February, that is every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in the morning, (Fast days and Christmas week excepted)."  
THOS. HANLEY.

WASSAILING.—In nearly all parts of Yorkshire, the week after Christmas, children go from house to house with a box containing two dolls, one to represent the Virgin Mary and the other the child Jesus, and various ornaments. They sing the following primitive verses:—

Here we come a wassailing,  
Among the leaves so green ;  
Here we come a wandering,  
So fair to be seen.

*Chorus.*—Love and joy come to you,  
And to your wassail too ;  
And God send you a happy new year ;  
A new year ;  
And God send you a happy new year.  
Our wassail cup is made of the rosemary tree,  
So is your beer of the best barley.

We are not daily beggars  
That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours' children,  
Whom you have seen before.

Call up the butler of this house,  
Put on his golden ring ;  
Bid him bring up a glass of beer,  
The better that we may sing.

We have got a little purse,  
Made of shining leather skin ;  
We want a little of your money  
To line it well within.

Bring us out a table,  
And spread the table-cloth ;  
Bring us out a mouldy cheese,  
And some of your Christmas loaf.

God bless the master of this house,  
 Likewise the mistress too;  
 And all the little children,  
 That around the table go.

Good master and mistress,  
 While you're sitting by the fire,  
 Pray think of us poor children  
 Who are wandering in the mire.

[The following is the Chorus in Calderdale :

For it is at Christmas time  
 Strangers travel far and near,  
 So God bless you, and send you  
 A happy new year:  
 So God bless you, and send you  
 A happy new year.

The Carol was formerly sung on New Year's day only, and chiefly by girls, who carried a holly-bush decorated with ribbons and dolls, and having apples and oranges suspended from the branches. The jingle ran as follows :

d-r m-f s-m r-  
 s, d-t, d-m r-  
 r m-r d-t, d-r m-  
 m r-t, l-t, d-.

Chorus—l-t, d-d d-l, t,-  
 d-l, s,-fe, s,l, t,-  
 s,-l, t,-m-r d-l,-  
 d m-d-d-d-  
 s,-l, t,-m-r d-l,-  
 d m-d-d-d.]

DEVIL'S KNELL.—At Dewsbury, Yorkshire, it is the custom to toll the bells, as at a funeral, every Christmas Eve, which ringing is called the "devil's knell," meaning that the devil died when Christ was born.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.—Christmas has again come round with its accompanying customs and feastings. Some of its customs are of high antiquity, and very generally diffused. It will, perhaps, not be out of place to record them as we find them in our day. The history of each custom would form an article of itself, so we must confine ourselves to a bare recital of them.

Our good dames of the olden type are still very anxious to secure a yule log, which some term a 'unionclog.' The word 'yule' leads our thoughts back to days of heathenism, and reminds us that our Christ's Mass is founded on the ancient heathen yule feast. A superstitious notion still obtains, that it is unlucky to light a fire either on Christmas or New Year's

mornings. Whilst the yule log is blazing, groups of young men, and sometimes young women, (chiefly composed of Sunday Scholars or Chapel Choirs,) sing the well-known Christmas Hymn—

“ Christians, awake ! salute the happy morn,”  
To the tune called ‘ Yorkshire.’ They have generally a bass, flute, concertina, or harmonium, to play the prelude and interlude—

\* “ Tom, tom, the roddi diddi,  
Diddi diddi, hey ow om.”

The local brass band is, of course, the chief musical body, and plays the same tune.

We people of Brighouse are apt to think that this hymn and tune is common over the wide English world, and nearly as old as Christianity ; but the contrary is the fact. By five o’clock in the morning, the night carolling has mostly subsided, and young boys prowl from door to door to “ let Christmas in,” which they announce in the following strain :—

“ I wish you a merry Christmas,  
And a happy New Year,  
A pocket full of money,  
And a cellar full of beer,  
And a great fat pig  
To kill every year.”

For these good wishes they expect a penny or a half-penny. Sometimes either through ignorance or desire to obtain a larger donation, they construe this nomeny into—

“ A cellar full of money,  
And a pocket full of beer,  
And two fat pigs  
To kill every year.”

The ridiculous superstition that boys with black hair are the lucky ones, still clings to the benighted minds of some persons.

Breakfast time comes, when the rich Christmas or spice-cake is brought out. The carollers and musicians pay their second visit, not merely to play ‘ Yorkshire,’ ‘ The Last Wish,’ and ‘ Hail, Smiling Morn,’ but to receive cash, bread, cleese, and beer,—the last-named article to such an extent, sometimes, as to drive both music and devotion out of their soul. Breakfast being finished, the male part of the family adjourn to the lanes, fields, and ponds, to divert themselves with the bracing games of foot-ball, skating, sliding, &c.; whilst within, the good ladies are busily preparing dinner—Christmas dinner, remember!—such fare as only comes once a year,—prime roast beef, or it

* Key D. m. s. f. m.	r. rr. r.m. f.r.	m. m.m. m. r. m.f.
	Tom tom	Tom tom
s. s.s. s. l. t. d'.	d. d. d. d. r. m. f.	s. l. s. f. m. r. d.
Tom tom	Tom tom	Diddy Diddy

may be goose, turkey, &c., &c., and the jolly-looking plum pudding, and other *et ceteras* too numerous to mention. Dinner over, out-door games are resumed, or families gather round their respective hearths, and spend the afternoon in pleasant conversation. Christmas is especially the season of family gatherings,—when the absent ones join their family circle, to spend a “merry Christmas” at home. Evening brings with it an abundance of public and private parties, with their varied attractions, from the gay ball to the little ‘toffy’ party. This is the time for in-door enjoyments, and this evening is perhaps the most enjoyable one of the year. During the day, deputies from the various trades solicit Christmas boxes (though they are not particular about the box, now-a-days, if they only get the money) from the firms with whom their firm does business. These deputies visit the neighbouring towns, and divide the proceeds on their return.

St. Thomas’ Day (21st December) was till recently the great alms-giving day, and a few years ago each boy and girl that went to Crow Nest, Toothill, &c., received a penny.

The last evening of the year is devoted to mumming, or disguising, but its devotees claim a few nights before and after the chief night. Boys, and even young men and women, disguise themselves, blacken their faces, or wear grotesque masks, dress in the costume of the opposite sex, and obtain admittance to houses mostly by deception. Having entered, they ‘play the nigger,’ sing and dance; but formerly they cleaned the fireirons and fender. The fire must be kept in, particularly through the last night of the year. “Letting the New Year in,” or the “first foot,” as the Scotch term it, is of more importance than Christmas day with many old ladies. It has become common at some chapels to hold a ‘watch night,’ or prayer meeting, at 12 p.m., December 31st. The old people have long been accustomed to sit up and see the New Year in.

New Year’s Day is the proper day for the Wassailers, chiefly girls, who sing the ancient ballad—

“Here we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green,”

or as some say, ‘amongst the Lucy Green!’ They, like the mummers, see the disadvantage of coming last for the money; so they have recently begun on Christmas Day, and had a week’s carolling. The decorated holly-bush has degenerated into a decorated herring box.

MOTHER SHIPTON.—“Carriages shall go without horses,” was quoted as an old prophecy of Mother Shipton’s when I was a child, long before the Brighton Bookseller published his fabrication; and even then it was a propheey after the fact, the Manchester and Liverpool railway having just been opened. I

have had a copy made of the prophecy preserved in the Percy family, and referred to as by Mother S. but it neither bears her name, nor has any connection with her. I.B.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S LIFE AND CURIOUS PROPHECIES.—Various have been the conjectures of mankind in this part of the world concerning our famous prophetess. Some have reported her father was a famous necromancer, and her mother a witch, so she had the Black Art by succession; others, of a more exalted turn, pretend that her mother, being left an orphan about the age of sixteen, took a walk into the fields, and sitting down upon a green bank, under a shade, to soothe her melancholy, a Demon, in the shape of a handsome young man, appeared before her, and enquired the cause of her distress; she answered him her parents and friends were dead, and she despaired of a livelihood, upon which, under a pretence of being a person of figure and fortune, he gave her to understand, if she would comply with his desires, he would preserve her above the reach of want as long as she lived; she readily consented, received him into her apartment, and entertained him as a gallant; in return, he bid her sweep the floor once every day after his departure; she punctually observed his directions; and never failed finding a quantity of ninepences, three pences, and other *odd* kind of pieces sufficient for all her occasions. At length the embraces of her infernal gallant produced a pregnancy, and at the time of her delivery, such a terrible storm of thunder and lightning appeared, that houses were beat down, trees shattered, and the very features of the child were so warped and distorted, that it appeared the very masterpiece of deformity.

But these, and many other reports of the like nature, are as romantic as the fabulous intrigues of the Heathen Gods and Goddesses. The genuine account is, she was born in July, 1488, in the reign of King Henry 7th, near Knaresborough in the County of York; she was, like the rest of female infants, her mother's daughter by a man; and was baptized by the Abbott of *Beverley* by the name of *Ursula Sonthiel*; her stature was larger than common, her body crooked, her face frightful, but her understanding extraordinary. The vulgar relations of her life and actions are equally extravagant with those of her birth before-mentioned, but as those legends are so ridiculous and trifling, the ingenious reader will excuse us if we pass 'em by, and proceed to more probable and authentic information.

'Tis generally held by most of the first quality and best judgment in the County, that she was a person of an ordinary education, but great piety; and that she was supernaturally endowed with an uncommon penetration into things, for which she became so famous, in time, that great numbers of all ranks and degrees resorted to her habitation to hear her wonderful discoveries.

We find nothing particularly remarkable of her until she arrived at the age of twenty four years, when she was courted by one *Toby Shipton*, a Builder, of *Skipton*, a village situate four miles north of the City of York, who soon after married her ; and from this match she afterwards derived the name of Mother Shipton. After her marriage her fame increased more than ever ; the events proved the truth of her Predictions, and many began to commit them to writing.

The first remarkable Prophecy recorded of her's is that upon Cardinal *Wolsey* ; the story runs as follows. She was told the Cardinal intended to remove his residence to York (that being his Archbischoprick), upon which she publickly gave out " he should never reach the city." This report coming to the Cardinal's ear, he sent three gentlemen, or lords of his retinue to her to enquire the truth of it, and to menace her if she persisted in it. These three came disguised to a village, a mile west of the city, called *Dring Houses*, and leaving their horses they took a



From an old Mother Shipton Chap-book.

guide to direct them to her house ; upon their knocking at the door 'tis said she called out from within, " Come in Mr. Beasley (that being the name of the guide) and the three noble Lords with you." This discovery very much surprised them ; but when they were enter'd she called each by his name, and presented 'em with cake and ale. They signified to her, if she knew their errand she would hardly treat 'em so handsomely. " You gave out," say they, " the Cardinal should never see York." " No," she replies, " I said he might see it, but never come to it." They return, " When he does come he'll certainly burn thee." Then, taking her linen handkerchief off her head, " If this burn," says she, " so shall I ;" and casting it into the fire before 'em, she let it lie in the flames a quarter of an hour and taking it out again it was not so much as singed ; which very much astonished 'em. One of them asked her what she thought of him ; she answered " The time will come, my Lord, when you

shall be as low as I am, and that is low indeed." This was judged to be verified when Thomas Lord Cromwell was beheaded.

The Cardinal coming to Cawood, ascended the Castle Tower, and taking a prospect of the city of York, at eight miles distance, he vowed, when he came there he would burn the Witch; but e'er he descended the stairs, a message arrived from the King to demand his presence forthwith; so he was obliged to return directly, and being taken with a violent looseness at Leicester, he gave up the ghost in his journey, which verified the prophecy.

Several others she delivered to different persons, one of which was:—

"Before \*Ouze-Bridge and Trinity Church meet, what is built in the day shall fall in the night, till the highest stone in the Church be the lowest stone of the Bridge."

This came to pass; for the Steeple was blown down by a tempest, and the Bridge broke down by a flood occasioned by the storm; and how it came to pass we can't learn, that what they built in the day fell down in the night; but 'tis generally asserted it was so; and it is certain that the top-stone of the former Steeple is the foundation stone of that part of the Bridge then rebuilt. The second of this kind runs thus: "Time shall happen; a ship shall sail upon the river Thames, till it reach the city of London, the master shall weep and cry out, Ah! what a flourishing city was this when I left it, unequalled through the world! but now scarce a house is left to entertain us with a Flaggon." This was terribly verified when the city was burnt, September, 1666, there being not one house left from the Tower to the Temple.

We now come to the prophecies that occasioned this publication, and which appear far to exceed everything of the like nature extant.

A copy of them was lately found amongst other valuable manuscripts the property of a gentleman deceased, with this title—"A copy of a collection of prophecies delivered to the Abbot of Beverley, etc."

The greatest part of what has been hitherto published under the title of "Mother Shipton's Prophecies," plainly appears to be no more than imperfect bits and scraps of this collection, carried away, perhaps, in the memory of such, as might sometime have the opportunity of seeing it in the noble family where it was deposited. The whole seems entirely to point at the great events that already have happened and yet may happen to both Church and State in this and the neighbouring nations.

Explanation of the different prophecies—

The first thirty verses seem to relate to the disasters that should befall great part of Europe, during the time of King

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\* A large stone Bridge over the River Ouse, within the city of York.

Henry 8th, for the 29th and 30th verses terminate in his reign, and are the last wherein that reign can be understood to be hinted at.

Verse 29.—“And when the cow shall ride the bull.”

This seems to have been fulfilled when Henry 8th married Lady Anna Bullen; for he, as Duke of Richmond, placed the cow in his arms, and the crest of her family was a black bull’s head.

Verse 30.—“Then motley priest beware thy skull.”

Presently after the king’s marriage, the seizure of Abbey Lands, etc., and the dissolution of monasteries ensued; whereby the skull or head-piece of the priesthood (*i. e.* gain) was miserably broken.

Verse 31.—“For a sweet pious prince make room.”

By this, doubtless, is meant King Edward VI., a part of whose character is thus given by the learned Dean Echard, in his History of England; “He was truly just and merciful in his disposition; and took special care of the petitions that were given him by the poor and oppressed. But his zeal for religion crowned all the rest; which did not proceed from an angry heat, but from a real tenderness of conscience, founded on the love of God, and his fellow creatures.”

Verse 32.—“And for the \*Kirk prepare a broom.”

This alludes to the beginning of the reformation; when many superstitions were swept out of the Church.

Verse 33.—“Alecto next shall seize the crown.”

Alecto was one of the fabulous furies of the heathen; whose employment was to kindle war and distress mankind. She is here placed for Queen Mary I., in whose reign, as alluded to in the 34th verse, the blood of the glorious Protestant Martyrs was plentifully shed in Smithfield.

Verses 35 & 36.—“A maiden Queen, full many a year,  
Shall England’s warlike scepter bear.”

By these are meant Queen Elizabeth, who reigned 44 years, 4 months and 6 days, upon whom Andrew Marvel has left the following lines:—

“The other day, said Spencer, I did bring,  
In lofty notes Tudor’s bless’d race to sing;  
How Spain’s proud powers her Virgin Arms controull’d,  
And golden days in peaceful order roll’d;  
How like ripe fruit, she dropp’d from off her throne,  
Full of grey hairs, good deeds, and great renown.”

Verses 37 & 38.—“The Western Monarch’s Wooden Horses shall be destroyed by a Drake’s forces.”

The Western Monarch is supposed to mean the King of Spain, whose country lies on the west-side of the Continent, and his Wooden Horses, his fleet of ships, or Armada,

\* A North-country word for Church

vanquished by the brave Admiral Drake and the rest of the Queen's forces, in the year 1588.

Verses 39 & 40.—“The Northern Lion over Tweed,

The Maiden Queen shall next succeed.”

The Northern Lion; *i. e.*, King James I., born in Scotland. A Lion is the principal figure in the British Arms; whence the King, as the principal person in the realm, metaphorically takes the name.

Verses 41 & 42.—“And join in one, two mighty states,  
Then shall Janus shut his gates.”

The first bears an allusion to the uniting of the two Crowns of England and Scotland in one, in the person of King James. And the second points out the peaceful reign of that Monarch, by shutting the gates of Janus; who was one of the Heathen Gods, and the gates of whose temple were never shut but in time of peace.

Verses 43 and 44 seem to hint at some great calamities that should befall this nation before the deposition of Episcopacy, in the reign of the Republican Anarchy, under the usurper Oliver Cromwell.

Verses 45 & 46.—“False Ireland contrives our woe,  
But zealous Scotland doth not so.”

Doubtless these intended the execrable massacre in Ireland in the reign of King Charles I., and the loyalty of the Scotch in not joining the Irish rebels but suffering with the English.

Verses 47, 48, 49 and 50—

“Rough Mars shall rage as he were \*woo'd,  
And earth shall dark'ned be with blood.  
Then will be sacrificed, C  
And not a King in England be.”

This was verified in the time of the grand rebellion, and most unnatural civil war, when the nation was torn and pillag'd, the laws broken, the constitution overturned, the king and monarchy most execrably slain together.

Verses 51, 52, 53 and 54—

“But death shall snatch the Wolf away,  
Confusion shall give up the sway,  
And fate to England shall restore  
A King to reign as heretofore.”

If we can guess right, the first of these verses alludes to the death of the usurper Oliver Cromwell, who is very properly depicted as a *Wolf*, and the other three to the restoration of King Charles the Second.

Verses 55 & 56.—“Triumphant death rides London thro',  
And men on tops of houses go.”

The first, in all appearance, points out the terrible plague that raged in London, A.D. 1665. The second circumstantially

alludes to the fire in the year following; signifying that people should be obliged to run from one house to another, over the tops of the houses, to save themselves, and all their effects.

Verse 57.—“J. R. shall into saddle slide.”

J. R., *i. e.*, James Rex, or King James 2nd, who ascended the throne upon the death of King Charles II.

Verse 58.—“And furiously to Rome shall ride.”

Scarcely was he seated upon the throne before he went to Mass publickly; and by pursuing imprudent and illegal measures, was the cause of the verification of Verses 59 and 60—

“The Pope shall have a fatal fall,  
And never more distress Whitehall.”

His mis-government led to his abdication, and his son-in-law King William, and Queen Mary II, were placed upon his throne.

Verse 61.—“A Queen shall knit both north and south.”

This seems to refer to the union of England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Anne.

Verse 62.—“And take away the Luce’s tooth.”

This likewise seems to relate to her extraordinary victories over Lewis 14th, King of France; who, we judge, is intended here by the Luce, which by way of allusion, might here be put for Fleur de luce; the arms of that monarchy.

Verses 63 & 64.—“A Lion-Duce shall after reign

And of the whiskers clear the main.

What is meant by the Lion Duce may be matter of amusement to the curious; but as the word Duce sometimes represents the number two, so two in this ambiguous phrase may intend the familiar word second; and our present gracious sovereign\* being the second Lion (or English Monarch) of his name, it is far from being unlikely that he may be the Prince here pointed out who shall clear the main of the whiskers, which is a northern term for mustachioes, and doubtless alludes to the Spanish, whose fashion it has been for many centuries past to wear them. But as this appears to relate to the present age, we leave it to the skilful and ingenious.

Whether the prophecy of the Lilly be Mother Shipton’s or no, we can’t certainly determine, but as it has been attributed to her, and is writ in a peculiar sublimity of sense and style, we think it would be very improper to omit it.

It runs as follows: A curious Prophecy.—The Lilly shall remain in a merry world; and he shall be moved against the seed of the Lion; and he shall stand on one side of his country with a number of ships. Then shall come the son of man, having a fierce Beast in his arms; whose kingdom is the land of the Moon, which is dreaded throughout the whole world. With a

\* The explanation of the above verse was taken from an edition of Mother Shipton’s Prophecies printed in the reign of King George the Second.

number of people shall he pass many waters and shall come to the Land of the Lion, looking for help of the Beast of his country. And an eagle shall come out of the East, spread with the Beams of the Son of Man, and shall destroy Castles of the Thames; and there shall be battles among many kingdoms: that year shall be the bloody field, and Lilly, F. K. shall lose his crown; and therewith shall be crowned the son of man K. W. and the fourth year shall be many battles for the ..... and the Son of Man with the Eagle shall be preferred, and there shall be an universal peace over the whole world, and there shall be plenty of fruits, and then shall he go to the land of the cross.

Whether the accomplishment of the above prophecy be past or to come, we cannot ascertain. It appears to be very deep and mysterious; we therefore leave it to persons of profounder penetration and superior judgment.

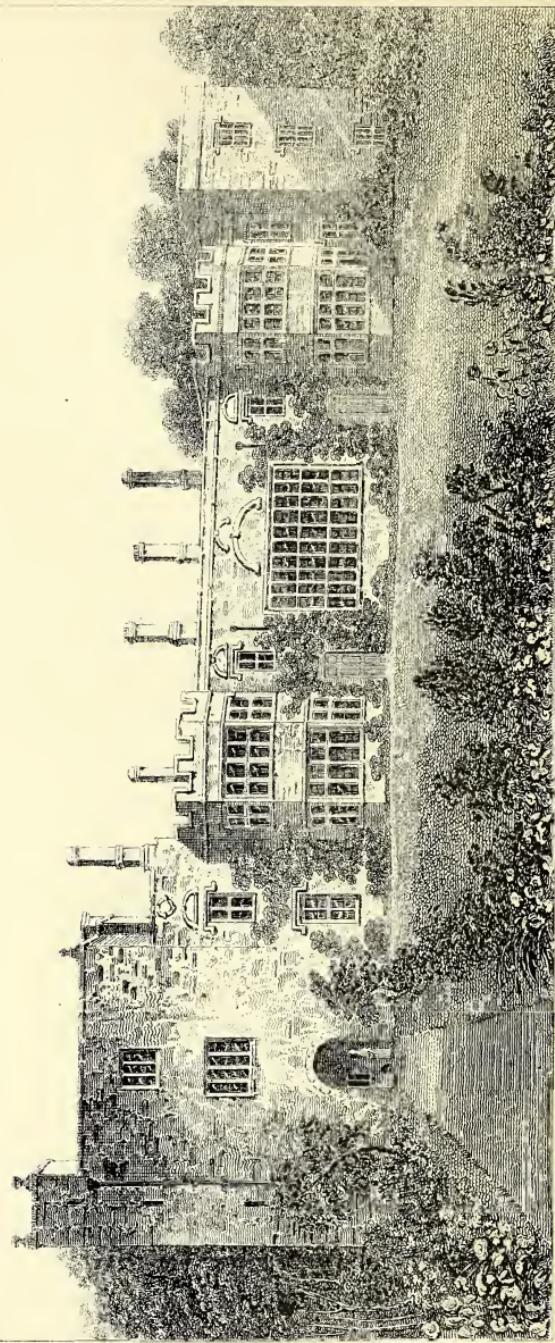
We are informed, the last prediction of our famous prophetess was concerning the time of her own death; which 'tis said, she declared to several who visited her in her advanced age; and when the time approached, she called her friends together, advised them well, and took a solemn leave of them, and laying herself down on her bed, she departed with much serenity, A. D. 1651, being upwards of seventy years of age; after her death a monument of stone was erected to her memory in the high north-road betwixt the villages of Clifton and Shipton, about a mile distant from the city of York. The monument represents a woman upon her knees, with her hands closed before her, in a praying posture, and stands there to be seen to this day.

I. B.

—o—

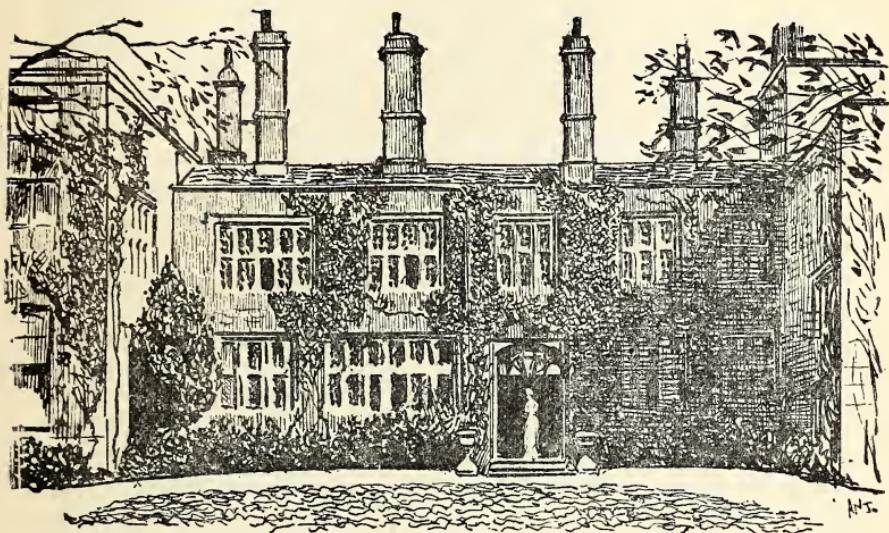
**BOLLING HALL AND ITS GHOST.**—For fully five hundred years the storm-beaten walls of this fine old mansion have withstood the ravages of time, and to day the ancient fabric is in a wonderful state of good preservation, such as few of the monuments of feudal times in Yorkshire can boast. The architecture of the south part of the Hall may be taken as fairly representative of the different periods of its history. It would seem to have been the work of at least four separate builders, the two ancient wings taking us back to the time of the Bollings, while the central portion, with its deeply embayed windows, and large central window of three tiers, unmistakeably tells of the Tudor period—when the Tempests came in—which brought with it a more luxurious and domesticated order of things. The modern mercantile period is but too faithfully written in that piece of vandalism, the bay window next to the entrance tower. Our copper-plate illustration,\* which shows the south-front of the hall, happily does not perpetuate this hideous





BOLINGBROKE HALL.

distortion. Of the very few historic relics of which Bradford can boast, Bolling Hall is, next to the Parish Church, the most interesting. It is a spot "familiar with forgotten years," and the history of "olden times" is written in its very walls. The present owners have done everything to render it convenient and comfortable as a place of residence without sacrificing its ancient aspect, and the hall is no less fortunate in its present occupant, Mr. James M. Tankard, who is proud of the place, and spares no pains in sustaining its ancient character and reputation.



Bolling Hall,—North View.

The large central hall has been furnished by Mr. Tankard with curious old oak furniture, which is in keeping with the old oak balcony on the northern side of the room, and the wainscotting and cornice, which are also of black oak.

This noble apartment possesses many features of attraction, among which may be mentioned its fine central window looking on to the lawn, its collection of ancient relics in the shape of crossbows, pikes, helmets, mail-shirts, battle axes, and other implements of warfare, and its portraits of warriors clad in armour, ladies in Elizabethan costume, feudal lords and titled gentry. Worthy of special mention among these are the portraits of General Fairfax, Prince Rupert, Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Francis Gresham, and Sir Charles Lucas.

The view from the top of the old western tower amply repays the scramble up its narrow, winding staircase. Here is abundant scope for drawing pretty largely upon one's imagination, and painting no end of fancy pictures. History tells us of a far-off time when Bolling Hall was surrounded by a wall

and a moat for purposes of defence, when men loved the dangers and excitements of war rather than the refining influences of peace and civilization. It also tells of a more recent period, when it was encompassed by an extensive park, well wooded and stocked with deer. The wall, the moat and the deer have long since disappeared, but a portion of the park has been recently restored, and set apart for the benefit of a toiling, industrious population, who resort hither in search of that "breath of unadulterated air" which they cannot find in the streets and workshops where they spend their lives.

It does not fall within the scope of the present sketch to trace the history of Bolling Hall. Indeed, this has been already done, (though not so fully as we could wish,) by Mr. James, in his *History of Bradford*. We are now only concerned with the traditional,—the folk-lore association of this fine old mansion, and fortunately it is not lacking in this respect. It has its ghost story, as a house of such antiquity and importance ought to have. Thanks to that best of local chroniclers, Joseph Lister, we can tell the tale of it with all the gravity and mystery which every good ghost story demands.

It was after the battle on Adwalton moor, at which the Roundheads had met with a sad defeat, that the Earl of Newcastle, the Royalist Commander, turned his face towards Bradford, and taking up his quarters at Bolling Hall, began what is known as the second siege of Bradford. The commanding position of this spot doubtless attracted the military eye of the Earl, and from this standpoint he at once set about investing the town. He took three or five days in doing this, although there were no batteries to raise, as the hills surrounding Bradford were near enough to render such unnecessary. He placed his guns in two positions, and opened a heavy fire which was returned by Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was defending the town, with volleys of musketry. But this time the odds were sadly against the Bradfordians, brave fighting men though they were. Reduced to the extremity of possessing only one barrel of powder, but *no match*, Sir Thomas saw that he must either cut his way through the Royalists, or surrender with the town. He adopted the former course, and by this step all hope of saving Bradford from falling into the hands of the enemy was abandoned.

"Oh! what a night and morning was that in which Bradford was taken," says Joseph Lister, "what weeping and wringing of hands—none expecting to live any longer than till the enemy came into the town; the Earl of Newcastle having charged his men to kill all, man, woman and child, in the town, and to give them all Bradford quarter, for the brave Earl of Newport's sake, (who was said to have been barbarously

slain here during the first siege.) However, God so ordered it, that before the town was taken, the Earl gave a different order, viz—"that quarter should be given to all the townsmen."



Facsimile of an old print.

And then the narrative goes on to tell how it came about that the Earl had so suddenly changed his mind. While he was sleeping in one of the rooms of the hall, (known as "the ghost room" unto this day,) on the eve of the day that was to witness the destruction of the town, a lady in white appeared, pulled the clothes off his bed several times, and cried out with a lamentable voice, "Pity poor Bradford!" on which he sent out his orders that neither man, woman, nor child, should be killed in the town, whereupon the apparition which had so disturbed his slumbers left him and went away.

Of course, in these days of science, lectures,

and Board Schools, a story like this has not the ghost of a chance of gaining credence, hence some will have it that in the carousals of the soldiers, in anticipation of the carnage that was to take place on the following day, the wine had flowed a little too freely, and that the Earl, in a restless, broken sleep had conjured up some weird, unearthly shape in his dreams, which in a superstitious age, would readily be taken as some spectre

from the spirit land.\* Others again, have gone the length of regarding it as the clever performance of some brave Bradford lass, who, afraid lest anything should happen her relatives, or perhaps her lover, boldly assumed this ghostly guise in order to frighten the Earl from his cruel purpose. For ourselves, we prefer to take the legend simply on its merits, and without offering any apology for it whatever. It is enough to know that the Earl gave final orders that the good people of Bradford should be spared, and that he speedily withdrew his troops from the town, to the no small joy and relief of many who were quaking with fear, believing that, verily, they were in the jaws of death.

I have recently come across the following verses and quote them in full, not for any poetic excellence they possess, but because they relate to the subject of my contribution. I should like to know when and by whom they were written ? They are entitled—

THE EARL OF NEWCASTLE'S VISION.

The shades of night began to fall,  
Enveloping with sable pall,  
The precincts of Old Bolling Hall  
Where proud Newcastle lay.

His angry eye, and brow of gloom,  
Told plainly of poor Bradford's doom,  
As he passed to his lonely room  
To wait the coming day.

A day that should to sword and fire  
Give that fine town ; both son and sire,  
He vow'd should midst the flame expire  
For arming against their King.

His pluméd helm a table graced,  
His trusty sword was near him placed,  
The cuirass that his bosom braced  
Upon the floor was flung.

Then on the couch he threw him down,  
His thoughts were on that dooméd town  
And on his dearly-bought renown,  
When Fairfax lost the day.

A day that saw, 'midst seas of gore,  
The Royal standard proudly soar  
Triumphant on Adwalton Moor—  
That long-contested field.

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\* Was it the vanishing female portrait, still dimly traceable on a panel over the fireplace.—*Ed.*

The night was still, serene and clear,  
He dreams, or surely does he hear—  
When soft, a voice, low whispering near,  
    Said, “Pity poor Bradford.”

Upstarting with a sudden bound,  
He cast a sudden glance around,  
And with astonishment he found  
    A female near him stand.

Mournful she seem'd, tho' young and fair;  
She clasp'd her hands as if in prayer,  
And, sighing, said, “In pity spare  
    Our poor, devoted town.”

Newcastle was as brave a knight  
As e'er spurred charger into fight;  
But who can say that solemn night  
    He was devoid of fear?

The ranks of war he oft had led—  
Had seen the field with slaughter spread,  
Yet never felt he so much dread,  
    As at that lonely hour.

To call for aid he vainly tries,  
His tongue its wonted use denies,  
And when again he raised his eyes,  
    The visitant had fled.

And whither fled, no one could say,  
The guards had watch'd till dawn of day,  
But no one ever crossed their way,  
    They all and each declared.

But chang'd was Newcastle's vow,  
The gloom had vanished from his brow,  
He spoke in mercy's accents now  
    “Let Bradford town be spared.”

W. S.

—o—

**FOLK-LORE.**—The following superstitions still linger in Yorkshire, and may elicit from the readers of “*Notes and Queries*,” additional information on the subject. To turn away the first “vessel-cup” singer without reward, is to forfeit the good luck of the ensuing year. Query—Is the word “vessel” a corruption of wassail?

A piece of the yule-log is preserved until the following Christmas by each prudent housewife, to secure the house from fire during the year. Query—What is the origin of this superstition?

The yule-candle must on no account be snuffed after being lighted, and it is accounted very unlucky to cut into the cheese before supper on Christmas-eve. Query—Why?

No person must presume to go out of doors, or even to open it, until the threshold has been consecrated by the entrance of the lucky bird of New Year's day. Query—What is the origin of the superstition respecting the complexion\* of the first visitor on New Year's morning?

Those who have not the common materials for making a fire, on New Year's Day, generally sit without one, for none of their neighbours, although hospitable at other times, will allow them to light a candle at their fires; nay not even to throw out the ashes, or sweep out the dust! If they do, it is said that one of the family will die within the year. Query—Can any reader of “Notes and Queries” supply any additional information concerning this strange superstition?

The first new moon in the year is looked upon by the fair sex with great adoration. Query—Why?

On Easter Sunday, in Yorkshire, females are seized by boys and young men, who take off their shoes, which have to be redeemed by money. On the following Monday afternoon and Tuesday morning females snatch off the youths' caps, which have to be redeemed in like manner. Query—Do these customs prevail elsewhere, or any modification of them?

“Poor Robin's Almanac” for 1760, contains the following:

“The first of April some do say,  
Is set apart for All-Fool's day;  
But why the people call it so,  
Nor I, nor they themselves do know.”

Query—Can anyone, better informed than “Poor Robin,” supply the readers of “Notes and Queries” with an answer to the above poetical query?

The following lines respecting the tradition of St. Swithin's Day, is supposed to be a Yorkshire production:

“Better it is to rise betime,  
And to make hay while sun doth shine,  
Than to believe in tales or lies  
Which idle monks or friars devise.”

Query—Author wanted.

For a wedding party to be in Church when the clock strikes, is said to be a sure sign that either the bride or bridegroom will not long survive. Query—Are there any authentic coincidences on record?

Friday weddings, births, and baptisms are considered very unlucky. Query—Why? J. L. SAYWELL, F.R.HIST.S., F.S.SC.

\* A red-haired boy is absolutely feared by many people as their ‘first foot,’ and a black-haired boy is frequently bespoken to ‘let Christmas and New Year in.’ Can we trace antipathy to Scandinavian Nationality in this.—*Ed.*

FAIR IMOGENE.—“A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright,” is from a ballad by Matthew Gregory Lewis (Monk Lewis), and will be found probably in his “Wonderful Tales,” or his “Tales of Terror.”

J.H.I.

“Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene” will be found in “Tales of Wonder,” by M. G. Lewis, Esq., author of “The Monk,” 3 vols., 12mo., Vienna, 1805.

W.C.

I have it in an excellent selection called “The Poetical Common Place Book”; Edinburgh, John Anderson, 1822. C.A.H.

FIRE WORSHIP.—Sometime about the year 1860, when I lived in Bradford, there came to lodge with me and my wife, a young woman who had been born and brought up at Cowling Head, (Cowen Heead) near Skipton. Her purpose in coming was to learn to weave in the factory. Whenever either I or my wife meddled with the fire, to mend it, or blow it with the bellows, she seemed horrified, and would flee to the back of the house. She would tell us that it was a great sin to blow the fire, or to touch it, by stirring. Was this a relic of Fire worship, or some kind of superstition.

STORRS.

THE BRETTON HALL BALLAD, was printed first about fifty years ago, and the original broadsheet bears on it, at the bottom, “James Watts, Printer, etc., Heckmondwike.” He was the father of Mr. J. S. Watts, Postmaster of Shipley.

STORRS.

Mr. John Wood, of Penistone, has published an edition. ED.

GEORGE DANIEL, OF BESWICK.—I should be glad to know how or where I can find a poem by George Daniel, of Beswick, entitled “A Vindication of Poetry.” I have what I believe to be the first verse of the poem, which begins thus,—

“Truth speaks of old the power of Poesie ;  
Amphion, Orpheus stones and trees could move ;  
Men first by verse were taught Civilitie ;  
'Tis known and granted ; etc.

I think there is mention of it in the Rev. Joseph Hunter's Works, but I have not access to them.

STORRS.

WOODSOME HALL GHOST.—The story, as given by the late Mr. Nowell to Mr. Hobkirk, will be found in the “Annals of Almondbury,” p. 184. The Rev. Thomas Lees is able to give a good account of it.

C.A.H.

HOP-SCOTCH.—No mention is made of this form of the Prison-Bars game, p. 22. It is like Short Scotch, but a much rougher game, for the combatants can hop out when they please, and, with folded arms, knock down any of the opposite set.

Girls have a game called hop-scotch, in which they hop over the joints, or nicks, of flagstones, kicking before them a small stone, or potsherd (spotscar, they pronounce it,) one flag at a time.

E.R.

BRISTOL, A GAME.—Bristol is a very interesting game, and not only keeps us warm in cold weather, but teaches us activity. Why it is called Bristol, I do not know. We call out "first," "secky," "third," "fourth," &c., and then *foot* in the same order. The first and second foot, that is, stand a dozen yards apart and each puts one foot before his other until they meet, and the one whose foot is beneath the other's toe is down. He foots next with number three, and the loser foots again with number four, and so on until all have footed. The last loser goes between two dens, and the rest run backwards and forwards past him, shouting, Bristol! He catches first one and then another, his prisoners helping him, until all are caught. The first he caught has then to start the game again by taking his place in the middle.

E.R.

—o—  
LAKE SEEMERWATER.—A LEGEND OF WENSLEYDALE.

Green grows the fern on Fleetmoss Wold,  
And brown the mantling heather,  
The harebells blue and furze-bloom gold  
Blend sweetly there together,  
And Nature spreads with flowery pride  
The robes which Peace has brought her,  
Where Bain's untroubled wavelets glide  
Down to Lake Seemerwater.

The breeze through ash and birchen bowers  
Blows soft when day is closing,  
And rocks the lily's waxen flowers  
Upon the tide reposing.  
Gay with the blackbird's echoing tones  
And calm'd by dusk of even,  
The twilight star looks down and owns  
'Tis almost fair as Heaven.

Yet legends say the peaceful scene  
Is but of late creation,—  
That erst these grassy glades have been  
A waste and desolation ;  
They tell how once a busy town  
Stood where these waves are flowing,  
The streets are hidden where far down  
The lily roots are growing.

One day a poor and aged man  
Passed through the thriving city,  
And meekly ask'd of those he saw  
For food and rest in pity ;\*

\* This inhospitable spirit seems to remain still, judging by the Editor's experience. Accompanied by two friends, he reached the village overlooking the lake and enquired for food at three cottages unsuccessfully, and had to cross to the other side before he came to the house of a Malcolm.

But all so cold their hearts had grown  
 With cares and fashions splendid,  
 The homeless man pass'd on alone,  
 Faint, worn, and unbefriended.

Outside the town a cottage stood,  
 The house of shepherd Malcolm,  
 Who took him in and gave him food,  
 And rest, and warmth, and welcome.

Next morning, standing at the door,  
 He looked toward the city,  
 And raised his hand, and murmur'd o'er  
 The words of this strange ditty :—

“ Seemerwater rise ! Seemerwater sink !  
 And bury the town all save the house  
 Where they gave me meat and drink ! ”

And straightway then the water rose,  
 From out the brown earth gushing,  
 From where the river Bain now flows  
 Came heavy billows rushing,  
 And buried all the stately town,  
 And drown'd the helpless people ;  
 “ Full fathoms five ” the waters flow'd  
 Above the great church steeple !

And still, when boating on the lake  
 When sunset clouds are glowing,  
 The roof and spires may yet be seen  
 Beneath the blue waves showing.  
 But on the shepherd's house, they say,  
 The old man left his blessing,  
 And so they prosper'd every day,  
 With flock and herds increasing.  
 Nor did it rest with them alone,  
 But reached to son and daughter,  
 Until the land was all their own  
 About Lake Seemerwater.

Can any reader of your very interesting Notes and Queries tell me the name of the author of the above ?                   A.W.

—o—

TALISMANIC CURES.—With all our boasted progress in knowledge and enlightenment, we may yet come across some pitiable examples of credulity and superstition, and that without going into out-of-the-way corners, in search of the same. I was recently acquainted with a man at Bradford, whom I had always regarded as possessed of, at least, an ordinary share of common sense. He was a tall, well built, and elderly person,

but was sadly tormented with rheumatism, often being obliged to take to his bed before he could be "brought round" again. I met him once after his immediate recovery from one of these attacks, and he was in high spirits. On enquiring the cause of his jubilant frame of mind, he told me that he had at length discovered a cure for his rheumatism; one that would rid him of his old enemy "at once and for ever." Having assured him of my sincere congratulations, I was surprised to see him produce from each of his trousers' pockets—a potato! looking, from their having been rubbed and handled so much, as if they had been black-leaded. He said (and I am sure *believed*) that so long as he carried these in his pockets the rheumatism would never again come near him. This was the secret of the poor man's freedom from his tortures of rheumatism; this, the philosopher's stone that gave him exemption from one of the most grievous ills that "flesh is heir to."

I was so much struck by this instance of present-day superstition that I communicated the fact to the columns of a local journal. Conceive my surprise when it called forth the following reply from one of its readers:—

"Dear Sir—I have read with great interest the Article by 'W.S.' in your journal, but being unwilling that any native of our loved county should be unjustly held up to ridicule, permit me to say that I have known several instances in which persons troubled with rheumatism have found relief and ultimate exemption from its pains by carrying a potato in the trousers' pocket. My own brother has carried one for years with benefit, until it is now as hard as a stone, up to a short time ago. I, like 'W.S.', looked upon this proceeding as 'a pitiable example of credulity and superstition,' but now think there is 'method in this madness,' for I find that *atropine*, a homeopathic remedy for rheumatism, which has been hitherto obtained from belladonna, is now extracted from the 'eyes' of potatoes, which are cut out at a certain stage of their growth, and subjected to a process which extracts the identical remedy whose source has been previously belladonna. I have heard of people who have taken the water in which potatoes have been well boiled, and experienced relief from rheumatic pains. Yours, &c.

M. M. S.

The Editor's comment on the above curious correspondence will perhaps form the most fitting conclusion to the present communication—

"Can any of my readers," he asks, "learned in matters medical, throw more light, scientific light I mean, on this subject? I have not the slightest doubt that as excellent curative properties may exist in the potato as in the roots of other plants more usually connected with the druggist's shop. But that the mere carrying in one's pocket of a couple of tubers will impart

their medicinal virtues into the person who hugs them along with him seems to me a very different matter. However the subject is worth ventilating.”

W.S.

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### York Minster Screen:

A Specimen of the Yorkshire Dialect as spoken in the North Riding. [Such is the title of a pamphlet just published by Mr. W. H. Allen, 13, Waterloo Place, London, and which Yorkshire Bibliophiles will be anxious to secure. A peculiar mystery as to the origin and authorship is shrouded in the Epistle Dedicator, and we are informed in the same Epistle that the profits will be given to a Yorkshire family needing help. It is said to have been put in type fifty years ago, and “was probably written at Nunnington Rectory.” At the suggestion of a Lady, and by leave of “the Great Unknown,” we present our readers with this tasty piece.]

SCENE—*Goodram Gate, York.*

“ Mike Dobson is standing still in the street leaning on his stick,  
Bob Jackson, on horseback, rides quickly past him.”

---

MIKE. Hollo, Bob Jackson, owr’t<sup>a</sup> the plagues thee boon,<sup>b</sup>  
Ganging at sike a pe’ace as that thruff ’t teon.—  
Stop mun, let’s touch thee flesh,<sup>c</sup>—what is thà blinnd,  
Or wadtha<sup>d</sup> wish te trot owr an o’ad<sup>e</sup> frinnd ?—  
There’s nowther sense nor mense in sike a pe’ace,  
It leaks as thoff thoo dossent show thee fe’ace ;  
A gayish nag\* that leaks, at thoo’s asthrarde,  
Ah’s seer it diz, is’t good te owt te rarde ?

BOB. The best that ivver put a fe’at on t’ ro’ad,  
And will be bet’her, he’s noot twe’a yeer o’ad.

MIKE. Bood, what brings thee te York this tarme o’t yeer,  
Ah’s seer it diz yan good te see ye heer ;  
Hestha<sup>f</sup> browt owt to’t market, owr’s thee te’ame ?  
Are all thee bairns quite fresh at yam, and t’ de’ame ?  
Ah sud ha’ thowt you’d all been thrang at t’ farm  
Mang t’hay and coorn, for this is’t thrangest tarme.

---

### GLOSSARY.

a Where b bound c shake hands d would you e old f have you.

---

\* No dialogue strictly characteristic ever took place between Yorkshiremen, the subject of which did not begin and end with “a hoss”—the present therefore, in this respect at least, will be found correct.

BOB. Wi' some foo'aks it may be, bood bairn, may hay  
 Hez all been stack'd<sup>a</sup> and theack'd<sup>b</sup> this monny a day ;  
 And as t'wheat weant be ripe a fotnith yit,  
 And glooaring<sup>c</sup> at it winnot mak it fit,  
 Ah've coom te York te weast<sup>d</sup> an hoor or se'a,  
 Since ah had nowt partick'ler else te de'a ;  
 And mun, for soom tarme past Ah've re'ally been  
 Just crazed te knew aboot this "*Minsther Screen.*"  
 T'newspapers used te talk of nothing else,  
 It mead mair noise than yan o't Minsther bells,  
 And sea ah've coom'd te see what it be like,  
 Diz thoo knew owt at all aboot it Mike.

MIKE. Thoo mood ha' seerched all t' coontry sarde to see,  
 A chap at knaws yah hauf<sup>e</sup> as mich as me—  
 Put up thee hoss<sup>f</sup> mun heer i't Minsther Yard,  
 And then we'll gang and hev a leak insard.

Bob here gives his horse to Mr. Moss's hostler, with sundry  
 directions respecting the treatment of him, &c.  
 They then enter the Minster.

BOB. Bon ! its a strange gre'at ple'ace, and dash it Mike,  
 It makkas a chap feel desprit lahtleg like ;<sup>g</sup>  
 Ah' feels all iv a trimmle,<sup>h</sup> with the dre'ad  
 Lest ony bad thowt now, sud fill mah he'ad.  
 Bood, show us owr this Screen is te be foond,<sup>i</sup>  
 Is't summat up o't re'af,<sup>j</sup> or doon o't groond ?<sup>k</sup>

MIKE. Whah' sootha, lootha, leakstha,<sup>l</sup> there it stands,  
 The bonniest wark ere me'ad by mottal hands ;  
 That thing all clairmed<sup>m</sup> wi lahtle dolls is 't screen,  
 Aboot which all this noise and wark hez been,  
 And if thoo'l whist a minnit mun or se'a,  
 Ah'l sean insensthan<sup>n</sup> into t' yal te de'a.<sup>o</sup>  
 Thoo sees when Martin wiv his crackbrained tricks,  
 Set fire t' Minsther like a he'ap o' wicks,<sup>p</sup>  
 Fooaks<sup>q</sup> frev all pairts<sup>r</sup> o't coontry vary se'an,  
 Clubbed brass<sup>s</sup> te pay for reeting<sup>t</sup> it age'an ;  
 Se'a Ali, mang t' rest o't quality, put doon  
 (For iv'ry lahtle helps thoo knaws) a croon.

<sup>a</sup> Stacked <sup>b</sup> thatched <sup>c</sup> staring <sup>d</sup> spend <sup>e</sup> half <sup>f</sup> horse <sup>g</sup> little <sup>h</sup> tremble  
<sup>i</sup> found <sup>j</sup> roof <sup>k</sup> ground <sup>l</sup> sootha, lootha, leakstha ; see, look, behold—these  
 words are always used together, <sup>m</sup> Covered over <sup>n</sup> explain to you <sup>o</sup> t' yal te  
 de'a—the whole to do—the whole affair <sup>p</sup> quick grass, twitch, <sup>q</sup> folk <sup>r</sup> parts  
<sup>s</sup> clubbed brass—subscribed money <sup>t</sup> repairing.

\* Sentiments of the deepest awe and veneration cannot fail to strike any person, however otherwise insensible, on entering so sublime a structure as York Minster, and it was no doubt as much with a view to excite such sensations, as in honour of the Deity, that such magnificent edifices have been erected.

Noo se'an as t' brass was getten, afore lang,  
 Frev iv'ry pairt a soort o' chaps did thrang :  
 Ste'an me'asins,<sup>a</sup> aircHITECKS, and sike like straight,  
 All clusthered roond like mennies<sup>b</sup> at a bait,  
 Soom te leak on and give advice, and Bob,  
 Ne'a doot soom on em com te late<sup>c</sup> a job.—  
 Bood when te leak thruff t' Minsther they began,  
 They started te finnd faut weet tiv' a man ;  
 This thing was ower big, that ower small,  
 While t'other had ne'a business there at all.—  
 If ivver thoo did tiv a cobler send,  
 A pair of sheund<sup>d</sup> he did not mak, to mend,  
 Thoo's heerd what scoores o' fauts he vary seun,  
 Wad start to finnd oot wiv thà poor o'ad sheun ;—  
 “ T' sowing wad be bad, and se'a wad t' mak,<sup>e</sup>  
 And t' leather goad te nowt at all bood crack.”  
 Just se'a the'as chaps foond faut wi' ne'a pretense,  
 Bood just 'at ple'ace was noot belt<sup>f</sup> by theirsens ;—  
 Noo when they com to t' screen, it strake em blinnd,  
 For noot yah singel faut weet could they finnd,  
 Until yah cunning chap te show his teaste,  
 Threaped<sup>g</sup> oot like mad at it wur *wrangly plea'ced*.  
 He said “ it sud ha' been thrast fodther<sup>h</sup> back,  
 For t' Ne'ave<sup>i</sup> leak ower lahtle it did mak,  
 And that it se'a confarned his view o' t' ple'ace,  
 Te let it bard<sup>j</sup> wad be a sair disagre'ace.”

BOB. Wha sike a feal as that sud nivver stop  
 Doon heer beloe, but gang and gloore fre' t' top ;  
 Ah mood as weel ding<sup>k</sup> mah back deer<sup>l</sup> of t' creaks,<sup>m</sup>  
 And then tell t' wife at it confarned mah leaks ;  
 Mah wod ! she'd se'an confarn mah leaks for me,  
 Wiv what Ah weel sud merit, a black ee.<sup>n</sup>

MIKE. “ Yah feal maks mony,” is a thing weel knawn,  
 And t' truth of it was heer me'ast truly shown ;  
 A soort o' chaps, at scarcely could desarn,  
 The dif'rence twixt an oad chetch<sup>o</sup> and a barn,\*  
 Fre' t' coonthry sarde all roond aboot did thrang,  
 And sware it sud be shifted reet or wrang ;  
 Noo de'ant thoo think that Ah had nowt te say,

<sup>a</sup> a stonemasons <sup>b</sup> minnows <sup>c</sup> seek <sup>d</sup> shoes <sup>e</sup> make <sup>f</sup> built <sup>g</sup> insisted  
<sup>h</sup> farther <sup>i</sup> the nave <sup>j</sup> bide, remain <sup>k</sup> thrown off <sup>l</sup> door <sup>m</sup> hinges <sup>n</sup> eye  
<sup>o</sup> church.

\* A difference, by the way, not so very easily to be distinguished.—I myself, with shame be it spoken, have seen many an antique church in Yorkshire so like an old barn with a dove cote on the top by way of a steeple, that it would have puzzled my *namesake* himself to have discovered at a little distance—“ which was which.”

Bood just did let em hev their o'an fond way ;  
 Nay—hundhreds, bairn, of foo'aks agreed wi me  
 That stoored<sup>a</sup> it owt noot, and sud nivver be.—  
 Disputes and diffrences that had ne'a end  
 Began te start, friend quarrelled sean wi friend.—  
 Mair nonsense te'a, aboot it, bairn, was writ,  
 Than ivver hez been fairly read thruff yit ;  
 For mony a feal his help each way to lend,  
 Gease quills and fealscap we'asted without end.  
 Meetings were held, men spak till they gat hoo'arse,  
 And barley-seager<sup>b</sup> raise in price of coo'arse,  
 While soom foo'aks to their friends said se'a mich then,  
 Yah wode<sup>c</sup> togither they've noot spokken sen.<sup>d</sup> \*  
 Bood tho' se'a desprity they talked and fowt,<sup>e</sup>  
 Ne'an o' theas meetings ivver come te owt :  
 At last they did resolve te call anoother,  
 Te settle t' queshun<sup>f</sup> at yah way or t'oother,  
 When efther beals and shouts, and claps and gre'ans,  
 Eneaf to wakken t' vary tonpike<sup>g</sup> ste'ans  
 The queshun to t' subscribers there was poot,  
 Whether it sud be shifted, or sud noot.—  
 We gat it, mun, as se'af as se'af could be,  
 For ivry man o' sense did vo'at wi me ;  
 When lo ! t' o'ad chairman frev his pocket beuk  
 A lot o' vo'atsh lapt up in paper teuk,<sup>†</sup>  
 With which in spite of all at we could say,  
 He turned the queshun clean the t'oother way,  
 And thus desarded<sup>i</sup> it sud shifted be,  
 Bood *shifted* t' nivver was, as thoo may see.  
 For perhaps they thowt in spite of all their wits  
 T' screen wad, if stoo'ared,<sup>j</sup> ha'tummeled<sup>k</sup> all te bits.—  
 Nea doot thoo knaws t' oad riddle of an *egg*,  
 I've known't sen Ah was boot t' book<sup>l</sup> o' my leg,—

<sup>a</sup> Stirred <sup>b</sup> sugar <sup>c</sup> word <sup>d</sup> since <sup>e</sup> fought <sup>f</sup> question <sup>g</sup> turnpike <sup>h</sup> votes  
<sup>i</sup> decided <sup>j</sup> stirred <sup>k</sup> tumbled <sup>l</sup> bulk, size.

\* To such a pitch was the discussion respecting the screen carried on in York about this time, that nothing else was heard, spoken, or thought of.—Footmen picking up scattered arguments in the dining room, debated together furiously in the servants' hall; while in the kitchen the cook, house maid, and scullion, were all engaged in the dispute. At a dinner party, given by Mr. C\_\_\_\_\_, a gentleman, who sat with his back to the fire, feeling rather cold requested a servant, whose head was full of the argument, to "remove the screen"—meaning that one at the back of his chair—John started from his reverie at once, and quite forgetting where he was, called out, he would be d—d if it should be stoored for any man.

† By "Voats lapt up in paper"—Mike means votes by proxy.—What a great effect the speeches and arguments at any meeting must have upon those who have given their votes by proxy three or four days before the meeting takes place !

Its "noompty doompty sat upon a wall,  
 "And hoompty doompty gat a desprit fall,  
 "And all t' king's hosses there, and ali t' king's men,  
 "Could neer set hoompty doompty reet agen."  
 Se'a they consated<sup>a</sup> if they rarved this screen  
 Bood yance fre't ple'ace in which t' had awlus been,  
 Like hoompty doompty, it could neer age'an  
 Be set te reets let what pains wad be te'an.—  
 Bood there thoo sees it stands, yal and compleat,  
 And that's because theyv'e nivver de'an nowt weet:  
 A bonny thing like that, is bonny still,  
 Put it in whatsumivver ple'ace you will,  
 And as t' was weel while nowt was at it dea'n,  
 They've just de'an weel in letting weel ale'an.  
 Bood what did seam to me uncommon hard,  
 And vexed me se'a, Ah knew noot how te bard,<sup>b</sup>  
 Was that mah money, dash it, sud be te'an  
 Te de'a that with, Ah wished sud noot be de'an,—  
 Could Ah hev gotten mah eroon back, Ah sware  
 That egg or shell oa't they sud noot see mair.

BOB. Thah keas<sup>e</sup> joost<sup>d</sup> maks me think o' Jamie Broon,  
 T' oad dhrunken carpenthier of our toon.—  
 Thoo sees yah day to Jamie's hoose<sup>e</sup> Ah went,  
 And fand he'd gotten t' bailifiers<sup>f</sup> \* in for rent,  
 His wife, poor thing, was awmeast flay'd<sup>g</sup> te de'ad,  
 And rarved<sup>h</sup> off t' hair by neavesful<sup>i</sup> frev her he'ad,  
 And t' bairns all roo'red te see their moother roore,  
 Ah nivver i my life seed sike a stoore.—  
 Oa'd Jamie he was set in t' ingle<sup>j</sup> neuk,  
 Glooaring at t' fire wiv a hauf fond leuk ;  
 Yah hand waz iv his britches pocket thrast,  
 While t'other picked his nooas<sup>k</sup> end desprit fast ; †  
 For him thoo sees Ah cared'nt hauf a pin,  
 For drink had browt him te t' state he was in,  
 Bood mah heart warked<sup>l</sup> te see t' poore bairns and t'  
 de'ame,  
 And se'a Ah moonted<sup>m</sup> t' meern<sup>n</sup> and skelped<sup>o</sup> off he'ame,  
 And there Ah teuk falive<sup>p</sup> poond, pairt ov a hoo'ard,<sup>q</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Conceived <sup>b</sup> bear <sup>c</sup> case <sup>d</sup> just <sup>e</sup> house <sup>f</sup> bailiffs <sup>g</sup> frightened <sup>h</sup> rived,  
 tore <sup>i</sup> handful <sup>j</sup> fire side <sup>k</sup> nose <sup>l</sup> ached <sup>m</sup> mounted <sup>n</sup> mare <sup>o</sup> scampered  
<sup>p</sup> five <sup>q</sup> hoard.

\* Bailiffs.—"The Sheriff being answerable for the misdemeanors of these Bailiffs, they are usually bound in an obligation, with sureties, for the due execution of their office, and thence are called bound bailiffs, which common people have corrupted into a much more homely appellation." *Blackstone's Com. Book 1. p. 345.*

† The nose of an habitual drunkard (*haud ignarus loquor*) is always afflicted with a tickling and tormenting heat—in fact that member seems constantly itching to be in the flagon.

Ah'd feltin t' bahble<sup>a</sup> te be out o't ro'ard<sup>b</sup> \*  
 (For Ah's yan o' thor chaps ats ommust se'af<sup>c</sup>  
 To spend all t' bras ats handy te my ne'af,)<sup>d</sup>  
 And sent it tiv him by our dowther<sup>e</sup> Nance,  
 At he mood pay off t' bailiers at yance.<sup>f</sup>  
 Wad you believe, as se'an as t' brass he gat,  
 He off te t' public hoose, and there he sat,  
 And sat and smeuk'd,<sup>g</sup> and smeuk'd and drank away,  
 Fra two'alve<sup>h</sup> o'clock, te two'alve o'clock next day,  
 Just then Ah enthered t' hoose as Ah past by,  
 Te get a dhrink, for Ah was desprit dry,  
 And there Ah fand t' oad raggil<sup>i</sup> te be seer,  
 Strtched on his back, dea'd dhrunk, o't palour fleer.—  
 Ah thrast mah hand intiv his pocket neuk,  
 And back agean mah fahve poond noo'ate Ah teuk,  
 For when Ah gav him't, it was mah intent,  
 That he sud de'a nowt weet bood pay his rent.  
 Just se'a, Ah think thoo had a reet to tak  
 T' croon thoo subscrarbed cud thoo ha' getten't back,  
 Since they te whom t' was geen<sup>j</sup> had ne'a reet  
 Te de'a owt else, bood what t'was geen for, weet.

MIKE. Thoo's reet, thoo's reet, Ah'd seaner had that croon,  
 Te we'ast in blash and dhrink like Jamie Broon,  
 Than they ha' getten't, for then mun at le'ast  
 Ah'd ple'ased mah oan, and not anoother's te'ast.

BOB. Pray whe'ah belt Minsther? for it se'ams te me  
 He kenned far best just whor this screen sud be,  
 What tho' theas chaps may talk a he'ap o' blash,<sup>k</sup>  
 Ah wad'nt give a haup'ny<sup>l</sup> for their trash,  
 Unless te pre'avem<sup>m</sup> his jooodgment good, some yan  
 Builds sike a spot as t' Minsther here, and than,  
 And noot till than thoo sees a body may  
 Be called upon te heed what he may say.

MIKE. And noo Ah thinks Ah've telled thee all Ah' ken,  
 And mead thee just as wise mun as mysen,  
 Se'a coom thoo yam<sup>n</sup> wi me and see t' oad lass,  
 And get a bite o' summut and a glass,  
 For Ah'se se'a hungered tonned<sup>o</sup> Ah scarce can barde,  
 Ah've getten quite a wemling<sup>p</sup> in t' insarde.

<sup>a</sup> Bible <sup>b</sup> road <sup>c</sup> sure <sup>d</sup> hand <sup>e</sup> daughter <sup>f</sup> once <sup>g</sup> smoked <sup>h</sup> twelve  
<sup>i</sup> rascal <sup>j</sup> given <sup>k</sup> trash <sup>l</sup> halfpenny <sup>m</sup> prove <sup>n</sup> home <sup>o</sup> turned <sup>p</sup> yearning.

\* Country folks hide their money in strange places—old jars, bottles, bedsteads, and tea-pots have occasionally been the emporia of hidden treasure.—By Bob having hid his money in the bible *to be out of the road*, we may without much hesitation imply, that that worthy character did not often make the sacred volume the subject of his perusal. Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters hide bank notes in a bible, under the impression that it was the most unlikely place for a thief to pry into.

BOB. Ah've ne'a objection, boon afore Ah wag  
A single leg, Ah's tied<sup>a</sup> te see mah nag.

MIKE. Thoo need'nt mun, in Moss's yard hes seaf  
Ah's warrant, he'll get hay and coorn eneaf,  
His is'nt t' inn where rogueish hostlers che'at,\*  
And grease 't hoss' mouths te set 'em past their me'at,  
Nay, Moss's man will tak mair tent<sup>b</sup> o' t' be'ast,  
Than ony moother of her bairn awme'ast.

BOB. Nea doot, neat doot he'll tent it well, bood bon,<sup>c</sup>  
Ah mood as well just see how he gets on,  
He may ha' slipped his helther<sup>d</sup> wiv a tug,  
Or gotten yah leg owr 't te serat his lug.<sup>f</sup>

MIKE. Aweel, leak sharp, and dean't be owr lang,  
Or yam bedoot<sup>e</sup> thee Ah'se be foored te gang.

BOB. Yah minnit for me, bairn, thoo need'nt stop,  
For Ah'll be back in t' cracking ov a lop.<sup>f</sup> †

a Obliged b care c burn d halter e without f flea.

\* A knavish hostler, in the presence of an inexperienced traveller, will give his horse a very large feed of oats, and as soon as the gentleman's back is turned he will subtract from the manger all the corn but a few handfuls, and then grease the horse's teeth with a candle which will effectually prevent the animal, for some time at least, from touching his food.—When the traveller returns and sees some oats still remaining in the manger, he liberally rewards the hostler for giving his horse more than he can eat! *Printer's Devil*.

† Many a horse has got a leg over the halter in scratching his ears with the hind hoof, and hath thus hung himself. An ingenious farrier named Snowden, near Kirbymoorside has invented a very clever halter to prevent such accidents.

‡ Reader! didst thou ever behold thy dog Tray, suddenly starting from a sound nap on thy hearth rug, curl himself up and begin to sniff and snap through his hide from head to tail, if so, thou hast seen "the cracking of a lop."

—o—

### YORKSHIRE CENTENARIANS.

The writer of this article has recently heard it gravely asserted, more than once, that the term of human life has reached its climax of brevity, and is now gradually widening out the nearer we approach the Millennium. And indeed, there would seem to be some degree of truth in the statement, for we can scarcely take up a newspaper which does not record the death of a centenarian. Of course the increase of population would produce a relative increase in the number of centenarians, but putting that on one side, why should it seem a thing incredible, or inconsistent with the laws of nature, that human vitality should have its ebb and flow, and that human degeneracy having reached its furthermost point of retrogression, should now advance towards that point of longevity attained by the patriarchs?

A Yorkshire clergyman has expressed his opinion, that in every million of our countrymen, there are at least two living, who have passed their hundredth year. It was Professor HUFELAND's opinion that the limit of possible human life might be set at 200 years, and this on the general principle that the life of a creature is eight times the years of its period of growth. The Professor backs up his opinion, by several authentic instances, and his roll of centenarians includes many remarkable cases of human and animal longevity. An able article on centenarianism appeared in the "*Daily Telegraph*" of February 12th ult., in which Mr. W. J. THOMS, the author of the celebrated brochure, entitled "*Human Longevity: its Facts and Fictions*," (1873) is somewhat severely handled, and his incredulity proved to be nescience. Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is another sceptic, and boldly affirms all cases of centenarianism to be hypothetical, and for the most part antediluvian. The writer of the article in question, vigorously attacks the casuistry of Mr. THOMS, and Sir George, and quotes M. KOHL on "*Russian Longevity*" to support the theory of contingent duration.

The following list of Yorkshire Centenarians, verified in each instance from the registers of their respective parishes, will be of interest to the readers of "*Yorkshire Notes and Queries*," some of whom will be able to extend the list.—

HENRY JENKINS, of Ellerton-on-Swale, born 1501,	Aged } 169
died 1670.*	
ELIZABETH GRAY, a pensioner on the Wilsons of West- brook, buried at Ecclesall, December 3, 1843.	109
ANN STRINGER of Northallerton, born 1613, died 1721.	108
GEORGE LUMLEY, of Northallerton, born 1697, married 1783 to Mary Dunning, aged 19. (Date of death unknown.)†	104
MARY HOLLINDRAKE, born at Alderscholes, near Brad- ford, January 5th, 1785, died at Shipley, March 20th, 1886.	101
DENIS SYKES, born February 10th, 1717, died November 20th, 1819.‡	102

\* Buried in the Parish Church of Bolton-on-Swale. The parish register contains the following entry—"1670, December 9th, Henry Jenkins, a very aged and poore man of Ellerton, was buried here." Besides the stone monument over his grave in the churchyard, there is another of black marble inside the Church, erected to the memory of the "oldest Yorkshireman." Both monuments bear an appropriate inscription, the latter written by Dr. Thomas Chapman.

† Vide "Gentleman's Magazine." The Wedding was performed by the Rev. Thos. Wilkinson, Curate, and the witnesses were Thomas Robson, and W. M. Gibson.

‡ Mary Sykes, sister of Denis Sykes, died February 11th, 1810, aged 99 years, and 8 months.

ANN YEARDLEY, wife of Joseph, of Sheffield Park, )	105
died December 25th, 1807. Buried in Tankers- )	
ley Churchyard, aged )	
(Thomas, their son, died Jan. 22, 1841, aged 91.)	
WILLIAM STURDY, of Romanby, near Northallerton, )	100
born 1735, died 1835.	
ELIZABETH BULMER, of West Acklam, died June 20th, )	100
1834. Buried at Acklam.	
BARBARA BROWNBRIDGE, buried in Eastrington church- )	100
yard, January 16th, 1835.	
MARY WILSON, of Glaisdale, buried at Glaisdale, )	100
December 29th, 1830.	
JANE GARBUZZ, buried at Welbury, December 12, 1854.	109
MARY BENTON, of Yarm, buried at Elton, January 7, )	116
1853.	
MATTHEW LAW, buried at Sandhutton, near Thirsk, )	100
Nov. 14, 1814, aged	
According to statistics, more females reach the age of a hundred years than males, and no one I think will doubt it.	

J. L. SAYWELL, F.R.H.S.

—o—  
We have before us an ordinary black-edged funeral card, bearing the following inscription :

“Death of a Matriarch.

Elizabeth, the wife of the late Ely Whiteley,  
of Rishworth,

Who died on the 8th of May, 1852, aged 100 years.

She had had 13 children, 119 grandchildren, 189 great-grandchildren, and 28 great-great-grandchildren : total, 349. Six of her children were at her funeral, of whom the eldest is 79 years of age, the next 77, and the third 75.

She married at 21, was a wife 70 years, and a widow 9.”

Mrs. Neale, of Bawtry, died on September 12th, 1885, aged 100. An old East Anglian ex-soldier, named Coe, who had carried a bullet in his arm for many years, died last year at Norristhorpe, near Heckmondwike, the residence of his daughter. He had nearly completed his 101st year when we saw and had a pleasant chat with him, some weeks before his death.—*Ed.*

—o—  
HENRY JENKINS.

In the *Yorkshire Gazette* a series of articles on Bolton-on-Swale is appearing, from which we cull the following, by leave of the Editor.

“We now come to a tablet which to the general reader will possess more interest than any other in the church. This is the slab of black marble which commemorates the existence of the man who probably lived more years than any Englishman

of whom there is any certain record. This was the celebrated Henry Jenkins, who undoubtedly lived to the extraordinary age of 169 years. The inscription runs as follows :—

“ Blush not, marble, to rescue from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person obscure in birth, but of a life truly memorable, for he was enriched with the goods of nature if not of fortune, and happy in the duration if not the variety of his enjoyments : And though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's health and length of days, to teach mistaken man these blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169 ; was interred here December 6, 1670 ; and had this justice done to his memory. 1743.”

There is also in the churchyard a monument to the memory of Jenkins, consisting of an obelisk of squared freestone 11 feet high, standing upon a pedestal 4 feet 6 inches in height and 4 feet 4 inches square. On the east side of the pedestal is the following inscription :—

“ This monument was erected by contribution in ye year 1743 to ye memory of Henry Jenkins.”

On the west side also are cut the name and age of the patriarch.

Few things are more interesting than the investigation of such a case as this, for so closely does the question of life and death touch us all that we are to a man more or less attracted by the abnormal strangeness of a life prolonged so enormously beyond the usual allotted space. The late vicar of Bolton, the Rev. A. Cumby, was at great pains to collect and arrange the evidence bearing upon the case, and he seems to have exhausted every possible source of information.

The principal evidences that prove or corroborate the age assigned to Henry Jenkins by the inscription on his monument and by common report are given in various publications, and most completely in Clarkson's History of Richmond ; but nowhere is a sufficient distinction drawn between those which seem to be merely traditional and those which rest on better authority. In these notes the credibility of the witnesses and the possibility of the fact which they assert are examined :—

I. In Clarkson's History of Richmond (note p. 396) we are told of “ A Commission out of the Court of Exchequer, dated 12 Feby. 19 Charles II., authorising George Wright, Joseph Chapman, John Burnett, and Richard Faucett, gents., to examine witnesses as well on the part of the plaintiff as defendant in a tythe cause between Charles Anthony, vicar of Catterick, complainant, and Calvert Smithson, owner and occupier of lands in Kipling, in the parish of Catterick ;

Depositions taken in the house of John Stairman, at Catterick, co. Ebor: on the 15th April, 1667:—

Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton-upon-Swale, labourer, aged 157, or thereabouts, swore and examined, says, “that he has known the parties seven years, that the tithes of lambs, calves, wool, colts, chickens, goslings, pigs, apples, pears, plums, flax, hemp, fruit, and mulfure of mills were paid in kind by one Mr. Calvert,<sup>1</sup> the owner of the lordship or manor of Kipling, to one Mr. Thriscroft, above threescore years since the vicar of Catterick, and were so paid in kind during the time of his the said Mr. Thriscroft’s continuance; and after the tithes of Kipling were paid in kind to one Richard Fawcett, deceased, for many years together as vicar of Catterick; and that this deponent never knew of any customary tithes paid by any of the owners or occupiers of the lordship or manor of Kipling, or any other of the towns or hamlets within the said parish of Catterick, but all such particulars named in the interrogatories were ever paid in kind to the vicar there for the time being.”

This document, Mr. Clarkson adds, was copied in Sept., 1819:

II. From the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society,<sup>2</sup> (Abridgment, vol. iv., p. 92):—“On the great age of Henry Jenkins; in a letter from Mrs. Anne Savile<sup>3</sup> to Dr. Tancred Robinson, F.R.S.,<sup>4</sup> with his remarks upon it. No. 221, p. 266.

“When I first came to live at Bolton it was told me that there lived in that parish a man near 150 years old; that he had sworn as a witness in a cause at York to 120 years, which the judge reproving him for, he said he was butler at that time to Lord Conyers,<sup>5</sup> and they told me that it was reported his name was found in some old register of the Lord Conyers’ menial servants. Being one day in my sister’s kitchen, Henry

<sup>1</sup> Geo. Calvert, Esq., of Kiplin, was created Baron Baltimore of Baltimore, in the county of Longford, A.D. 1624.

Henry Thriscroft was vicar of Catterick from 1594 till 1603, and Richard Faucett from 1603 till 1660, when he was succeeded by Charles Anthony.

<sup>2</sup> In the year 1809 the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society from the year 1665 to 1800 were abridged and republished by Drs. Chas. Hutton, Geo. Shaw, and Richard Pearson. We quote from the Abridgement.

<sup>3</sup> John Savile, Esq., of Methley, a direct ancestor of John, first Earl of Mexborough, had several daughters, among whom were Anne, the author of this letter, and Elizabeth, wife of Leonard Wastell, Esq., of Bolton-on-Swale. Both these ladies were residing with Mr. Wastell at the time of his death, A.D. 1665, in which year the interview with Henry Jenkins took place.

<sup>4</sup> Tancred, second son of Thomas Robinson, Esq., and own brother to Sir William Robinson, Bart., (direct ancestor of Thomas, first Lord Grantham); he was M.D. and F.R.S., and was knighted on his appointment as physician to George I. A list of his works is given in Watts’ *Bibliotheca Britannica*. They consist of seven papers published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, and show that he was the friend of Ray and other distinguished naturalists, and had visited Italy for scientific purposes.

<sup>5</sup> Of Hornby Castle, ancestor to the Duke of Leeds.

Jenkins coming in to beg an alms, I had a mind to examine him. I told him that he was an old man who must soon expect to give an account to God of all he did or said, and I desired him to tell me very truly how old he was; on which he paused a little, and then said to the best of his remembrance he was about 162 or 163. I asked him what kings he remembered? he said Henry VIII. I asked him what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flodden field. I asked whether the king was there? he said no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then? he said he believed between 10 or 12, "for," says he, "I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them." I thought by these marks I might find something in histories, and looking in an old chronicle I found that Flodden Field was about 152 years before, so that if he was 10 or 11 years old, he must be 162 or 163, as he said when I examined him. I found that bows and arrows were then used, and that the earl he named was then general, and that King Henry VIII. was then at Tournay,<sup>6</sup> so that I don't know what to answer to the consistencies of these things, for Henry Jenkins was a poor man, and could neither write nor read. There were also four or five in the same parish<sup>7</sup> that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within 2 or 3 years of it, and they all said he was an elderly man ever since they knew him, for he was born in another parish and before any register was in churches as it is said; he told me he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountain's Abbey very well, who used to drink a glass<sup>8</sup> with his lord heartily, and that the dissolution of the monasteries he said he well remembered.

"ANN SAVILE."

"This Henry Jenkins died Dec. 8, 1670, at Ellerton-on-Swale. The battle of Flodden Field was fought on the 9th of Sept., 1513. Henry Jenkins was 12 years old when Flodden

<sup>6</sup> Both Hollinshed and Hall repeatedly mention the siege of Tournay by Henry VIII. as contemporary with the battle of Flodden; it was probably one or other of these historians whose chronicle Miss Savile consulted.

<sup>7</sup> During the interval between the year 1664 and 1684, the register of burials at Bolton-on-Swale is carefully kept and in the handwriting of Chas. Anthony, vicar of Catterick. He notices fifty-five persons as "aged" or "ancient," and three as "very aged." Among these is "1670, Decem. 9. Henry Jenkins, a very aged and poore man of Ellerton." In the same year fourteen others are noticed as "aged,"—the exact age is never given for about a century afterwards. In 1668 Jenkins seems to have lost his wife, and these two entries are the only ones where the name of Jenkins occurs in the Bolton registers.

<sup>8</sup> Jenkins might have used this very word, for drinking-glasses though little used in England before the dissolution of monasteries, were common in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. See Shakesp. 2nd part of K. Hen. IV. Act II., Sc. 1.

Field was fought, so that he lived 169 years. Old Parr lived 152 years and 9 months, so that Henry Jenkins outlived him by computation 16 years, and was the oldest man born on the ruins of this post-diluvian world.”<sup>9</sup>

“ This Henry Jenkins, in the last century of his life, was a fisherman, and used to wade in the streams. His diet was coarse and sour, but towards the latter end of his days he begged up and down. He has sworn in Chancery and other courts to above 140 years’ memory, and was often at the Assizes at York, whither he generally went a-foot, and I have heard some of the country gentlemen<sup>10</sup> affirm that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years.

III. Miss Savile sent a copy of her statement to Sir Richard Graham, of Norton Conyers; a transcript of this was afterwards given to Roger Gale, of Scruton,<sup>11</sup> by Sir Reginald Graham, with the following note from himself:—

“ Sir,—I have sent you an account of Henry Jenkins as I find it in my grandfather’s Household Book—the time of his death is mentioned under the letter as I have set it down; it seems not to have been the same hand; he must have lived some time after Mrs. Savile sent this account to Sir Richard; I have heard<sup>12</sup> Sir Richard was sheriff when Jenkins gave evidence to six score years in a cause betwixt Mr. How<sup>13</sup> and Mrs. Wastell<sup>14</sup> of Ellerton. The judge asked him how he got his living? he said ‘by thatching houses and fishing.’

I am, sir, your most humble servant,  
Norton, 26 Aug., 1739-40. R. GRAHAM.”

<sup>9</sup> This sentence seems to be from the pen of Dr. Robinson, and it is difficult to say what he means by it; the ages of the post-diluvian patriarch are given *infra*.

<sup>10</sup> At this time within three or four miles of Bolton, no less than eighty hall-houses were occupied by their owners or by wealthy tenants, and at greater distances in the same proportion; among those latter we may mention Scruton, the residence of the most learned man of his day, Dr. Thomas Gale, Dean of York, and Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge.

<sup>11</sup> A very learned antiquary, son of a Dean of York. He received this letter in 1740, and the monuments at Bolton were erected in 1743; it is therefore not improbable that he may have been a contributor towards them.

<sup>12</sup> Sir Reginald has been misinformed. Richard, the first of the Yorkshire branch of the Graham family was Sheriff for the first time in 1680, ten years after Jenkins’ death.

<sup>13</sup> John Grubham Howe, Esq., brother to the first Viscount Howe; he was M.P. for Gloucestershire in the reigns of William and Mary, and also of Queen Anne, who made him a Privy Councillor; he died in the year 1722, and his Yorkshire estates, including the manor of Ellerton, were sold to Mr. Chr. Crowe.

<sup>14</sup> Mrs. Wastell’s husband died in 1671, the year after Jenkins’ death; but she continued to reside at Ellerton for several (perhaps many) years, and was perhaps better known as a widow, so that Sir Reginald calls her so, though the suit must have been commenced in her husband’s life-time. Her husband was one of the Bolton family, and Ellerton Manor was a jointure house.

Then follows a transcript of the letter already given, and then the following postscript:—

“ This letter is without date, but appears to have been written by Mrs. Savell in the year 1661 or 1662 by what she says of the time when she examined the old man compared with that of Flodden Field, and was eight or nine years before he died, for I found his burial in the register of Bolton Church thus—‘ December the 9th, 1670, Henry Jenkins, a very old poor man.’

And was also showed his grave.<sup>15</sup>

R. GRAHAM.”

These papers were sent by Mr. Gale to Dr. Lyttleton, Bishop of Carlisle, who, in the year 1766, read them before the Antiquarian Society, of which he was president. They are given by Mr. Clarkson, Appendix No. XLV.

IV. *Prideaux Connection*, Book V., p. 273, of 8vo edition, speaks of Parr, who lived to the age of 152, and *Jenkinson* to that of 160. It is clear that, notwithstanding the misnomer, Henry Jenkins is the person here intended. The possibility of attaining such an age somewhat invalidates the Dean’s argument respecting an important prophecy contained in the Book of Daniel, and he meets the objection on other grounds, without questioning the 169 years, which he regards as an admitted fact. The book was published in 1715.

V. More than seventy years after Jenkins’ death a subscription was set on foot for the erection of a monument to his memory in Bolton Church. We are unable to say who proposed the subscription, what sum was raised, or who were the subscribers.

The inscriptions on the tablet in the church and on the monument in the churchyard we have already given.

VI. In the year 1752 Thomas Worlidge engraved a head of Jenkins. It professes to be “ taken from an original painting done by Walker.” Robert Walker died in the year 1658. He was painter to the Protector, and his pictures of him and his generals are numerous and very valuable. Jenkins seems to have been little known before the year 1660, and it might be thought unlikely that he should have attracted the notice of a great court painter; but we have other proof of the existence of a portrait of him. M. de Bomare, a distinguished French naturalist, in his *Dictionary of Natural History*, vol. iv. p. 441 (*Dictionnaire raisonné universel de l’Histoire Naturelle*, par M. Valmont de Bomare, Paris, 8vo, 1764), mentions the great age of—1st, Henry Jenkins, an Englishman, who died in 1670, aged 169 years; 2nd, John Rovin, born at Czatlova-Carants-Bitcher, in the Bannat of Temeswar, who lived 172 years, and

<sup>15</sup> Sir Reginald does not say in what year he visited Bolton Churchyard, but it was certainly prior to the year 1740; the tomb would therefore doubtless be erected on the spot previously known as Jenkins’ grave.

his wife 164. They lived together 147 years, and at the time of Rovin's death their grandson was 99 years old. Also, 3rd, Peter Zorten, a peasant in the same district, who died in the year 1724, at the age of 185 years. Full length portraits of these three centenarians are in the library of Prince Charles at Brussels: So far M. de Bomare. Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother to the Emperor Francis I., was governor of the Netherlands from 1745 to 1781; he was rich and a great favourite with the Empress Maria Theresa, his sister-in-law; after his death in the year last named his library and pictures were sold by auction. Worlidge's print is a mere head, and the Prince's picture is said to have been full length; but it appears at least that a portrait of Jenkins did exist at the end of the last century.

VII. At the foot of the engraving is a copy of the inscription on the monument in Bolton Church, together with a short account of Jenkins, taken it would seem from Dr. Robinson's publication, and adding that in the King's Remembrancer's Office in the Exchequer is a record of a deposition made by Jenkins in the year 1665, in a cause between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken at Kettering, in Yorkshire. This is perhaps a mistaken account of the deposition already mentioned as taken in 1667, at Catterick, in a cause between Charles *Anthony, Clerk*, and *Calvert Smithson*.

The records in the Queen's Remembrancer's Office have been transferred elsewhere, and though search has been made in their new repository we have not succeeded in finding either document; but that mentioned by Mr. Clarkson as copied in 1819 may obviously be relied on as being then in existence.

Records of the Assize Courts at York are said to be preserved in London, but they merely give the cause tried and the decision of the Court, without stating any particulars of the evidence or the names of the witnesses.

There seems to be three distinct instances mentioned of Jenkins giving evidence in a court of justice—(1) That mentioned by Miss Savile, where he asserted that he had been Lord Conyers' butler 120 years before; this may have taken place in 1655, when he was 146 years old; the point in dispute according to Mr. Clarkson was a right of way. (2) The deposition made at Catterick in 1667<sup>16</sup> when he was 157 years old. (3) The trial at York, where he was witness on the part of Mrs. Wastell, of Ellerton, (see Sir Reginald Graham's letter).

It is of this last trial that Mr. Clarkson gives the account that Mrs. Wastell's agent found at Ellerton a son and grandson

<sup>16</sup> Some of the printed accounts mentioned also a trial in the year 1667 between the vicar of Catterick and John and Peter Mawbank, in which Jenkins deposed as a witness. Clarkson does not mention it. Two farmers Peter and William Wawbank (i.e., Walbank) were living at Uckerby at that time.

of Henry Jenkins, both of whom were much more infirm in memory and in body than the patriarch himself; but the registers above cited make it probable that no one of the name except Henry Jenkins and his wife was buried at Bolton since the year 1653, when those registers commence.

VIII. The law suits in which Jenkins' depositions were admitted show that the Court thought he had no intention to deceive, and that his assertion might be allowed as evidence of ancient usage to the extent of eighty or a hundred years. The principal evidence of the 169 years is Miss Savile's examination and letters; her integrity and judgment are beyond dispute; her account tells us what Jenkins' own assertion and belief were, and the reasons he gave for them; the letters with other corroborative proofs establish the fact that Jenkins was frequently talked to and questioned about his age, not by his own poor neighbours only, but by well-informed persons able to detect an anachronism or contradiction of known historical facts.

Jenkins' fame in his own neighbourhood would be kept up and maintained by the paper read before the Royal Society; that society was then popular and fashionable, and Dr. Robinson, a distinguished naturalist and court physician. The notice in Prideaux's Connection sufficiently shows how extensively Jenkins was credited at the beginning of the last century; some of the things told of him may be proved impossible or false, but this does not invalidate the truth of what had already been committed to writing, while they certainly show that the main fact, his great age, was very universally admitted.

The publication of Miss Savile's letters and the erection of the monument in Bolton Church would be a sort of double test and challenge to all who might be inclined to dispute the matter. The gentlemen who remembered Jenkins could scarcely all of them have been ignorant of Sir Tancred Robinson's publication, and would have contradicted it either publicly or privately had they believed it false in any essential point; yet the sons of these men must have known and some of them contributed to the monument erected in 1743. At that time the residents in the parish seem to have been as numerous and respectable as they had been seventy years before.<sup>17</sup> The church registers furnish no evidence either way; and if the assertion, "my father knew and conversed with Jenkins and believed what he said of himself," had been met by a counter assertion, "my father, or uncle, had conversed with Jenkins, and gave no credit to what he said," in this case the subscription for a monument could never have succeeded—public opinion would have been on the side of the doubters.

<sup>17</sup> In the parish of Bolton were Chr. Crowe, Leonard Bower, and John Wright, Esqs., and the Rev. John Noble, Master of the Grammar School.

The history of the portrait is not wholly satisfactory, and does not bear directly on the question of Jenkins' age; we have seen that he attended the York Assizes in 1655 or earlier. A great provincial metropolis where many distinguished Yorkshire families had houses and resided a part of the year, might well be visited by a portrait painter, and the remarkable face which the engraving exhibits would be as likely to attract his notice. Prince Charles would scarcely buy an inferior picture or an imaginary portrait; the facts certainly tend to show that belief in Jenkins' great age was general and well founded. The engraving was published ten years after the erection of the monument at the price of 2s.; the publisher must have reckoned upon a very extensive sale to make such a price remunerative.

The publication of the engraving may serve also to show that the subscription for the monument ten years before was not got up through the caprice or money of a single individual. Had it been so, it would have been regarded either with indifference or with ridicule; whereas we find the inscription published in the Gentleman's Magazine in 1749, and ten years later Scott, the great commentator on the Bible, seemed to think that Jenkins and his monument had made Bolton famous. (See Scott's life, p. 6.)

The evidences we have collected show clearly that those who questioned Jenkins were satisfied of the truth of his statements, that they were numerous and some of them well-informed persons, of judgment and intelligence, able and willing to detect a falsehood; still the fact of his great age rests primarily on his own assertion, nor under the circumstances could it easily have rested on any other. But the improbability of his passing successfully examinations to which he was subjected is on several accounts very considerable. He had no access to any written records, and the old chronicles, consulted by those who questioned him, abound in minute particulars of time, place, and persons, precisely the kind of things that would be likely to remain in his memory if he really remembered them, and to puzzle and confute him if he did not. We can fancy only two ways which promise any chance of success in such an imposture —either that he was somewhat younger, ten or fifteen years perhaps, than he asserted himself to be, and that he told as of himself things which as a boy he remembered hearing talked of; or that he had been for several years the friend and associate of some intelligent old man greatly his senior, and afterwards told his friend's reminiscences as if they were his own and had happened to himself. Let any person of education endeavour on such data only and without the aid of books to arrange and execute an imposture, and then let him imagine how far a footman, or butler, unaccustomed to the study of history or fiction would be likely to succeed in the same attempt.

The statements which the other old people of Ellerton and Bolton made to Miss Savile respecting Jenkins would be little to the purpose unless they had meant that he was an old man when they were young, i.e., about the year 1600, for they were about 100 years of age in 1664, the time of which Miss Savile speaks; they imply also that he had resided in or near the parish of Bolton ever since they knew him; if so he must have told his stories about Flodden and the reign of Henry VIII. from the year 1600 to 1664 without having been convicted of falsehood.

We ought also to bear in mind that he lived during the Reformation and through the great Rebellion; whichever party he sympathised with, whether Popish or Protestant, Cavalier or Roundhead, he would have the importance of religion and the obligation of an oath strongly brought before him, and this applies especially to his depositions as a witness in trials respecting property."

—o—

**ARKENGARTHDALE.**—As an illustration of Christian names derived from the Bible, allow me to mention that a few years ago I married in the Church of this place a couple whose Christian names were respectively Obadiah and Tabitha. Many of our Christian names are, however, derived from medieval and other sources, as Anthony, George, Edward, Robert, Richard, William, Ambrose, Sylvester, Margaret, Catharine, Ann, Vincent, Cuthbert, Leonard, Hugh, Lancelot. At the present time "fancy" names, as the people here call them, seem to be in favour; thus one boy has been baptized among the Wesleyans in the name of Oliver Cromwell, another Admiral. With regard to the initials C. B., (p. 22,) the sign of the chief inn in the dale, they stand for Charles Bathurst, Esq., who in the 18th century had large share of the ownership of the Manor, with its lead-mines. These mines were worked in the reign of King John, if they were not, as is very probable, worked by the Romans.

J.T.

**STRIKING THE LUCK.**—What was the nature of the custom of dealers in horses striking the luck of the guinea when horses were sold. My grandfather, Thomas Busby, native of Holme, Yorkshire, bought a horse at a fair at some Common and struck the luck of a guinea and lost it. The next year he bought another horse at the same place and was asked to strike the luck of a guinea. He said, "No, this day twelve months ago, I bought a horse at this very place, and struck the luck of a guinea and lost it," the same time poking with his stick in the ground he recovered the lost guinea.

M. T. MORRALL, MATLOCK.

## Yorkshire Anecdotes.



### INTRODUCTORY.

One of the most interesting books in the Annals of Scottish literature is Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life & Character,"—a work chiefly composed of anecdotes, so arranged as to throw a flood of light upon the various phases of Scottish character, of which the compiler treats.

A similar work to this is wanted on behalf of Yorkshire, a county brimful of humorous, quaint and eccentric character, and with abundant material scattered here and there in its folk-lore and literature.

When the Rev. S. Baring-Gould first contemplated his work on "Yorkshire Oddities," a friend of his assured him that he little knew the gravity of the task he had undertaken, "for," said he, "every other Yorkshireman you meet is a 'character'." The work, however, was carried to a successful completion, and although it only touches upon some curious and out-of-the-way phases of Yorkshire Character, yet it remains an interesting and valuable contribution to the subject.

This is more than can be said of Mrs. Gaskell's attempt (in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë,") to paint the Yorkshireman as he is supposed to exist in certain wild and isolated corners of the broad county. The grim and uncivilised creature that she has painted (based upon a few extravagant stories she has

picked up) is no more the typical Yorkshireman of the moors and mountains, than is the idiotic lampoon depicted upon the London stage—the “John Chawbacon” sort of fellow that most Cockneys believe him to be.

In giving some illustrations of Yorkshire Character by means of Anecdote, in these pages, no attempt at classification or arrangement, will be made. The compiler will simply confine himself to incidents that come within his own knowledge and for the truth of which he can in most instances vouch. Were he to overstep the bounds of this restriction, the resources of his portfolio of “Yorkshire Anecdote,” might fill untold pages of the *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*.

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Some years ago there lived in Bradford two men, respectively named Hirst and Lister, who were remarkable for their size and build. To appear in the streets in open day was quite enough to draw a small crowd about them.

They were once sent to London to give certain evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons.

On their entering the room where the gentlemen sat, the Chairman, struck by their portly appearance, and wishing to crack a joke at their expense, asked if he might take them as a fair sample of Yorkshiremen, “O, dear no!” replied Hirst very coolly, “we are mere shrimps compared to some of ‘em.” The hearty laughter that followed somewhat disconcerted the Chairman, who felt that the joke was not all on his side.

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I have heard my father, who came from near York, vouch for the truth of the following story.—

Some years ago, when hanging for sheep stealing was in vogue, a farmer who lived within a few miles of York, was charged with having committed a crime of that sort and condemned to be hanged. On the day previous to his execution his wife came to see him and, with an eye to the progress of business matters at home, asked him where the beans were to be sown in the coming spring. After a moment's reflection the poor man exclaimed, “I really don't know, lass, sow 'em where tha' likes, I never was so grieved in my life.”

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How delightfully innocent was the mistake made by an old woman in Wensleydale, when entering a Church for the first time in her life. Even then she somehow contrived to be late, and the people were just rising to sing. Struck by this mark of respect (as she took it) to her, she exclaimed, holding up her hands, “Neay, neay, sit ye down agean; its nobbut Betty Bates aat o' Swaledale; sit deown, preya!”

I have heard another story hailing from Wensleydale, of a certain old lady, who, on hearing one of two benighted travellers whom she had taken in for the night from stress of weather, read aloud from his pocket Shakespeare, exclaimed "Ay, well, it fair does one's heart gooid to hear t' Scripter read so nicely."

The *Bradford and Wakefield Chronicle* of October 15, 1825, records a wonderful instance of fortitude in the case of a boy, who was then working in the coal mines at Bowling, near Bradford. The poor lad had the misfortune to have one of his toes cut off by the fall of a large stone. He, however, managed to stop the bleeding, and, wrapping up the toe in a bit of brown paper, pursued his work till night. He then came down to Bradford and applied to a Surgeon to have it set on again, coolly producing it out of his waistcoat pocket where it had been for nearly eight hours. Bravo, Son of Iron! Here was Bowling metal of the genuine ring.

W.S.

I was waiting at a junction near Leeds to day for a train, when a working man amused the score of people that were present by affirming that he knew a man with a wooden leg, who was in the habit of poking the shod-end into the fire to warm his toes,—the toes that he had lost some years before; and this not as a mere habit or sentiment but to quell the 'knaging' in his thigh. Disrelishing the laugh that followed this narration, our entertainer affirmed further that a woman in their village had her foot amputated, and at certain seasons felt the pangs of a horrid, old corn that was buried with her lost member. He seemed not only to believe it himself, but to gain credence with some of the rustics. On my expostulation, he suited me by saying he would rather believe it than experience it.

\* \* \*

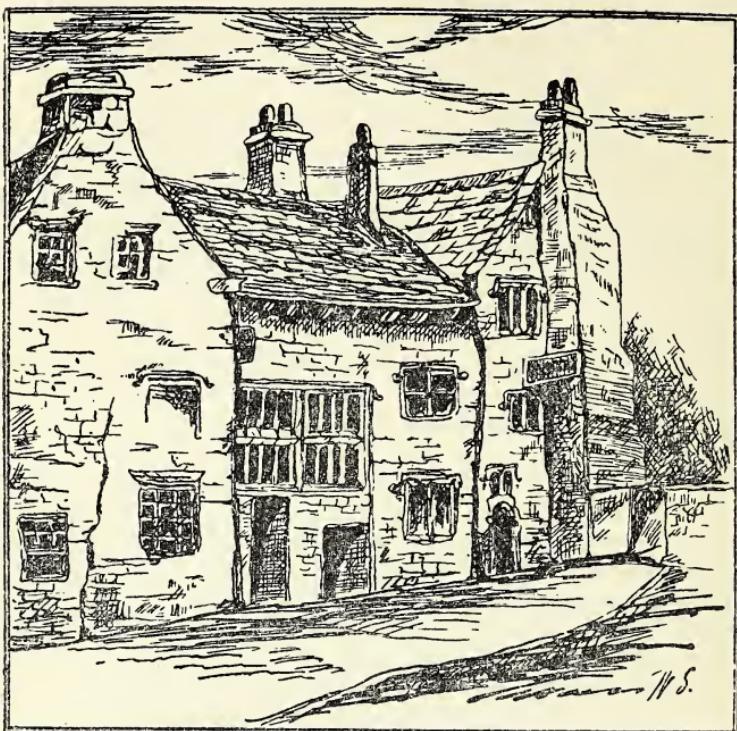
Two Oxford scholars meeting on the road with a Yorkshire ostler, they fell to bantering him, and told the fellow that they would prove him to be either a horse or an ass. "Well," said the ostler, "and I can prove your saddle to be a mule." "A mule," cried one of them; "how can that be?" "Because," said the ostler, "it is something between a horse and an ass."

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The following appears in a Liberal newspaper of recent date: Mr. Robert Leake, sen., of Pringle House, Normanton, is dead. Weighing twenty-six stone, he was sketched in a London illustrated journal as "a specimen of a Yorkshire Conservative," on the occasion of a Nostell Priory demonstration. Tory though he was, he had grown fat on Free Trade bread.

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## An Old House and its Ghost.



Paper Hall, Bradford.

Of the few remaining links connecting Bradford as a very small market town in bygone times, with Bradford as a large commercial metropolis as we see it to day, the once stately old mansion in Barkerend, known as the Paper Hall, is about the last that is deserving of notice. But even this relic of "the olden time" has been so hacked and beaten out of its former shape and semblance, that it will cost but few pangs of regret when it shall become necessary to remove it out of sight altogether.

The few traces that remain of its original appearance suffice to show that it has been one of Bradford's finest mansions. It was one of several old houses of the Bradford Aristocracy that once clustered around the Parish Church. The long streets of cottages, and small huckster's shops that are now plentiful enough in this locality, were never so much as dreamt of when the Paper Hall was built. Green fields bordered both sides of the road, then the only highway to Leeds. In front of the hall lay the glebe lands of the church, which after changing hands a great many times, came into the possession of the late Mr.

Peckover, on a portion of which he built the mansion known as Eastbrook House.

The Paper Hall stood then, as it does now, with its retiring centre and its projecting wings to the east and west. The only entrance to it was at the front, and a well-dressed flower garden bloomed on each side of its main entrance. All around it was a spacious Court-yard, with all the adjuncts for a mansion of such pretensions.

How the place came to be called the *Paper Hall*, or the precise year when it was erected, we do not know, but we do know that it was built by William Rookes, of Royds Hall, near Halifax, who died on the 25th of October, 1651. From the Rookes it came by purchase into the possession of the Bowers, one of the oldest and most respectable of Bradford families.

The next stage in the history of the Paper Hall is as curious as it is interesting. Towards the close of last century it was occupied by Mr. James Garnett, and it was during the residence here of that worthy soul that the first spinning machine in Bradford was set up. Some years ago, an old overseer named John Hutton, formerly engaged in the factory of Mr. Wm. Garnett, (grandson of the above named James) made the following statement,—“I am seventy years of age. When about ten years old I went to school in Barkerend and remember spinning machines being used in the Paper Hall by Mr. James Garnett, who employed in the work ten or a dozen hands. The machines (spinning mules) were turned by hand.”

Mr. Garnett resided in one portion of the hall, while he plied his trade in the other portions of it. In the early struggles of the Independent Church in Bradford, the engagement of a room suitable for public worship was a matter of no little difficulty. Until better provision could be made James Garnett generously offered the use of one of the large rooms in the Paper Hall, which was gladly accepted. Among those who then composed the small Independent community in Bradford, were the honoured names of James Garnett and Eleanor his wife, worthy founders of a family which in more recent times has attained a prominent position in the Worsted trade.

Even in the days of James Garnett, the Paper Hall could boast of much of its ancient splendour. The good man took a pride in making its fine old oak glitter with the bees' wax and oil with which it was constantly rubbed. To day, alas! its appearance is the very contrast of this, the hall has been put to such “base uses,” and has been so mutilated and defaced that it is difficult to form a conception of what it was like in bygone days. Such is its solidity however, that some portions of the building seem to defy the ravages of time itself. In the disturbed times of the Revolution, for the Paper Hall was completed during the Commonwealth, an Englishman's home had

literally to be his Castle ; hence the doors of the hall are so constructed, being studded all over with nails, and provided with huge draw-bars at the back, as to be capable of resisting any attempt on the part of the enemy to intrude upon the privacy of the owner. All the floors, both upper and lower, are of solid old English black oak, and every beam and rafter is of the same material, and so also are all the old mantel pieces of the fire-grates. What was once the principal sitting-room is panelled from the floor to the roof, the latter having a carved black oak cornice all the way round.

And now having said so much about the old hall and its former owners, it is time that we should speak of its ghost. Without this its traditional history would be quite incomplete. We have not seen the ghost ourselves, but we have it on the authority of the blacksmith, whose workshop is just behind the hall, that it may be both seen and heard. "A pair of large staring eyes, belonging to a face of 'gashly' aspect, may often be seen looking out of the windows," says the smith, "and at dead of night mysterious sounds are heard in the old staircase, as of someone treading restlessly up and down," such sounds betokening the use of a wooden leg, which is believed to be that of a certain old admiral who was murdered here at some time or other, and whose spirit refuses to be "laid," as all good spirits should. It is not quite clear, however, whether the face that is seen at the window is that of the old admiral ; but the smith "of large and sinewy hands," can swear to having distinctly heard the "dot and carry one" tread of his ghost in its nightly perambulations. The thing is therefore beyond all question. If any of our readers do not believe the story, we have only to say that as the old Paper Hall is yet in existence, and the blacksmith is still "swinging his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow," in his "stithy" behind, they are at liberty to investigate the matter for themselves. They will find the smith to be a chatty, communicative soul.

We must not forget to mention, (on the blacksmith's authority) the existence of a subterranean passage leading from the hall to the Parish Church, but for what purpose such a means of intercommunication between these places was made we cannot very clearly make out. The redoubtable smith however assured us that he has not only fathomed its depths, but has even discovered a skeleton in it with a rusty sword at its side, but whether it was the skeleton of a man or woman he is not quite clear. He was much too frightened to make necessary investigations on this point.

W. SCRUTON.

A Methodist Preacher at Skipton in Craven recently prayed: "O Lord, at this critical juncture of events, be pleased to grant that Mr. Gladstone and his supporters may hang together;" whereupon a well-known Tory exclaimed, "Amen! Amen!" To remedy matters the minister continued: "O Lord, I mean, may they in accord and concord hang together." "Amen! Amen!" retorted the Tory, "any sort of cord so long as they hang in it." \*

ROMANS AND ROMAN CATHOLICS.—Your reference to the confusion that obtains regarding the identity of the two Cromwells, Thomas and Oliver, induces me to call attention to another popular error, the confounding of the Roman occupation and the Roman Catholic religion. Our Abbeys are frequently said, by the common people, to have been built by the Romans.

\* \* \*

LOW COUNTRY LOPE-HOIL.—What is a Low Country Lipe, Lahpe, or Lope Hoil? A wide mouth is said to be like one. T.

## POPULAR RHYMES.

## Births.

Monday's Bairn is fair of face,  
 Tuesday's Bairn is full of grace,  
 Wednesday's Bairn's the child of woe,  
 Thursday's Bairn has far to go,  
 Friday's Bairn is loving and giving,  
 Saturday's Bairn works hard for a living;  
 But the Bairn that's born on a Sabbath day,  
 Is lucky and bonny and wise and gay.

## Marriages.

The Woman that changes her name and not the first letter, is all for the worse and none for the better.

The Children here play the game:—When you are married be sure and be good, and help your wife to chop the wood.

MATLOCK.

POOR MAN'S BANE, AND ANTIDOTE, (p. 12).—We find this poem appeared in the *Lonsdale Magazine*, 1820, where it bears the signature "Pauper," Sedbusk, 8th August, 1820. Two poems in the same volume appear from the pen of the Rev. E. Fawcett, Sedbusk, near Hawes. They are entitled "The Seasons, Analogous to Man," and "Reflections on Human Life." ED.

GRAMMAR OF YORKSHIRE DIALECTS.—Dr.—, M.A., Professor at a German University, suggests that this desirable object should be at once attempted. Assistance invited.

### William Darney's Hymn.

"Not made so proper for singing as reading."

Of William Darney, *alias* "Scotch Will," the pedlar preacher, nothing is recorded prior to 1742; when in the preface to Hymn 162 of his hymn book he says, "In the year of our Lord 1742, after I had begun preaching, (sometime when I was under great affliction both of body and mind) I began to question my call to the ministry, altho' I had a clear call in October before. The words were impressed upon my mind which I put in verse after as followeth."

1. "When thus the second time that He,  
My loving God and Lord,  
Was pleased for to reveal to me,  
That I should preach His word."
2. "As a defenced city He,  
Did promise me to make;  
And as an iron pillar strong  
Which never none could shake."

continued to ten stanzas.

Of the locality of his birth, early life, conversion, and the commencement of his ministry, nothing is known. He is traditionally stated to have preached at Bradford, Manningham, Keighley, and intermediate places, about the year 1744. In 1745, the Rev. William Grimshaw went to hear him preach at a house in the ginnel nearly opposite the Church gates at Haworth, in order to confute his arguments, but he was convinced that Darney was right, and after several private conversations with him, conceived it to be his duty to assist in the work in which he was engaged; and shortly after began to visit "Darney's Societies," as learner and instructor. These societies were founded and visited by Darney; they were also called "Darney's Round, because he went regularly round in succession preaching and holding conversational meetings with the members.

His round included a number of places in the neighbourhood of Heptonstall, Todmorden, Rochdale, Goodshaw Chapel in Rossendale, Bacup, Padiham, Pendleforest, Colne, &c. His societies were visited by the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, in 1747. Darney at this time carried his pedlar's pack, sold his wares, and preached a free gospel. In 1748, he was received at the Leeds Conference as an itinerant preacher, and appointed by Mr. Wesley, at Mr. Grimshaw's request, to the Haworth round.

The following entries occur in the circuit account book—  
Oct. 10—Gave Wm. Darney 1/7.

Jan. 10, 1749—To Wm. Darney's wife £1 10s.

Do. A pair of boots for Wm. Darney 14/-

April 8, 1749—To Wm. Darney's wife £2 2s.

July 11, 1749—Do. do. £1 10s.

He several times receives money "for horse shoeing."

In October 1749, Darney brings the quarterage 6/6, from Menston, (Otley.) The quarterly meetings were discontinued until 1754.

In 1750 and 1751, he laboured in the Leeds and Sheffield circuits.

In this latter year he published

A COLLECTION  
OF  
HYMNS.  
By WILLIAM DARNEY.  
In four PARTS.

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LEEDES:  
Printed by JAMES LISTER, 1751.

Each part has a separate Title page. Part II. has Leedes printed by James Lister, at New-Street-End.

A large proportion of the hymns have passages of Scripture prefixed indicative of the subject; some have special titles—"A penitential hymn;" "Hymn for sanctifying grace," &c.; others have titles pointing out the circumstances under which they were written. Hymn 7, "The progress of the gospel in divers parts of Great Britain," (not made so proper for singing as for reading.)" Hymn 74, "A hymn first made for the little societies in the North of Yorkshire." Hymns 102 and 103, "Funeral Hymns, first made for William and Mary Calbert, a young couple who lay sick together, and died on one bed, August, 1750." "Rev: 14-18." Hymn 116, "A Hymn first made for the Rough Lee Society."

In 1755, he published at Glasgow, a treatise on the Fundamental Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures.

At a special conference of preachers held by the Rev. Charles Wesley, at Leeds, in 1751, Darney was examined, and written instructions were left with William Shent, that unless he—Darney—"would abstain from railing, begging, and printing nonsense, he should not be allowed to preach in any of the Methodist Societies and preaching houses." He would have been excluded from the list of preachers but for an appeal on his behalf by Mr. Grimshaw. In 1753 he was in Wales, and afterwards in Scotland, but appears to have had no regular appointment for several years. At the Bristol Conference,

1758, among other questions in the minutes in reference to the preachers is the following: "Can we receive Wm. Darney?" "Not till we are fully assured that he does not rail, print, or sell wares, without a license." He received no appointment, but was employed by Mr. Grimshaw as an evangelist in the neighbourhoods of Haworth, Halifax, &c. He remained in the Haworth Circuit or Round until 1764, when he was stationed in Cornwall. He continued in full circuit work at different places until 1769, when he settled at Barley, near Pendle Hill, continuing to labour as a local preacher, and supporting himself by travelling, but a man of deep piety, strong sense, and burning zeal, with a courage that fearlessly defied all opposition. There was a rich vein of evangelical truth in his preaching, often delivered with the quaintness of the old Puritan preachers, which pleased and profited many. Perhaps, too, his popularity was not lessened, by his frequently at the close of his sermon giving out an extemporary hymn, adapted to the subject upon which he had been discoursing. The poetry of these extemporaneous effusions was not indeed of the first-class, but it interested the people, and his preaching was made the power of God to the salvation of many."

Darney stands forth like a comet in the religious history of Yorkshire, and probably more credit is due to him than has yet been recorded in Methodist histories. That he was an illiterate man may easily be seen, but his genius and unflinching boldness and eloquence enabled him to wield a powerful influence amongst the uneducated people.

C. D. HARDCASTLE.

THE PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN DIVERS  
PLACES\* OF GREAT-BRATAIN (*Sic.*)

1. In mercy guard thy little Flock, which do in *Hawnby* meet ;  
O build them up upon the Rock, and keep them at thy Feet.
2. When they were persecuted sore, for owning thy great name ;  
Thou did defend them by thy Power, and thou remains the same.
3. O keep them from the foe within, (for he more subtile is)  
Their own besetting Bosom Sin, and we thy name shall bless
4. On *Silton* and *Osmotherly*, in mercy Lord look down ;  
Remember likewise *Ingleby*, thou blessed HOLY ONE.
5. O keep them from the Enemy, unite them more in Love ;  
O help them all to trust in Thee, and never from Thee move.
6. Thou knows how weak and frail they are, and easy turned aside ;  
O guard them by thy mighty Power, in JESUS to abide.
7. In *Cleveland* and in *Stokesley* Town, where Satan keeps his Seat ;

\*Having readers "in divers places of Great Bratain," we copy the whole. *Ed.*

Come O ! our God and cast him down, for Thou art very great.

8. But in the midst of all the Town, thou know'st a lot doth dwell ;  
With all his House Him do thou own, for He doth love thee well.

9. He loves Thee, for thou first lov'd him, when he was gone astray ;  
And brought him to thy self again, out of the evil Way.

10. O keep him and his Family, and all that with him meet ;  
That they may Thanks give unto thee, whose Love is very great.

11. Open a Door to preach thy Word, in spite of Satan's Power ;  
From Satan's Power pluck Sinners, Lord ! before he them devour.

12. In Martain, thou hast called a few, who in thy Name do meet ;  
O Lord do their Hearts renew, and keep them at thy feet.

13. They are in Danger now of Pride, that they shall never fall ;  
O keep them Saviour by thy side, and then they never shall.

14. Remember Thirsk, and Towns around, in Mercy and in Love ;  
Some do obey the Gospel Sound, O help them from Above.

15. Help them to keep their garments clean, thy Name for to adore ;  
That others unto thee may turn, and praise thee evermore.

16. In Holme there are some gracious souls, who've tasted of thy Grace ;  
But Satan doth throw in Controuls, his Power, O Lord, deface.

17. That they may all agree in one, to meet and serve the Lord ;  
In Unity of Spirit join, according to thy Word.

18. In Bishopbridge and Stockton Town, the Gospel now do speed ;  
In Barnard Castle up and down, some are raised from the dead.

19. Newcastle, in Northumberland, a Church there planted is ;  
Which by the Grace of God shall stand, his Holy Name to praise.

20. Her Branches now around doth spread, the Country Towns all o'er ;  
They reach to Berwick upon Tweed, upon the Scottish Shore.

21. In Whitehaven, we now do hear, a glorious Work's begun ;  
Ride on thou glorious Conqueror, thy Work there carry on.

22. Our dear Redeemer is at Work, the Country all around ;  
And in the City now of York the Gospel trump we sound.

23. In Rufforth and in Accomb Town our Saviour hath a few ;  
Who do give Glory to his Name, for Mercies ever new.

24. Likewise to *Selby* we do go, God's Mercies to proclaim ;  
And warn the people there also, to trust in JESUS Name.

25. And to that pop'lous Place called *Hull*, where People far  
and near,  
On the Account of Ships that sail, come to buy foreign Ware.

26. And now the GOSPEL-SHIP is come, rich laden from Above ;  
The Sailor's (*Sic*) cry in Jesus Name, the Riches of his love.

27. Here is good Ware that will enrich, all those who it receive.  
The Poor and Needy, and all such are welcome who believe.

28. Repent, believe, and take, who will, now of this heavenly  
Store ;  
Here now is plenty for you all, make Rich for ever more.

29. But if you now our Wares refuse, and feed on Husks like  
Swine ;  
Towards another Coast we'll cruise, where they'll receive  
our Wine.

30. And in that Day when we sail home, up to our Port above ;  
Our Captain will bid you be gone, for trampling on his  
Love.

31. Then will ye all repent too late, his Mercy ne'er shall know,  
O dismal then will be your Fate, to burn in endless Woe.

32. In *Leedes* and many Towns around, the Work goes sweetly  
on ;  
There's many hear the Gospel Sound, and to the SAVIOUR  
turn.

33. O may the Number more increase, to feel the sprinkling  
Blood ;  
Which do thy People all refresh, to praise thy Name O God.

34. In *Birstal* and in Towns that's near, have long Time heard  
the sound,  
Of thy sweet Gospel SAVIOUR dear ; let much Fruit there be  
found.

35. O purge thou them from Biggery, likewise from spiritual  
Pride,  
And make them simple, set them free in JESUS to abide.

36. O do thou them restore again, O God, to their first Love ;  
Then shall they cheerfully go on, And never from thee  
move.

37. On *Wakefield* cast a pitying Eye, for it hath long withstood ;  
And did thy Messenger defy. O turn thou them O God.

38. On *Bradford* likewise look thou down, where Satan keeps  
his Seat ;  
Come by thy Power LORD him disthrone, for thou art very  
great.

39. In *Windall*\* and in *Bailedon* Town, thy Children simple be :  
In *Yeadon* and in *Menston-green*, some truly mourn for thee.

40. In *Ecclesall*,\* they're stiff and proud, and few that dwell  
therein,

\* Windhill, Eccleshill.

Do shew they've any fear of God, or hatred unto Sin.

41. O let them feel thy mighty Power, before that they do die ;  
And save them from their hellish Gore, on JESUS to rely.

42. In *Keighley*, by thine own right Hand, a Church is planted  
there ;  
O help them SAVIOUR all to stand, thy Goodness to declare.

43. *Haworth's* a place that God doth own, with many a sweet  
smile ;  
With Power the Gospel preach'd therein, which many one  
doth feel.

44. Both far and near they hither come, their hungry souls to  
feed :  
And God from Heaven sendeth down, to them the living  
Bread.

45. There's many go rejoicing home, in praising of their God ;  
And want their Neighbours for to come, and taste the  
heav'nly Food.

46. But while the Strangers do receive, the Blessing from above,  
There's many near the Church that starve for want of  
JESUS Love.

47. They do content themselves like Swine to feed on Husks  
and Dirt ;  
For all their pleasure is to Sin, and live in carnal Sport.

48. At *Bradforddale*, near *Thornton* Town, and Places all  
around ;  
And at *Lingbob* sometimes at Noon, the Gospel trump we  
sound.

49. There are some few that do obey, our dear Redeemer's call ;  
And by his Grace they daily pray, that Christ may be their All.

50. In *Bradshaw* and in *Maxinden*, our Saviour hath a few ;  
Who sweetly of his Love can tell, which doth their Souls  
renew.

51. At *Booth* and *Sowerby* here and there, Christ hath a little  
flock ;  
O keep them from the Wolf and Bear, and hide them in  
the Rock.

52. In *Halifax*, and *Skircoat-green*, some precious Souls there be ;  
Which are now saved by Faith alone, and bring forth Fruit  
to thee.

53. In *Greetland* and at *Bradley-Hall*, and *Lamb-coat* there are  
some ;  
*Sallenden-noak* and *Gowker-hill* who seek to know the Lamb.

54. In *Heptonstall*, the Parish through, the Gospel still doth  
spread ;  
And here and there, there are a few which on the SAVIOUR  
feed.

55. Near *Todmorden* our blessed Lord, a Church hath planted  
there :

The Pillars stand firm to his Word, his goodness they declare.

56. The Gospel of our *Lord* doth spread, likewise in *Rossendall* :  
In *Newhall-hay* and *Oakney-wood*, *CHRIST* is become their All.

57. In Mercy *Lord* ! O look thou down, on those about *Goodshaw* ;  
For many of thy Lambs are torn, by Wolves who cunning be.

58. These cunning Wolves the Truth in part, hold in unrighteousness ;  
But do not feel within their heart, the dear Redeemer's Bliss.

59. For Faith that's true it works by Love, and doth the Heart renew ;  
It sets the Mind on things Above, to witness God is true.

60. Our dear Redeemer doth declare, the Tree's known by the Fruit :  
Of the true Vine Believers are, in *JESUS* they take Root.

61. The Mind of *CHRIST* implanted is, in each Believer's Heart ;  
Which makes them sing their *SAVIOUR*'s Praise who is their happy Part.

62. O bring thou back these wand'ring Sheep, thou loving *SAVIOUR* dear.  
And in thy Fold them do thou Keep by thine Almighty Power.

63. On *Pendleforest*, from above O God do thou look down ;  
Please to restore to their first love, thy People there again.

64. In *Harden*, and in *Simonstone*, and *Higham* there's a few ;  
O that thy Love may melt them down, and all their Hearts renew.

65. At *Sherfanside* and *Brimincroft* the Work it is begun ;  
And Satan's Soldiers they do fight for fear we take Blackburn.

66. To *Chipping*, and to *Wyceler*, we go each fortnight day :  
I wish we could see Fruit appear, for that we still do pray.

67. At *Deinhead* also at Bank-House, and other places near ;  
They now do long for *JESUS* bliss, our God to love and fear.

68. In *Shackerley*, and in *Bolton*, likewise in *Harewood-Lee* ;  
Our *SAVIOUR* his Grace dropt down, and set his children free.

69. And others he is calling still, and many they do mourn ;  
And long the *SAVIOUR*'s Power to feel, for to remove their Sin.

70. In *Manchester*, that Pop'lous Place, where trade hath flourished long ;  
In worldly Riches they increase, which fills both Heart and Tongue.

71. Yet with all Art and cunning Skill, they cannot make one Robe,

To Cloath a naked troubled Soul, who feels the Wrath of God.

72. But now of late good News we bring, to all who give an Ear;  
Here are fine Robes which make them sing who do the same now wear.

73. But if you ask me when it was, that these fine Robes were spun;  
It was when Christ did bear our Curse, and died for our Sin.

74. Come therefore now each naked Soul, put on this wedding Dress;  
Believe and CHRIST shall be your All, the LORD our Righteousness.

75. Therefore O *Manchester*! return, this Call it is for you;  
Seek to be saved by Grace alone, this Doctrine is for you.

76. True Grace thro' Faith will bring good Fruit and make your Hearts rejoice;  
In the true Vine when you take root and glorifie his Grace.

77. In *Cheshire* still the work doth spread, and JESUS gets the Day:  
O praise him all ye faithful Seed, still do ye watch and pray.

78. All ye at *Holme* likewise *Bothbank*, *Warburton*, *Oldfield-brow*.  
Go on dear Souls, and never shrink for JESUS pleads for you.

79. In *Chester*, and in *Alpraham*, there's some that can rejoice;  
Their Hearts do dance at JESUS Name, who sav'd them by his Grace.

80. How many places here and there, do long to hear the sound;  
And Multitudes in *Derbyshire*, have the Redeemer found.

81. Come now dear Reader, let us take a turn another where,  
As far as *Syke-house* and *Fishlake*, which joins to *Lincolnshire*.

82. There are a few who do believe, in our Redeeming Lord;  
And in their Hearts they do receive the Blessings of his Word.

83. There is *Rotherham* and *Sheffield*, and likewise *Barley-hay*;  
O let thy Power defend and shield, them from their foes alway.

84. There is *Barley-hall* and *High-green*, O Lord do not forget;  
Help them to conquer every Sin, and worship at thy Feet.

85. In *Epworth-Ferry*, *West-wood-side*, still let thy Blessings flow;  
The tender Lambs of *Cloweth* hide, within thy skirts alway.

86. Preserve all those in *Misterton* who call upon thee there,  
O save them from each Bosom Sin and all their Hearts LORD! chear.

87. Bless *Hainton* and sweet *Conningsby*, and make their Hearts rejoice;  
And all that do with them draw nigh, unto the Throne of Grace.

88. There is brother *Toft* and *Wrangle*, of late they have begun  
To seek let them never strangle; but thy Work carry on.

89. O dearest SAVIOUR cast an eye, on *Ludbrough's* little Flock ;  
On thy pure bosom let them lye, and hide them in the Rock.

90. The few tender Lambs in *Thorsby* O bear them in thine  
Arms ;  
And thy precious sheep in *Tetney* keep them from Satan's  
Charms.

91. Remember LORD thy tender Vine, which thy Right Hand  
did plant ;  
Thy little Church in *Grimsby* Town, supply their every want.

92. On *Lasby* few, and *Killingholm*, still let thy Mercy flow ;  
And at *Alkbrough* and *Winterton*, thy paths teach them to go.

93. In *Bilton-Elland*, and *Garthorp*, these Towns within the  
Isle ;  
Dear JESUS carry on thy work, by thy own power and skill.

94. In *Birmingham* and *Staffordshire*, *Shrewsbury*, *Dudley* Town :  
And all the Places joining near, thy Work still carry on.

95. In *Ev'rsham*, *London*, and in *Kent*, and *Essex* all around ;  
O keep thy People who repent, within thy Gospel sound.

96. Sometimes from *Wales* good news we hear, which makes  
our Hearts rejoice ;  
That many do believe and fear, and sing redeeming Grace.

97. Likewise the *Tinners* in *Cornwall*, which did play, drink and  
swear ;  
They now the SAVIOUR's Grace do feel; his Holy NAME they  
fear.

98. In *Bristol*, *Bath*, and in *Kingswood*, CHRIST hath been long  
at Work ;  
And now the sound of JESUS Blood, hath reached unto *Cork*.

99. The Gospel now doth spread we hear, much in the *Irish*  
Nation.  
And many Souls the Lord do fear, and in Christ find  
Salvation.

100. In *Scotland*, O LORD, in Mercy, thy Work do thou revive ;  
And purge thou them from Biggotry, that they to thee  
may live.

101. There's many Places up and down, whereof I do not know ;  
That many unto Gon return, and love his Will to do.

102. Gird on thy Sword upon thy Thigh, O thou most mighty  
God.  
In Glory and in Majesty, with Garments dipt in Blood.

103. Ride on, ride on, the Nation thro' and conquer them all  
o'er ;  
That they to JESUS Name may bow and the Godhead adore.

104. Make all the Nations fear thy Name, And Anti-Christ to  
fall ;  
Then shall we ever Praise the Lamb our GOD, our All in  
All.

SUPERSTITIONS.—Whilst turning over the pages of an old prose epitome of extracts, published in 1792, I came upon a humorous article on the above subject, by “A Connoisseur;” so, thinking it might be interesting to readers of local folk-lore, I followed Captain Cuttle’s advice, and have made a “note on’t.” Here it is, with the spelling civilised, [? modernized] but otherwise verbatim:—

“ You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North, where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down, time out of mind, from their sagacious grandmothers. When I arrived I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing a horse-shoe to the threshhold of the door. This they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief because my young cousins laid two straws across to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me that she had several times heard Goody Cripple mutter to herself, and to be sure she was saying the Lord’s Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin, but they took care never to give her anything that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same that are mentioned with infinite humour by the *Spectator*; and to confirm them they assured me that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, whom the devil had carried off in a high wind, and fetched blood from her. When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room of the house, which, she said, had never been lain in since the death of an old washerwoman, who walked every night and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me that she might have had it all to herself, for the spirit came to her bedside one night, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea. I had not been here long when an accident happened which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly, which was a sure sign that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared that she had heard the hen crow that morning, which was another fatal prognostic. They told me that just before uncle died Towzer howled so for several nights together that they could not quiet him; and my

aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room ; the maid, too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other that she was afraid their mamma would not live long, for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcase. They had a dairymaid who died the very week after a hearse had stopped at the door on its way to church ; and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost, who was gone to the West Indies, walking in the garden ; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account that he died on board the ship the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition. I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself, because when she stirs the fire it always burns bright, which is a sign that she will have a brisk husband ; and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill-luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire ; for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him, and he broke his neck soon after in a fox chase. My aunt one night observed, with great pleasure, a letter in the candle, and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue ; but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again ; though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue. We had no occasion for an almanack or weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousin the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood ; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing ; which were both of them as certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have a hard frost ; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see, because puss washed her face over the left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked that it would go through the family ; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however,

once flew at one of my cousins ; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch. It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are everywhere accounted ill omens ; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very unlucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out ; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn her luck. But above all I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one more wrinkle in her forehead ; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance which I observed of this sort during my stay with them. I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family ; for, as I was a relation, you know they had less reserve. If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the toothache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry ; if your left, you will laugh ; but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you ; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money ; if your left, you will receive some. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over the place of your grave."

Now we cannot by any stretch imagine all these events to have occurred in one family during the space of a fortnight ; so that it must be, as the title explains, an enumeration of the superstitions then prevalent. Were Mr. Connoisseur now living he would find that the descendants of his relations had

not derogated one tittle from the customs impressed on them by their “sagacious grandmothers.” There are many more curious sayings and customs yet existing, which the Connoisseur doubtless missed. These I shall not now detail, but as to the nature and origin of superstitions, I shall perhaps have something to say in a future Note.

Great Horton.

JESSE MITCHELL.

In the above enumeration, the Editor can corroborate from his own observation many of the superstitious notions. In Idel there are still to be found horse-shoes nailed on cottage doors (three cases at least), and one under a wooden pig-trough. Most children have “crossed the rainbow out” by placing two sticks across, until some youngster has reproved them for “crossing Christ’s name out.” In order to make assurance doubly certain, a boy will say to his mate—“If thou art sure and certain, cross thysen,” that is, make a sign of the cross with the finger on the forehead or breast. Several old people here believe that the Airedale College Students of sixty years ago most effectually laid a troublesome ghost. I can give the man’s name, and a few of his personal characteristics, but as his spirit is now quiet I refrain. A very noted Wiseman lived here not long ago, and his books are in the hands of a relative. An old woman now lives here who is greatly feared by a few “believers.” Haworth and Southowram have had, in the present century, highly reputed Wisemen. “A whistling woman and a crowing hen\* are neither fit for God nor men,” is a common saying. An old lady and her middle-aged son were greatly alarmed at the ticking of a death-watch. I relieved their anxieties by shewing them that it was my watch that I had placed on a shelf, but I did not remove their belief in death-watches. The death-watch, that is, the insect so called, may be frequently heard during hot summers in the damp old house at Idel, made historic by the residence of the Revs. Joseph Dawson and William Vint. Unaccountable knocks are certain signs of deaths, and many who try to disbelieve other death-signs, stand mute before these. The flakes of soot on the bars, the cinders cast out of the firegrate, the stalk swimming in the tea-cup indicate, with more or less credence, a visit from a stranger, a gift or coffin, and a letter by next post. A few greatly fear the evil result of blowing or snuffing a candle out accidentally, and eagerly puff the red embers into a flame if possible. I have learnt by experience that there is truth in the relationship of corn shooting and bad weather. So may those who suffer from chilblains on the hands. Some greatly desire the good luck ensured by having a cricket singing on the hearth, and the cat would be severely punished that killed this good visitor. If puss sits with her back to the fire there will be bad weather, and she must make an alteration in her

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\* “Will fetch the Devil out of his den.”

position, or there will be discontented minds. If she runs wild after her tail a great storm is near. Spilling salt, crossing knives, a couple of persons when shaking hands crossing the hands of another couple doing the same, thirteen persons at table, these bring anxieties to some who fear there may be truth in the old sayings. If your right ear burns someone is praising you; if the left, you are being scolded or blamed. Perhaps the commonest, and yet least-believed, is that the cracks caused by pulling each of the ten fingers indicate the number of sweethearts. In conclusion, please to remember that if the ball or hollow of the hand tickles you will have some money left.

**WIFE SALES.**—From a copy of the *Leeds Mercury* for June 1st, 1839, we glean the following items of local interest: William Farrar of Stanningley, better known by Duke Farrar, took his wife to the market cross in Bradford, on Monday morning last, at a little after four o'clock, and sold and delivered her in the presence of a witness, named Hainsworth, to a man from the same place, called Green, for the sum of 5s., 2s. 6d. of which was given to the witness for his wages. The parties went from Stanningley to Bradford market-cross, under the idea that the transfer would then be legal.

Amongst the popular errors which have existed in the minds of the most ignorant of the population may be classed the strange belief that the marriage tie could be dissolved by the sale of the wife by public auction; and a good deal of surprise was felt in many villages of ignorant peasantry at the result of a trial at the West Riding Sessions, June 28th, 1837, where a man named Joshua Jackson was convicted of selling his wife, and sentenced to imprisonment for one month with hard labour. In 1858, in a beershop in Little Horton, Bradford, a man named Hartley Thompson put up his wife, described by the local journals at the time as "a pretty young woman," for sale; he even announced the sale beforehand by means of a crier or bellman; he brought her in with a ribbon round her neck, by way of halter. These two persons had lived unhappily together and both entertained a belief that by such a process as this they could legally separate for life. In the year 1815, a man held a regular auction in the market-place at Pontefract, offering his wife at a minimum bidding of one shilling, and "knocking her down" for eleven shillings. S. RAYNER.

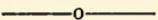
Another case has come under our notice on the authority of old people of Paddock, near Huddersfield. Edward Holt bought a woman, and, after the death of the legitimate husband, married her. Their children were widely known and respected under the name Th——. ED.

**FUFFEN—FOUGHT.**—A Birstall woman told Mr. Heald, the Vicar, that she and her husband had been married forty years, and they had never "fuffen" during that time.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.—On the 13th of January, 1792, a singular meteoric appearance was observed near Stockton-on-the-Forest, about four miles from York, which resembled a large army in separate divisions, some in black and others in white uniforms. One of these divisions formed a line that appeared near a mile in extent, in the midst of which appeared a number of fir trees, which seemed to move along with the line. These aerial troops moved in different directions, and sometimes with amazing rapidity. The above is stated to have been seen by persons of credit and respectability. A meteoric phenomenon of the same kind was seen near Harrogate, on Sunday, June 28th, 1812, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, by Anthony Jackson, aged 45 years, and Martin Turner, a young man, and son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. When looking after their cattle they were suddenly surprised to see at some distance what appeared to them a large body of armed men, in white military uniforms, in the centre of which was a person of a commanding aspect dressed in scarlet. After performing various evolutions the whole body began to move forward in perfect order towards the summit of a hill, passing the spectators at the distance of about 100 yards. No sooner had this body, which extended four deep over an enclosure of 30 acres, attained the hill, than a second body, far more numerous than the former, dressed in a dark-coloured uniform, appeared, and marched after the first to the top of the hill, where they both joined and passed down the opposite side of the hill and disappeared, when a column of thick smoke spread over the plain. The time from the first appearance of this strange phenomenon to the clearing up of the smoke, the spectators supposed was little more than five minutes. These appearances created a great sensation among the superstitious, who considered them as ominous of the great waste of blood by Britain in her wars with America and France. In 1743, one David Stricket, then servant to John Wren, of Wilton Hill, a shepherd, was sitting one evening after supper at the door with his master, when they saw a man with a dog pursuing some horses on Southerfell-side, a place so steep that a horse can scarcely travel on it at all, and they seemed to run at an amazing pace, and to disappear at the lower end of the fell. Master and man resolved to go next morning to the steep side of the mountain, on which they expected to find that the horses had lost their shoes, from the rate at which they galloped, and the man his life. They went, but to their surprise they found no vestige of horses having passed that way. They said nothing about their vision for some time, fearing the ridicule of their neighbours, and this they did not fail to receive when they at length ventured to relate their story. On the 23rd of June, the following year (1744), Stricket, who was then servant

to a Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, the next house to Wilton Hill, was walking a little above the house in the evening, about half-past seven, when on looking towards Southerfell, he saw a troop of men on horse-back riding on the mountain-side in pretty close ranks, and at the speed of a brisk walk. He looked earnestly at this appearance for some time before he ventured to acquaint any one with what he saw, remembering the ridicule he had brought on himself by relating his former vision. At length, satisfied of its reality, he went into the house and told his master he had something curious to show him. The master said he supposed Stricket wanted him to look at a bon-fire, (being the eve of St. John, it was a custom for the shepherds to vie with each other for the largest bon-fire). However, they went out together, and before Stricket spoke of or pointed to the phenomenon, Mr. Lancaster himself observed it, and when they found they both saw alike they summoned the rest of the family, who all came, and all saw the visionary horsemen. There were many troops, and they seemed to come from the lower part of the fell, becoming first visible at a place called Knott. They then moved in regular order in a curvilinear path along the side of the fell, until they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain and disappeared. The last, or last but one, in every troop galloped to the front, and then took the swift walking pace of the rest. The phenomenon was also seen by every person at every cottage within a mile, and from the time that Stricket first observed it the appearance lasted two hours and a half, namely, from half-past seven until night prevented any further view. Such are the circumstances as related in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, 1789.

THOMAS HANLEY.



A STRANGE LEGEND.—On the eastern end of the outside of Batley Church, under the shade of the great eastern window, there is a not common tombstone; insomuch as on its centre there is a small brass plate, in size about eight inches by six, which once had upon it an inscription but can now only boast of a few unintelligible letters. The centre of this brass plate is worn hollow by a strange process. A tradition is current that any one who will put his hands upon this plate, and at the same time look up at the great coloured window—dedicated people say to the memory of a drunken woman—for five minutes he will not be able to take his hands off again. The appearance of the plate testifies to the popularity as well as the untruthfulness of this popular fit.

B.

A LEGEND of Purlwell Hall, Dewsbry.—There is a pretty local legend connected with Purlwell Hall, or farm. It lacks the terrible blackness of a Rhenish tradition, is the pleasanter

for it ; and reads as well as the better known ones of our Yorkshire dales. Once upon a time, say 150 years ago, there dwelt at the old hall, along with her uncle and aunt, a young orphan lady, noted alike for beauty, goodness, and intellect. She loved, and was beloved, and beloved by two, one honest and poor, the other handsome and rich, and her choice fell upon the former one. Her choice was not a happy one for all. Her uncle and aunt, and, we may suppose the rejected suitor, felt annoyed ; for the traditional story so informs us, and further than that, the little square library was for the future her prison, till she should decide in favour of the " Captain." The story, as we heard it years ago, was incomplete ; it did not say how long she was here immured, but were we allowed to finish the tale we should certainly say that during the time she was there her love did not lessen for the man of her choice, and that he was ever in her thoughts as she gazed out upon the hills to the south, then visible in the smokeless sky, that in conclusion her adopted parents relented, the captain became tired of his hopeless suit, and " Miss Taylor " became the wife of the one she loved. It is the pleasantest ending to the story.

But this is not all. It cannot be said to be " legendary " upon these few facts, for the time is not far enough back, or the personage of so exalted rank as to make it a legend of note. We must therefore return to the windows, the little square ones, which a year or two ago were there, but which may now be replaced by others of more modern size.

There she kept her reflections, scratched by some diamond ; perhaps one she boasted of in a little keepsake " ring " of her mother's, and the visitor could read here a stray line and there a couple, here a verse and there another, but which most pleased was the one I learnt at the time, and which is, I think, as follows :—

Come gentle muse, wont to divert  
 Corroding cares from anxious heart,  
 Adjust me now to bear the smart  
 Of a relenting angry heart.  
 What, though no being I have on earth,  
 Tho' near the place which gave me birth,  
 And kindred less regard do pay  
 Than *thy* acquaintance of a day.  
 Know, what the best of men declare,  
 That they on earth but strangers are ;  
 Nor matters it a few years hence  
 How fortune did to thee dispense.  
 If—in a palace thou hast dwelt ;  
 Or—in a cell penury felt ;  
 Ruled—as a prince ; served—as a slave  
*Six feet of earth is all thou'l have.*

Here give my thoughts a nobler theme,  
Since all this world is but a dream  
Of short continuance.

M. TAYLOR, 1726.

Of course the spelling is rather different from our present method, but the caligraphy is a marvel of neatness, just as the sentiments expressed are noble. There are other pieces worthy of record here, but they do not bear upon or explain the story as this I have given does. In conclusion I should be glad if some reader could furnish us with the true history of the antique oak cross\* which surmounts the gable end of the old hall, and for which Mr. J. B. Greenwood, the owner, pays, to this day, royalty of one shilling yearly.

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CURIOS CUSTOM.—Two farms lying in the township of Swinton, Yorkshire, and which belong to Earl Fitzwilliam, late in the occupation of John Mercer and Richard Thompson, every year change their parish. For one year, from Easter Day at twelve at noon till next Easter Day at the same hour, they lie in the parish of Mexborough, and then till Easter Day following, at the same hour, they are in the parish of Wath-upon-Dearne, and so alternately. These farms consist of 302 acres.—*Blount's Ancient Tenures of Land; Extracted from the Wath Magazine, June, 1832.*

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A YORKSHIREMAN'S JOKE.—On May 17th, 1823, (says “Hone's Year Book”), as a countrywoman, with her market basket on her arm, was admiring “a bit of finery” in a draper's window at York, her partner in life came up without being noticed by her, and perceiving her intense gaze at what she could not purchase, he secretly abstracted a handkerchief from her basket, and went his way in joyful anticipation of his wife's vexation upon her discovering its absence. Unluckily for the joker, a gentleman, to whom the parties were strangers, observed the trick, and directed a constable to secure the villain. The robber was seized on the pavement and instantly carried before a magistrate. In the meantime, the unsuspecting woman was informed of her loss, and hurried away to identify the luckless handkerchief. She did so, it was her own, the very one she had been deprived of, and turning with honest indignation to look at the thief, she exclaimed with astonishment, “Oh, lawks! gentlemen, it's my husband!” The arm of law was paralysed. The prisoner was the robber of his own property. The magistrate laughed, the gentleman and the constable laughed, and the

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\* Probably the cross indicates that the property once belonged to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. On Winteredge, Coley Old Parsonage, and Coley Hall gateway, in Hipperholme; and on houses near Harden, similar crosses may still be seen. Such property was exempt from certain taxes.—ED.

charge having been laughingly dismissed, the liberated husband and his artless wife posted away to tell the village neighbours what awful things had happened to them in York.

STRANGE APPEARANCE.—In *Chambers's Papers for the People* it is said:—There is no period in the history of this country so full of extraordinary occurrences as the seventeenth century. The death of Elizabeth in 1603 put an end to the comparative calm which had for some time existed; and from that period until the accession of William and Mary in 1689, the whole kingdom was convulsed with intestine commotions. The rebellion in Ireland, the civil wars of Scotland, the execution of Charles I., the usurpation of Cromwell, the destruction of the Monarchy, the establishment of a Commonwealth, the abdication of James II., and again the rebellion in Ireland, form a series of events only to be rivalled perhaps by the history of Europe during the singular year of 1848. Besides events reaching to historical dignity, there was what appears at first sight an extraordinary succession of inferior occurrences—as plagues, tempests, conflagrations, marvellous appearances in the sky, all of which the people believed to be essentially connected with the march of historical events, in as far as every one of them was regarded as a mark of the way in which Providence regarded the doings of statesmen. Many of the narrations of these occurrences are exceedingly curious, both for the nature of the occurrences themselves, and the terms in which they are set forth for popular admiration, as well as the comments made upon them, in which we are presented with a lively illustration of the temper of the popular mind during that age. We select the following relating to Yorkshire:—“The true relation of a strange and very wonderful thing that was heard in the air October 12th, 1658, by many hundreds of people:—As the Lord sees what a deep sleep is seized upon us as no low voice will awaken us, so he is pleased to roar aloud from heaven, intending thereby (in all likelihood) either to rouse us up out of our present security, or to leave us the more without excuse in the day of his fierce wrath. Now I come to relate the matter, the which was thus:—Upon the 12th day of October, in the afternoon, there was heard by some hundreds of people in Holderness, Hedon, and about Hull, and several other places in Yorkshire—first, three great pieces of ordnance or cannons discharged in the air one after another, very terrible to hear, and afterwards immediately followed a peal of muskets. This shooting off of muskets continued about an half-quarter of an hour, drums beating all the while in the manner just as if two armies had been engaged. Such as heard the aforesaid cannons, muskets, and drums, do report that the sound was from the north-east quarter, and, to their thinking not far from

the place where they stood. Two men being together about six miles from Hull in Holderness, near Humber-side, supposed it was directly over Hull; whereupon one said to the other, "It being the sheriff's riding-day at Hull, this peal of muskets must be there; and see (quoth he) how the smoke riseth!" Now the reason why he mentioned the smoke was, because no sooner was this noise finished over Hull, but (as it happeneth after the discharge of guns) there arose a very great smoke or thick mist round about the town, although immediately before (the day being a very clear day, and the sun shining all the while very bright) he saw the town very perfectly. One thing more was observed by him who saw the smoke over Hull; that all the while this prodigious noise continued (which was as he supposed, about the eighth part of an hour), the face of the sky (as in the eclipses of the sun) waxed very dim; yea, such a strange nature accompanied it, that the very earth seemed to tremble and quake under him. A certain gentleman, who had been some time a major in the war, as he was riding with a friend between the towns of Patterington and Ottringham, was so persuaded that some encounter by soldiers was on the other side of a small hill where they were riding, as that they could not but mount the hill to try the truth, so plainly did the drums beat and the muskets go off, and, to their thinking, so near them, as either it must be a sign from heaven or a real battle hard by. The country people were struck with such strange wonder and deep terror, that they gave over their labour, and ran home with fear; yea, some poor people gathering coals by the seaside were so frightened that they ran away, leaving their sacks behind them. In conclusion: for the space of forty miles this fearful noise of cannons, muskets, and drums, was heard all the country over."

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THE BELIEF IN WITCHES.—In Henderson's "Folk Lore" I find the following:—Through the dales of Yorkshire we find hares still in mysterious relationship to witches. The Rev. J. C. Atkinson informs me that a new plantation having been made near Eskdale, great havoc was committed among the newly-planted trees by hares. Many of these depredators were shot, but one hare seemed to bid defiance to shot and snare alike, and returned to the charge night after night. By the advice of a wise man (I believe of the wise man of Stokesley) recourse was had to silver shot, which was obtained by cutting up some small silver coin. The hare came again as usual, and was shot with the silver charge. At that moment an old lady who lived at some distance, but had always been considered somewhat uncannie, was busy tamming, that is, roughly carding wool for her spinning. She suddenly flung up both her

hands, gave a wild shriek, and crying out, "They have shot my familiar spirit," fell down and died.

In another dale, higher up the course of the Esk, was a hare which baffled all the greyhounds that were slipped at her. They seemed to have no more chance with her than if they were coursing the wind. There was at the time a noted witch residing near, and her advice was asked about this wonderful hare. She seemed to have little to say about it, however, only she thought they had better let it be, and above all they must take care how they slipped a black dog at it. Nevertheless, either from recklessness or from distrust of their adviser, the party did soon after go out coursing with a black dog. The dog was slipped, and they perceived at once that the hare was at a disadvantage. She made as soon as possible for a stone wall, and attempted to escape through a "smout" or sheep-hole at the bottom. Just as she reached it the hound threw himself upon her and caught her in the haunch, but was unable to hold her; she got through, and was seen no more. The sportsmen, either in bravado or in terror of the consequences, went straight to the house of the witch to tell her what had happened. They found her in bed, hurt, she said, by a fall; but the wound looked very much as if it had been produced by the teeth of a dog, and it was on a part of the person corresponding to that by which the hare had been seized before their eyes by the black hound. Whether this wise woman recovered of the wound I know not, but the Guisborough Witch, who died within the memory of man, was lame for several years, in consequence, it was said, of a bite she received from a dog while slipping through the key-hole of her own door in the shape of a hare.

A.H.

**WITCH BOX FOUND AT BRAMLEY.**—The following description of a Witch Box found at Bramley, on January 13th, 1873, is given as recorded in the *Pudsey and Stanningley News*, January 17th, 1873. "A Relic of the Past.—On Monday, in taking down some old buildings at Bramley, a curiosity in the shape of a 'witch box' was found secreted on the top of an oaken beam in the roof. The box is in a good state of preservation, neatly lined, and contains a rusty nail wrapped in cotton wick, and about half a dozen pins in an upright position, with a little sparse cotton wick for the use of the witches. Behind the door of the house was nailed an old horseshoe, which was formerly considered to be a charm against witches. The box is in the possession of Mr. J. Dawson, postmaster."

S.R.

**THE GOLDEN BALL: A YORKSHIRE TALE.**—There were once two lasses, the daughters of one mother, an' as they came home thro' t' fair, they saw a reight bonny young man standing i' t' haase door afore 'em. They niver seed sich a bonny man afore.

He'd gold on his cap, an' gold on his finger, gold on his neck, an' a red gold watch-chain—eh! but he had some brass. He had a golden ball in each hand. An' he gave a ball to each lass, an' she was to keep it, an' if she lost it she was to be hanged. One o' t' lasses, youngest one, lost her ball. I'll tell how she lost it. She was by a park paling, as she was tossing her ball, an' it went up, an' up, an' up, till it went fair over t' paling, an' when she went ta leuk for it, ball ran along green grass, an' it went reight forrud to t' door o' t' haase, an' t' ball went in an' she saw it no more. So she were taken away to be hanged be t' neck becos she'd lost her ball. But she had a sweetheart, an' he said he would get her ball. So he went to t' park gate, but it were shut, so he climbed a hedge, an' when he got atop o' t' hedge, an old woman gate up aat o' t' dike afore him, an' she said if he would get the ball, he mud sleep three nights i' t' haase, so he said he would. Then he went into t' haase an' looked for t' ball, but couldn't find it. Night came on, an' he heard spirits moving i' t' courtyard, so he looked aat o' t' window, an' t' yard were as full on em' as maggots i' rotten meat. Then he heard steps coming upstairs. He hid behind a door, an' was as still as a maase. Then in came a big giant, five times as tall as he were, an' the giant looked raand but didn't see t' lad, so he went to t' window, and bent down to look out; an' as he bent down on his elbows to see t' spirits i' t' yard, t' lad com behind him, and wi' one blow of his sword, cut him in tew, an' t' top part of him fell into t' yard, an' t' bottom part stood looking aat o' t' window. There was a great cry from t' spirits i' t' yard when they saw half their master come tumbling down, an' they called out, "There comes half our master, give us t' other half."

So the lad said, "It's no use o' thee, thou pair o' legs, standing aloan, as thou has no e'en to see with, so go join thy brother;" an' he threw the bottom part o' t' giant after t' top part. So when the spirits hed gotten all their giant, they were quiet. Next night the lad was at the haase again, an' now a second giant came in at the door, an' as he came in the lad cut him i' two; but the legs walked on to t' chimney, an' went up it. "Go get thee after thy legs," said the lad, to t' head, an' he threw t' head up t' chimney too. The third night the lad gate into bed, an' he heard spirits striving under the bed, an' they had the ball there, an' they were casting here an' there under the bed. Now one of them has his leg thrussem aat from under t' bed, so t' lad brings his sword daan an' cuts it off. Then another thrusts his arm aat at the other side o' the bed, an' t' lad cuts that off. So at last he had maimed 'em all, an' they all went crying an' wailing off, an' forgot the ball, but he took it from under the bed, an' went to seek his true love.

Now t' lass was taken to York to be hanged, and she was brought out on to the scaffold, an' the hangman said—"Naa, lass, thaa mun get ready to be hanged be the neck till thaa beest dead," but she cried out—

" Stop, stop ; I think I see my mother coming.

Oh ! mother, have you got my golden ball,  
An' are you come to set me free ?"

" I've neither got thy golden ball,  
Nor come to set thee free,  
But I have come to see thee hung  
Upon this gallows-tree."

Then the hangman said—"Naa, lass, say thi prayers, witha, for thaa mun dee." But she said—

" Stop, stop ; I think I see my father coming.  
Oh ! father, hast thou got my golden ball,  
An' come to set me free ?"

" I've neither brought thy golden ball,  
Nor come to set thee free,  
But I have come to see thee hung  
Upon this gallows-tree."

Then the hangman said—"Hast done thi prayers, lass ; come now, put thy head into t' noose." But she said—"Stop, stop ;" and she excused herself because she thought she saw her brother, and her sister, and her uncle, and her aunt, and then her cousin, coming to save her. Then the hangman said—"I wean't stop no longer ; thaa's makking gam' o' ma. Thaa mun be hung at once." But now she saw her sweetheart coming through the crowd, and he held over his head, up in the air, the golden ball, so she said—

" Stop, stop ; I see my sweetheart coming.  
Sweetheart, hast thou brought my golden ball,  
An' come to set me free ?"

" Aye, I have brought thy golden ball,  
And come to set thee free ;  
I have not come to see thee hung  
Upon the gallows-tree."

Such were the tales which delighted, or frightened, our ancestors in Yorkshire.

A. HOLROYD.

SHEFFIELD FOLK-LORE.—Mr. Charles Reade, in his Sheffield story, "Put Yourself in His Place," gives a lot of interesting folk-lore, some of which I quote. The ill-luck attendant on, or rather proceeding from, the meeting with a magpie, is widely known, but this following particular I never heard of until I saw it in the above-named story. The magpie, according to Sheffield lore, is "the only bird that wouldn't go into the ark

with Noah and his folk." "She" (the magpie) "liked better to perch on the roof of th' ark, and jabber over the drowning world. So ever after that, when a magpie flies across, turn back or look to meet ill-luck." Certainly a most curious reason why the magpie is an unlucky bird, and a reason which I fancy was unknown until produced in Mr. Reade's book. If any of your readers can attest from their own observation the fact of this lore being current in Sheffield, I hope they will do so. A magpie rhyme familiar to me when a child runs—

One's a sign o' bad luck,  
 Two's a sign o' good,  
 Three's a sign o' a broken leg,  
 And four a sign o' a weddin'.

We spat, and made the sign of the Cross either in the air with our forefinger, or on the ground with our toes. This was to drive away the evil influence of one magpie. The following form of adjuration is known in Yorkshire villages a dozen miles from Sheffield, but I first heard it at Eakring, in Notts. If you *meet* a magpie cross yourself, and say—

I cross one magpie,  
 And one magpie cross me ;  
 May the devil take the magpie,  
 And God take me.

The general opinion is that odd numbers of magpies are bad; even numbers are good. A number of magpies "chattering" is a bad sign. They are talking of a death, or settling who shall die next. But the oddest magpie rhyme I ever met with was given by a North Notts lady :—

One for sorrow,  
 Two for mirth,  
 Three for a wedding,  
 Four for a birth ;  
 Five for a parson,  
 Six for a clerk,  
 Seven for a babe  
 Buried in the dark.

Another ending is—

Five for England,  
 Six for France,  
 Seven for a fiddler,  
 Eight for a dance.

Mr. Reade says:—"If a girl was in church when her banns were cried, her children would all be born deaf and dumb." This is believed, too, in Derbyshire, where they say if a girl do such an improper thing, "she is darring it out!" To see a flight of birds when on the way to be married is a good sign, if to have

a dozen children is good, for a flight of birds going in your direction when on the way to matrimony foretells many children, but a flight of birds meeting you is a sign of bad luck. To have a funeral cross your path on the wedding day foretells the death of one of the contracting parties within a year. To marry without changing the name, or even so as the new initials are the same as the old, is bad, for—

If you change the name and not the letter,  
You change for the worse and not for the better—

a rhyme known widely. For the sun to emerge suddenly from a cloud and shine on the couple kneeling before the altar promises a life happy and prosperous.

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.

“If you sing before breakfast, you’ll cry before supper,” is a local saying, how true hundreds can attest.

Mr. Reade also speaks of “Gabriel-hounds,” called by one of his characters “Gabble-retchet.” These, the local lore says, “are not hounds at all; they are the souls of unbaptised children, wandering in the air till the day of judgment.” This is a most curious bit, not, however, confined to this locality. I should be glad to hear what any of your correspondents may be able to say in the matter of “Gabriel-hounds.”

THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

The following is from the *Yorkshire Magazine* :—“It is somewhat surprising to find in this, the nineteenth century, to what a large extent silly superstition prevails in the every-day life of a great mass of the people; how it is mixed up in the common daily conversation. For instance, one has often heard “I would not go on Friday, because it isn’t lucky.” If going on a journey, “Don’t turn back, because there’s no luck after it.” If there is a leafy smut shaking on your fire-grate, “then it’s a stranger about to visit you.” Does a cinder fly out of the fire with a hollow side, “then it’s a coffin for you.” If a corpse retains a soft fleshy feeling until the funeral, “then there will be another death among the near relatives of the deceased before a long time elapses.” Do you break a looking-glass, “then there is trouble in store for you.” (I should think so, particularly if it be a costly one, and not your own.) Have you heard the ticking of a spider, of course it’s “the death watch;” or the howling of a dog during the night, then some one near you is going to die. (Very likely, if you reside in a populous locality.) I lately heard a person say, “They say he couldn’t die easy because he was laid on a feather bed.” Sometimes it is a feather pillow that is blamed. Sometimes old people will say, “You will never be able to raise that child, because it has a blue vein on its nose.” Many persons will not give a light during Christmas time, because it is unlucky

to do so. If you have money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo for the first time in the season, "then you will be lucky during the year." To spill salt is a sign of sorrow in store for you. To have crickets in your house is a lucky sign. I have heard of one family who gathered up all they could find, (and they had a large lot of them), and took them with them when they removed from one house to another. If you bathe in the sea, be sure and bathe an odd number of times, and also duck yourselves an odd number of times at each bath, if you don't it is unlucky.

S.R.

**LIVING IN HISTORY.**—A story is told of a soldier, who, when entering one of the European battles, was so terrified with the rattle of musketry and the noise of war, that he ran behind a tree or some other hiding place, saying that "if they went on in that way some one would be killed." His comrade said to him—"Come on! Be a hero, and we shall live in history." To this the man replied, "I don't want to live in history. I want to live i' Pudsey."

S.R.

**THE SISTERS OF BEVERLEY.**—(In the south aisle of the nave of Beverley Minster is an altar tomb, covered with a slab of Purbeck marble, placed under a groined canopy, adorned with pinnacles and surmounted with figures, without inscription, or indeed anything to lead to a knowledge of its occupants. Tradition assigns it to two maiden sisters (daughters of Earl Puch, of Bishop Burton, and in whose household St. John of Beverley is said, on the authority of Bede, to have effected a miraculous cure), who are said to have given two common pastures to the freemen of Beverley.—*Poulson's Beverlac.*)

The tapers are blazing, the mass is sung  
 In the chapel of Beverley,  
 And merrily too the bells have rung ;  
 'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity ;  
 And the holy maids are kneeling round, [ground.  
 While the moon shines bright on the hallow'd  
 Yes, the sky is clear, and the stars are bright,  
 And the air is hushed and mild ;  
 Befitting well the holy night,  
 When o'er Judah's mountains wild  
 The mystic star blazed bright and free,  
 And sweet rang the heavenly minstrelsy.  
 The nuns have risen through the cloister dim,  
 Each seeks her lonely cell ;  
 To pray alone till the joyful hymn  
 On the midnight breeze shall swell ;  
 And all are gone save two sisters fair,  
 Who stand in the moonlight silent there.

Now hand in hand, through the shadowy aisle,  
 Like airy things they've passed,  
 With noiseless step, and with gentle smile,  
 And meek eyes heavenward cast;  
 Like things too pure upon earth to stay,  
 They have fled like a vision of light away.

And again the merry bells have rung,  
 So sweet through the starry sky;  
 For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,  
 And the chalice is lifted high,  
 And the nuns are kneeling in holiest prayer,  
 Yes, all, save these meek-eyed sisters fair.

Then up rose the abbess, she sought around,  
 But in vain, for these gentle maids;  
 They were ever the first at the mass bell's sound,  
 Have they fled these holy shades?  
 Or can they be numbered among the dead?  
 Oh! whither can these fair maids be fled?

The snows have melted, the fields are green,  
 The Cuckoo singeth loud,  
 The flowers are budding, the sunny sheen  
 Beams bright through the parted cloud,  
 And maidens are gathering the sweet breath'd May,  
 But these gentle sisters, oh, where are they?

The summer is come in rosy pride,  
 'Tis the eve of the blessed Saint John,  
 And the holy nuns after vespertide,  
 All forth from the chapel are gone;  
 While to taste the cool of the evening hour,  
 The abbess hath sought the topmost tower.

“ Gramercy sweet ladye! and can it be,  
 The long lost sisters fair  
 On the threshold lie calm and silently,  
 As in holiest slumber there!  
 Yet sleep they not, but entranced they lie,  
 With lifted hands and heavenward eye.”

“ O long lost maidens, arise! arise!  
 Say when did you hither stray?” [eyes,  
 They have turned to the abbess with their meek blue  
 “ Not an hour has passed away,  
 But glorious visions our eyes have seen;  
 Oh sure in the kingdom of heaven we've been!”

There is joy in the convent of Beverley,  
 Now these saintly maidens are found,  
 And to hear their story right wonderingly,  
 The nuns have gathered around  
 The long lost maidens, to whom was given  
 To live so long the life of heaven.

And again the chapel bell is rung,  
 And all to the altar repair,  
 And sweetly the midnight lauds are sung,  
 By the sainted sisters there ;  
 While their heaven-taught voices softly rise  
 Like an incense cloud to the silent skies.

The maidens have risen, with noiseless tread  
 They glide o'er the marble floor ;  
 They seek the abbess with bended head—  
 “ Thy blessing we would implore,  
 Dear mother ? for ere the coming day  
 Shall burst into light, we must hence away.”

The abbess hath lifted her gentle hands,  
 And the words of peace hath said,  
 O vade in pacem, aghast she stands,  
 Have their innocent spirits fled ?  
 Yes, side by side lie these maidens fair,  
 Like two wreaths of snow in the moonlight there.

List ! list ! the sweet peal of the convent bells,  
 They are rung by no earthly hand :  
 And hark how far off melody swells  
 Of the joyful angel band,  
 Who hover around surpassingly bright,  
 And the chapel is bathed in rosy light.

’Tis o'er ! side by side in the chapel fair,  
 Are the sainted maidens laid ;  
 With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair,  
 They look not like the dead ;  
 Fifty summers have come and passed away,  
 But their loveliness knoweth no decay !

And many a chaplet of flowers is hung,  
 And many a bead told there,  
 And many a hymn of praise is sung,  
 And many a low-breathed prayer ;  
 And many a pilgrim bends the knee  
 At the shrine of the sisters of Beverley.

(After considerable trouble I have failed to discover the Author of the foregoing charming lines, which first appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. If any reader can name the writer, I shall feel greatly obliged. W. ANDREWS.)



BALLAD OF OLD JOB SENIOR: THE HERMIT OF ROMBALDS  
MOOR.

On Romilies Moor a Hermit dwells,  
Who is infirm and old ;  
His sod-built cot so poor and mean,  
Will scarce keep out the cold.

He seems contented with his lot,  
Though scanty is his fare,  
And health sits smiling on his cheek,  
Fanned by the mountain air.

He joins the lark in cheerful song,  
Which scales the mountains high,  
And floats along the lonely plain,  
And echoes through the sky.

From every quarter thousands come,  
To visit where he dwells :  
Entranced they sit upon the turf,  
And list the tales he tells.

The moor-game linger on the broom,  
As if his voice they knew ;  
The pewits whistle round the spot,  
Likewise the wild curlew.

The plovers float around the place,  
And whirl in circles light,  
The Hermit views them as they pass,  
And gazes with delight.

Hard was the fate of poor old Job,  
They pulled his cottage down :  
I do not know the reason why,  
Perhaps it was some clown.

How hard and callous was that heart,  
Of adament or steel !  
A bed of straw is now his lot,  
And sad his scanty meal.

All ye that dwell in splendid halls,  
And rest on beds of down,  
Remember Job before too late,  
For he is quite forlorn.

He's hastening fast unto his grave,  
For seventy years he's past ;  
And when he leaves the moorland cot,  
And when he breathes his last,

May some kind angel guard him home,  
And waft him through the sky,  
To join the heavenly choir above,  
No longer here to sigh.

Kind friends and neighbours round this place,  
Come read these verses o'er,  
And then remember poor old Job,  
The Hermit of the Moor.

When he is carried to his tomb,  
 And storms roll round the spot,  
 Many will gaze and then exclaim,  
 " This was the Hermit's lot."

But like the seed of Adam's race,  
 We all must pass away ;  
 Those that live long, how short their time !  
 And transient is their day !

This old Hermit, whom I have seen, lived by begging in his latter years ; but being taken ill on one of his journeys to Silsden, he with great difficulty got back to Ilkley, and took up his abode in the barn belonging to the Wheat Sheaf Inn, but in the course of a few days the landlord was afraid his end was near, so he had him removed to Carlton Workhouse, where he died, being seventy-seven years of age ; and was buried in Burley Churchyard, near Otley.

Notices of Old Job appear in "Old Yorkshire," "Ilkley Ancient and Modern," and in a pamphlet published by Mr. T. Harrison, Bingley, who kindly lends the accompanying wood-cut.

A.H.

—o—  
**The Arms\* of the  
 Corporation of Kingston-upon-Hull.**

By T. TINDALL WILDRIIDGE.

From, at latest, the times of the Roman Empire, cities had their particular emblems, which they might and often did apply to the various purposes of coat of arms and seal. The use of such emblems, however, by mediaeval incorporations is of comparatively late introduction in this country and is naturally coeval with the successive establishment of boroughs under the later Normans, and followed in its development the growth of personal coat-armour.

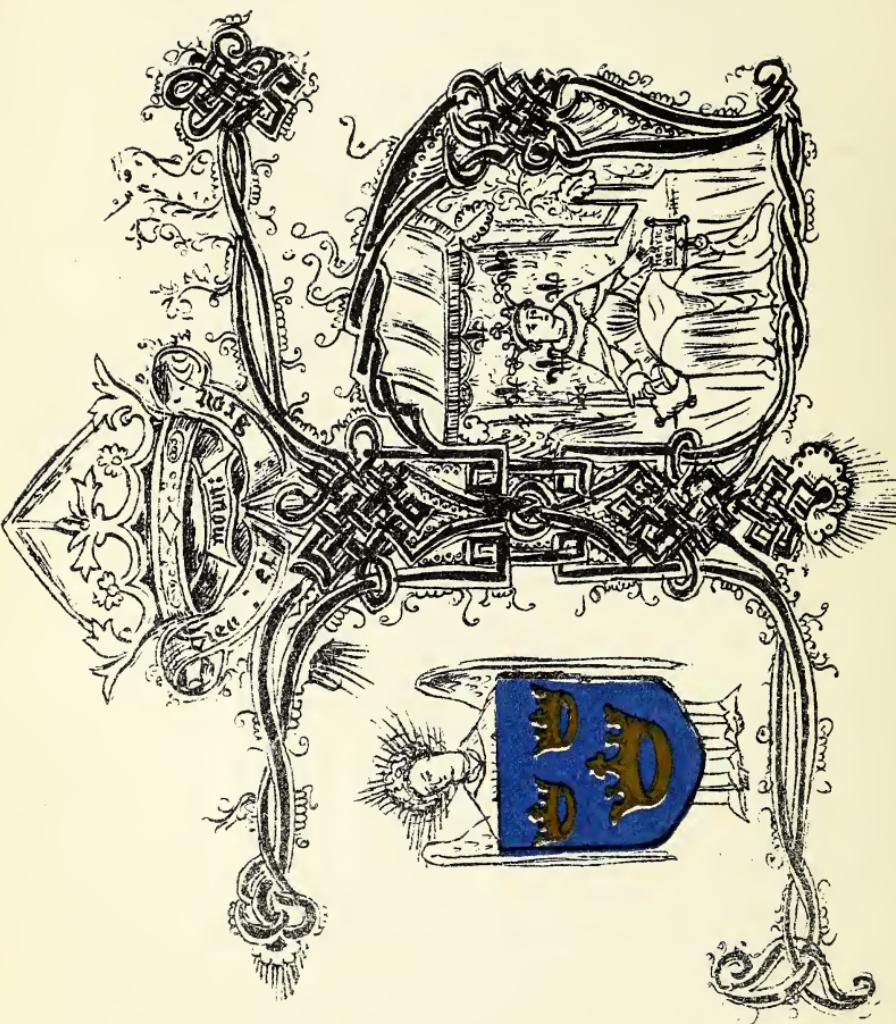
The Seals of the town of Kingston-upon-Hull are numerous. The earliest mention is in Richard II's. Charter of 1382, which grants that the Burgesses "may have for ever in the same borough our certain seal, to be ordained by us, of two pieces, as is the custom, for accepting the recognizances of debt there according to the statutes passed for merchants, and that the greater piece of the same shall remain in the custody of the Mayor or Warden of the Borough for the time being, and the lesser piece in the custody of a certain clerk by us, etc., deputed."

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\* The *Notes and Queries* Section would be the more appropriate place for this article, but that sheet being worked off, the Editor ventures to place it here in order to return the blocks kindly lent by Mr. Wildridge.



INITIAL LETTER OF HENRY VI'S 5TH CHARTER TO HULL. 1443.



Neither this seal, nor any impression of it, remains. It was, however, merely a seal of 'statute merchant' and not a town's official seal.\*

The town's own official seal dates from 1331, when the elective office of Mayor was here first established. This seal bears the three crowns of Hull.†

\*Such seals are for different reigns very much alike, and only vary essentially in the names of the town. Some Hull records bear seals of statute merchant of York. The annexed engraving is of Chester and shews us what the Hull seal granted in 1382 would be like. The mention of the greater piece and the less is explained by the fact that the reverse of most seals of statute merchant bear a very small and simple device. The crown of the King (probably Edward III.) in this cut affords an illustration to following paragraphs.



Seal of Statute Merchant.



"*Sigillvm Comvne de Kyngiston svper Hvll.*"

Common Seal.



Private Seal.

†The Borough was granted a Corporate Body in 1440, so from that year only can date its common seal. Hull had also a private seal which like that of most port-towns bore a ship. Its only known instance of use is in 1848.

Concerning these crowns the local mind has been frequently exercised, and various attempts have been made to clear the fog of uncertainty which hung over them. The Corporation have an emblazonment of Arms from the Herald's College, affirming the crowns to be Ducal. I propose to shew that this is an error. The only authority of the college (by its Windsor Herald and Registrar,) was a drawing of the seal of the Corporation allowed in the Herald's Visitation of Yorkshire in 1612 and 1665-6. The following is the amount of information therein contained—

“This is the figure of the Com'on Seale of the Mayoraltie of KINGSTON-UPON-HULL.”

The remainder of the record consists of an abstract of the governing charter of the town, of 1661, and the names of the Corporation in 1665.

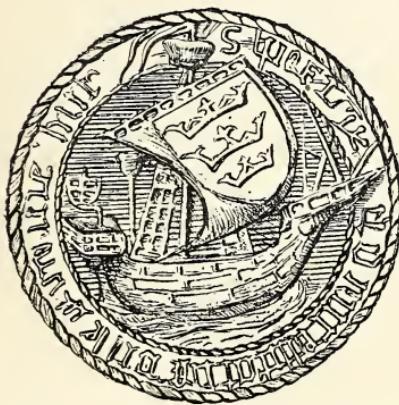
The Registrar, in a letter to G. C. Roberts, Esq., says—“There is no doubt that they are Ducal crowns and not Royal ones; the field of the arms is not denoted in the sketch; I observe in that which you use the field is blue, but I can find no authority for the Colour.” Hence the emblazonment of arms supplied by the College is of no value.—The seal is *not* the Common Seal, the crowns are wrongly described, and the colours are unknown. Again, Stephen Tucker, Esq., (Rouge Croix,) upon the occasion of the Hull arms being required for a banner used at the Reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sheffield in 1875, said “The Coronets are not strictly Ducal Coronets but of the form known as “Edward III's”.” Thus doctors differ.



“S' officii Majoratus Ville de Kyngestoun super Hull.”  
Mayor's Official Seal, as drawn in the Herald's Visitation above-mentioned  
and met upon old deeds.

It is, however, fortunately not necessary to rely upon the conflicting and almost necessarily meagre authority to be found

among the national armorial collection, for the Record-rooms of Hull itself supply more full and trustworthy particulars. To ascertain what was the kind of coronet or crown and what the colour of the shield intended, it is necessary to refer, as in the case of most of the ancient privileges of the town, to the Charters. The Charters of Hull, upwards of 30 in number, include two which furnish drawings of the arms of the Town. The first instance is perhaps one of the most interesting drawings of the kind extant. It is a little illumination in the margin of the Charter of Henry VI., of 1443, and coloured exactly as shewn in the engraving. An angel with an aureola bears an azure shield upon which are three crowns of gold placed two and one. The initial letter of the Charter is likewise illuminated and contained a representation of the King, and which also is here engraved. It will be seen that the crowns upon the shields are the same as that which adorns the head of the king. Crowns are frequent initial ornaments of the Hull Charters and always of the same form as the crowns of the shield.



S' Admirallitat' ville Regie de Hul.  
Seal of the Admiral of the Humber  
appointed 1447.

Can anything more be asked? If so first must be explained away the very evident connection between the presence of the crowns and the name of the town;—“King's Town upon Hull,” “Ville Regie,” as the legend runs upon the seal of the Admiral of the Humber. What, too, does the quaint distich mean, which was painted up in the old Grammar School, and which probably dates from the wars of the Roses when Hull was bold in the cause of Henry VI, who granted it 7 Charters?

“O well-built Royal Town, thou hast three crowns,  
Therefore love the king thy benefactor.”

Thus probability agrees with fact.

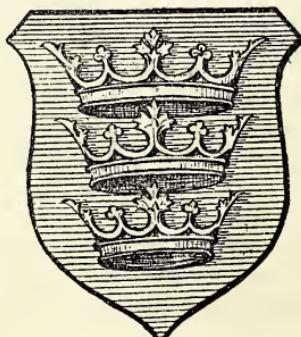
It cannot be overlooked that the shield in this Charter has the crowns two and one. This is doubtless a liberty taken by “the London Artist,” and possibly considered by him to be quite an allowable deviation, or perhaps the now recognised form is less correct. We err sometimes in imagining the mediæval herald to have been bound by rigid exactness, and are apt to evolve a pretty modern system out of a mediæval chance medley.

The other Charter which bears the arms is that of 24 Henry VIII, which at the headline has a crowned Tudor rose in the centre, supported on one side by the lily of France and on the other by the three crowns of Hull, one above another as now used, all not very skilfully sketched in a reddish-brown ink.

Long before arms came to be painted on shields the Angles are said to have borne three crowns upon their banner. Placed two and one they are the arms of Sweden, and in various combinations appear on the shields of many of her towns. The German towns yield one or two examples. In England, Hull is not the only town bearing them, as Bury St. Edmund's has the same, and Boston also, the latter by adoption among her other insignia in, it is said, the year 1568. They are also borne as in the Hull shield, silver on black by the Bishop of Bristol; gold on a blue shield, with an open book, by the University of Oxford; and two and one, silver on red, by the Bishop of Ely; and gold on red upon a cross, by the Borough of Nottingham. The family of Frazer bears them two and one.

The number of crowns has possibly no more meaning than is usual in heraldry; the origin of armory was intermixed with religious ideas and the reason we find nearly everything "in threes" is that the first users wished to indicate and invoke the Trinity. The Church of Hull was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. The Town arms in modern representations are frequently shewn with supporters of rushes (for its river situation) and laurel (for its honour). Sometimes oak leaves take the place of the rushes. There seems, however, to be no ancient authority for any of these, and they, with a suitable motto, might very fitly be adopted by the Corporation. It can well be supposed that the Lancastrian couplet before quoted was intended as a town's motto. But the stormy changes of dynasty which from time to time have taken place, and the varying loyalty of the town, have shewn it to be one not suited to all times, and therefore, very fitly lapsed into the realms of oblivion.

To suggest what might suitably be adopted opens a wide if not very important question.



Kingston-upon-Hull.

Azure, three Royal  
Crowns or.

## Calder-Vale Words.—(continued.)

Cah, cow. Cawf, mutty-cawf, calf.  
 Cahcummer, cowcummer, cucumber.  
 Cah-lady, cow-lady, the lady-bird beetle. Held in veneration.  
 "Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home."  
 Cailing, ailing, weakly.  
 Caise, kecks, boys make music-pipes of them.  
 Caitiff, sickly, helpless.  
 Cat-rigg'd, cloth which by lying too long in the fuller's stocks, receives folds or ridges. (Watson.)  
 Candler, chandler.  
 Candlesticks or castles, a boys' game. Two piles of stones, a score yards apart, with equal number of boys at each pile. Each throws a stone to knock the opposite castle down, and if one succeeds, his party has to run backwards way as far as possible, pursued by the opponents who have to ride their conquerors to the fallen castle.  
 Cained, the white substance on the top of bottled ale. (Watson.)  
 Cart-gate, road-way for carts.  
 Cant, nimble, spoken of vigorous old people.  
 Causey, causeway.  
 Capper, puzzler, chief. Capping, astonishing.  
 Casement, a pane in a window that opens on hinges.  
 Cahrin', cowering, bending, hiding, coiled.  
 Cal, kal, gossipper.  
 Call, to scold. A call, a need.  
 Cakes, unites in a mass, cinders (verb).  
 Cammeril, a strong notched stick used by butchers, especially noted as the professional staff of the old itinerant pig-butchers. It was pushed through the ham strings of the animal's hind legs, and thus hung in the cottage until the next day—the 'cutting-up day.'  
 Can, tin vessel.  
 Cappil, a leather patch on a shoe.  
 Carcass, body of human being or beast, dead or alive.  
 Cat nut, hairy nut, earth nut. Catstones, steps near a wood.  
 Cawf-lickt, front hair or 'toppin' which will not lie straight.  
 Ceel, keel, cool, cool.  
 Cestern, cistern.  
 Chez, ches, choose, ches what, i.e., whatsoever happens.  
 Chavel, chewing, tearing to shreds.  
 Charity Sermon, Sunday School Anniversary Sermon.  
 Childer, children.  
 Cham'er height, two storey houses, a grander house than the 'one-decker' cottage.  
 Cheltered, clotted, (Banks' *Wakefield Words.*)  
 Chimley, chimney.

Chonce, chance, illegitimate child.  
 Chowl, jowl, jaw, cheek to chowl, whispering.  
 Chump heead, stupid person.  
 Chumps, 'prog', wood for bonfire, Nov. 5th.  
 Chuck, throw.  
 Chuck up, chock full, crammed full.  
 Claht, clout, cloth, old rags. A claht, a knock on the head given by a person. A claht heead, silly person, who deserves a 'claht.' Clahted, patched.  
 Clumpst, unhandy, (Watson.) Clumsy, awkward.  
 Clack, talk, noise.  
 Claggy, clayey, sticky.  
 Clammed, pined. Saxon, 'clam.'  
 Click, catch hold. Saxon, 'gelecan.' Also the tick of a watch.  
 Clawk, scratch with finger nails.  
 Clap-panie, clap-pandies, close hands. The *p* is added to give fluency, as in 'Georgy porgie,' 'Ridy pidy,' and the *t* in 'a-t-il,' (French), and the *n* in 'a norange,' 'a napple.'  
 Clawmin, clawing, sometimes means fondling.  
 Cleats, Foal or colt's foot, from which a wine is made to purify the blood.  
 Clew, a ball of string.  
 Cletch, a brood of chickens.  
 Clock, a beetle, also the 'cluck' or cry of a hen. "War ner a clockin' hen."  
 Cluther, to crowd.  
 Cobble-stones, small round boulders.  
 Cobblin, large pieces of coal; sleek is the small or smudge, turlings, the small pieces between sleek and cobblins.  
 Cock-boat; "ride a *cock* horse;" as in names—Wilcock, Laycock, it means "little."  
 COCKLOFT.—"He alwaies spent every afternoon in his chamber, which was a *cockleloft* over the common gate of Trinity College." 1645. "A museum of invaluable objects actually thrust into a dusty cockloft, 106 steps up." 1885.—*Mr. John Holmes, Leeds.*  
 Cocketly, shaky.  
 Cock-web, cob-web, arrand-web.  
 Coddle, taking care, or overmuch care.  
 Coils, used in plural in "fotch some coils in."  
 Covered, recovered.  
 Colon, stalks of furze bushes, which remain after burning.—(Watson.)  
 Cole, broth. So called because pottage was formerly made chiefly of the herb colewort. (Watson.) Nettle broth is called Nettle cole.  
 Collops, rashers of bacon. Collop Monday is the day before Shrove Tuesday. Children go round begging slices of

bacon, saying "Pray, deem a collop," or, "Pray, Dame, [give us] a collop."

Cop, catch, also receive. "Thou'll cop it."

Come day, gooah day. "Let the day come and go," that is, heedless.

Cos, because.

Cotteril, a flat pin, usually split, to slip into a bolt hole to fasten windows, shutters, &c. (Banks.)

Cowk, cinder, also the core of an apple, and used in the words "Keep thy cowk up," to mean the spirit or heart.

Cowl, to scrape together.

Cowlrake, coal-rake, the instrument to cowl with.

Crag, a rocky place. This is needlessly given by Watson, for it is known in all districts populated by the Northmen.

Creg will be found in the Manx New Testament, Matt. xvi, 18, reads—"Dy nee uss Peddyr\* as dy nee er y chreg shoh trog-ym's my agglisht: (\*Ta shen dy ghra, Creg.)" Upon this rock. "On this Creg will I build my Church."

Crack, boast; used thus by Tillotson. 'A Crack shot,' a good marksman.

Cratch, a wooden frame on which pigs are killed.

Cratchy, cranky, infirm, stiff in the joints.

Croft, enclosed field, homestead field.

Creel, wooden frame or flake suspended from the ceiling on which the oat-bread (haver-cake,) was placed to dry for future use.

Cree, soften by steeping or soaking, as rice for puddings, wheat for "frummety" (Latin, *frumentis*, wheat.)

Crab'd, cross-grained, ill-tempered.

Cracklin, brittle as ice under foot, also "Crackling of thorns under a pot." (Solomon.)

Cransh, crush, cranshing cinders under feet.

Crackt, crazy, "a slate off."

Craps, scraps, pig-craps, the skinny meat remaining after the fat-leaf is "rendered."

Crate, a hamper for pots, &c.

Creas, measles. (Watson.)

Creese, "unnatural fold as in a coat that has been *sitten* upon." (Watson.) Crumpled, rumpled.

Cresh, cress, watercress.

Crow, Craw to pull, quarrel to adjust. The Townley Mystery has—"Abelle. I will fayre." [Go.] "Cayn. Na, na, abide, we have a craw to pulle." (Banks.)

Cressmass, Kersmiss, Christmas.

Cressen, Kersen, christen, baptize.

Crick, pain or twisting the neck. (Wakefield.)

Cruddled, curdled, clotted.

Crooidl'd crok'd, lying or sitting doubled up.

Crowd, a fiddle, only used in the saying “There’s nobody born fiddlers but t’ Craathers,” that is, the Crowthers. This is a saying heard about Brighouse where the Crowther family is numerous, and they got their name from a fiddling ancestor. The moral is “Attempt something, for few are geniuses, or to the manner born.”

Cuddle, to embrace with the arms.

Cumberly, heavy, lumberly.

Curchy, curtsey. “The dame made a curchy.”

Curns, curnberries, currants.

Cushy-Cah, Cush: Cows are called to the gate by the latter word. Children are taught to say cushy-cow as if to a pet animal.

Cussen, cast iron, a person in the dumps; cussen ground is applied to a filled-up quarry; cussen sky, heavy clouds.

Cut, run off, as “Cut an’ run,” “Cut your sticks.” The Cut is the canal. Cut, castrated.

Cute, smart, clever fellow.

Daahtalmán, day labourer. Wakefield district.

Daazd, unconscious, dull; also bread slowly baked, white.

Dab, a daub, to daub.

Daffy dahn dilly, daffodil.

Dafft, daunted, discouraged; also a semi-idiot.

Dagger, a vulgar expression for emphasis,—“What the dagger do you mean.” (Watson.) Still used.

Dahn i’t’ mahth, dahn-hearted, dejected.

Dam-stakes, dam-stuns, mill dam-stones.

Dawdle, idle, thriftless person; also used as a verb.

Dawkin, an idle slothful person. “There is this proverb here—‘A man had better have a Dule than a Dawkin,’ meaning that a woman with a bad tongue is a less evil than an idle one, or a slut.” (Watson.)

Dee, die. “Sud he not de.” (Douglas.)

Dee-nettles, stingless nettles. (Banks.)

Delf case, a wooden frame containing shelves, with a lath nailed above each, for holding dinner plates edgeways. It is so called from Delft in Holland, where much crockery was made.

Delf, delf-hoil, a quarry. Delver, a quarry-man. (Saxon.)

Dickey, a ‘front’ worn over the shirt-breast. Seat for the carriage-driver. A louse.

Dickey-dunnock, a hedge sparrow.

Differ, to quarrel.

Dilly-hoil, a little play-house for children.

Dike, a bank of earth for a fence; also a ditch.

Din, talk, noise.

Ding one up, reproach.

Disannul, annoy, interfere with. (Banks.)

Dither, tremble, shake, Caused by cold or fear. Dithered  
ageean means dithered much.

Divels, Devils, Divlin, a small cone of gunpowder which, being  
worked up wet, fizzes slowly.

Dizzy, giddy. "Dizziness in the head," tautology.

Doaf, dough. Doafy, childish, soft. Doughy breead is imper-  
fectly baked bread.

Daddy, Welsh, *dad*, father.

Dog-noper, sexton, chapel-keeper; though he has no longer to  
'nope' (hit on the head,) dogs.

Dalley, tarry, delay. ? French origin.

Daker hen, grass drake, corn-crake.

Doff, undress, do-off; dofft, undressed. Doff it off thy sen,  
take it off thyself.

Dick's hat-band. "Tha'rt as queer as Dick's hat-band, et went  
nine times rahnd and wouldn't tee."

Dockens, docks; a case of double plural. Children when stung  
by a nettle, get a dock leaf, and, rubbing the irritated  
place, say the nomine "Docken in, nettle out," as fast as  
possible, until the pain subsides.

Door-steed, door-way; from stead, a place. Gate-steed, gate-  
way.

Door-cheeks, upright stones to which the door is fixed.

Doorstuns, flagstones or causeway (pro. causee,) in front of the  
house.

Dog-daisy, the large flowered, wild daisy. The leaf is not like  
the ordinary daisy; it is jagged like 'lad's love' leaf.

Dooetin, dotage.

Dollop, a great mass. Dollock is another form.

Doled, wearied, jaded.

Douce, drench. Doucing, drenching.

Doy, pet word for joy when addressed to a child.

Dolly legs, the peggy or swiller, used by washer-women, where,  
in Scotland, they would use their own in treading the  
clothes in a tub of water. Washing machines are super-  
annuating these old friends. It consists of a stout round  
piece of wood about 2 feet long, with a cross beam about  
18 inches at the top, and a round piece at the bottom (9  
inches diameter,) in which five or six feet are placed, about  
a foot long, and all smoothly planed to 'swill' the clothes  
round and back again in the wash tub.

Donch, dainty of appetite.

Doublet, quite obsolete, but *singlet* is used for *waist-coat*.

Dossy, slut. What a dossy!

Drahnded, drowned.

Drate, drawling, slow of speech.

Drat, drot, od rot, a form of imprecation. "I'll rot you," or  
make you tremble. ? from the Hebrew, rod, to tremble.

Dredgin box, a tin flour box with holes in the lid, like a pepper box ; for sprinkling flour.

Drink, ale, or home-brewed beer.

Drinkin time, tea-time, four to six o'clock p.m. Harvest men are allowed wages per day with fornooin (10 o'clock) and afternoon (4 o'clock) drinkins.

Drop it, be quiet, 'give over' ; leave it (or me) alone.

Drukken, druffen, tipsy, drunken.

Drop-dry, water tight roof. (Wakefield.)

Dree work, dree way, wearisome, dreary.

Draff, malt after brewing. Used for food of cows, pigs. Ang. Sax. *draff*, thrown away.

Dubler, a pewter (pewther) dish. British *dubler*.

Durn, a piece of wood, or stone, by which doors and gates hang. (Watson.)

Duck-stooan, a boys' game. Each boy gets a boulder, and one is chosen by lottery, or footing, to place his boulder (or duck) on a flat stone, whilst the rest stand at a marked distance and throw their stones at the sitting duck. If one picks his boulder up, the boy who owns the imprisoned duck endeavours to touch him before he can return to the den, and then hastens to seize his own duck from its perch, and run off to the den. The boy thus touched has to place his duck in prison, but if he gets it down before the other is up, there are two ducks to shy (i.e. throw) at. However, it often happens that whilst the boy in charge of the duck is striving to touch a returning boy, his duck is knocked off its perch by another boy's boulder, and he must replace his duck before he can touch any returning boy. It is a very dangerous game, and seems to be allied to the 'throwing at cocks' on Pancake Tuesday, formerly in vogue.

Dufft, yielded. Duffer, a coward, a yelder.

Duberd heead, dull board, or wooden headed, a dunce, a numbskull, thick-head.

Dunnock, dicky dunnock, a hedge sparrow ; blue eggs.

Dule, the devil. Also, a machine at woollen mills, with great iron teeth, a real demon.

Een fair fall, equivalent to "make the best of it"—that which would have been better not being at hand, een fair fall (befall) what we have. (Banks.)

Earwig, Saxon—eorth-wigga, earth insect, though the common notion is that these twinges cause death by entering a person's ear.

Een, Saxon—eagan, ee,-eye. Old plural for eyes, as shooen, kine or cowen, swine or sowen, oxen, &c.

Expect, suppose. "I expect so."

Elliker, ale-gar, vin-e-gar. Sour beer.

Elliker well, now written but never pronounced "Alegar" well, near Kirklees, a great resort on Palm Sunday to the present time, one of the holy wells of olden times. Helle-carr, holy ridge well. (See p. 120.)

Eery, every.

Egg-cratch, frame with holes for holding eggs. (Banks.)

Ehs-senz, our-selves.

Eeah, yes.

Eit, ait, ert.

'Eights, heights or hills; height.

Eivy-keivy, (Aivy-kaivy), trembling in the balance.

Eke, an addition, or 'make-out,' an additional bottom rim to a bee hive. (Banks.)

Elbow greeas, polishing a table, or iron fixtures, with great exertion.

Elike, the same, "Townley Mysteries" has—"They're all queer elike." "I am ever elyke."

Emang, among.

'Em, Hem. Anglo Saxon dative plural, and therefore not a vulgar contraction, for it is used by early writers in the old form. "Some of hem," (Chaucer). "Putten hem," (Piers Plowman). A Southowram man, (Saltharem-ur) uses both words still.

Elsin, an awl. (Banks.)

Enah, soon. "I'll come enah."

Enew, plural of enough.

Enkled, entangled. (Banks.)

Entry, narrow passage for carts between houses. A narrower entry is called a ginnel, (or, in Airedale, a snicket).

Esh, ash tree. Saxon—Esche.

Espin, aspin leaf.

Etten, eaten.

Evven hands, even bargain. "Odd or evven." This is a guessing game, with marbles. A boy holds a marble or marbles in his clenched hand; if his opponent guesses correctly, "odd," or "even," he forfeits a marble, but gains one if he happen to have different to what is said. The other boy then takes his turn.

—o—

### The Child in the Wood; or, The cruel Uncle.\*

In the town of Beverley, in Yorkshire, about two years ago [1703], there lived one squire Somers, a very honest gentleman of about three hundred per ann.; his wife dying, by whom he had one little daughter, about two years of age, he continued some months a sorrowful widower; he could not well enjoy

\* From a very rare chapbook, with facsimile wood-cut.

himself after the loss of his dear spouse. And it so happened that, partly out of grief, partly from a violent fever, he was brought to his bed of sickness, where he continued not long, for he died within a fortnight after he was taken by that fever. He expressed a great concern for his little girl, and therefore called his brother, a gentleman that lived about fourteen miles from him, and begged him to take the care of his daughter upon him. "Brother," said he, "I leave with you the dearest thing that I have in the world—my little daughter, and with her to you I intrust my estate; manage it for her use, and take care of her education in virtue and religion; use her as if she were your own, and, for my sake, see her married to an honest country gentleman." All which was faithfully promised by the brother. Thus, when all things were settled, the gentleman dies, and the brother takes home the child to his house, and for some time used her kindly. But at the last, the devil of covetousness possessed him; nothing run in his mind so much as making away with the child, and so possess the estate. After many ways, he at last concluded to take her with him, and hide her in a hollow tree; which one morning he effected, and left the poor infant with her mouth stopped that she might not cry. For he had so much grace not actually to murder her, therefore he left her alive in the hollow of the tree; and, the better to hide the matter, gave out that the child was dead, and, therefore caused an effigy of wax to be made, laid it in a coffin, and a shroud, and made a great funeral for the child. Thus the effigy was buried, and no notice at all taken of the matter. At the same time, a neighbouring gentleman dreamed that that day he should see something that would sufficiently astonish him. He told it to his lady, who dissuaded him from going a hunting that day; but he was resolved, not giving any credit to dreams, and so takes horse in the morning. As he was a hunting, he happened to be in the wood where the child was, and as he was riding by the tree his horse gave a great start, so that he had liked to have fallen down; and turning about, to see what was the matter, he saw something stir in a hole, and being inquisitive to know the cause, his dream presently came in his head, and therefore he calls his man, and bids him examine what was in the hole; who, having searched the tree, discovers the child in the tree. He took it out, and his master carried it to his lady almost dead; he told her his dream was out, declaring how he found the child, and begged her to take care of it. The child was revived, and in a little time brought to itself again; but they could not imagine whose it was; till at last it happened that some woman came to the gentleman's house, a singing at Christmas, and seeing the child, knew it, and declared whose it was, and that it was supposed to be dead and buried. The gentleman goes and prevails with the minister of the parish to

have the grave opened, and found the waxen effigy of the child in the grave. He went to the justice of the peace, to whom he declared the matter; who sent his warrant for the child's trustee, who, being convicted of the matter, was not able to deny it, but confessed all the business. But seeing the child was alive, it is supposed he will not be tried for his life, but it is thought a severe punishment will be inflicted on him; and the justice appointed the gentleman that found the child to be its trustee till the assizes. The child is now at the gentleman's house, who loves it as if it was his own, for he has no children himself, and is a man of a good estate, and is likely to augment very much the child's fortune.



Tune “*Forgive me if your looks I thought.*”

I.

A WEALTHY squire in the north,  
 Who left an infant daughter  
 All his estate of mighty worth;  
 But mark what follow'd after.  
 As he lay on his dying bed,  
 He call'd his brother to him,  
 And unto him these words he said:  
 “I from the world am going;

## II.

“Therefore, dear brother, take my child,  
 Which is both young and tender,  
 And for my sake be kind and mild,  
 And faithfully defend her.  
 Three hundred pounds a year I leave  
 To bring her up in fashion ;  
 I hope you will not her deceive,  
 But use her with compassion.”

## III.

To which the brother then replied,  
 “I’ll sooner suffer torture,  
 Than e’er become a wicked guide,  
 Or wrong your only daughter.”  
 The father then did seem content,  
 And like a lamb expired,  
 As thinking nothing could prevent  
 What he had thus desir’d.

## IV.

The father being dead and gone,  
 The uncle then contrived  
 To make the child’s estate his own,  
 And of its life deprive it.  
 A wicked thought came in his head,  
 And thus concludes to serve it ;  
 He takes it up out of the bed  
 And then resolves to starve it.

## V.

With wicked mind, into a wood  
 He then the infant carries ;  
 And tho’ he would not shed her blood,  
 Yet there alive he buries  
 Within a hollow oaken tree ;  
 He stop’d the mouth from crying,  
 That none might hear and come to see  
 How the poor child was dying.

## VI.

Then gave he out the child was dead,  
 And did pretend some sorrow,  
 And caus’d the shape in wax be made,  
 To bury on the morrow ;  
 Some mourning, too, he bought beside,  
 All to avoid suspicion,  
 But yet, alas ! this would not hide  
 The guilt of his commission.

## VII.

For happy fate and providence  
 Did keep the child from dying,  
 Whose chiefest guard was innocence,  
 On which is best relying ;  
 For when the breath was almost spent,  
 A gentleman did spy her,  
 As he and 's man a hunting went  
 And so approach'd nigh her.

## VIII.

He took the wrong'd infant home,  
 And to his lady gave it ;  
 Quoth he, " This child from fatal doom  
 I happily did save it ;  
 Therefore I'll keep it as my own,  
 Since I have none beside it ;  
 Tho' such a thing is seldom known,  
 I will support and guide it."

## IX.

But as the lady and her spouse  
 Did to the neighbours show it,  
 A woman came into the house  
 That presently did know it.  
 And soon discover'd all the cheat  
 The unkle had intended,  
 To get the poor young child's estate  
 Who promis'd to defend it.

## X.

The wicked unkle being seized,  
 And charged with his transgression,  
 His mind and conscience was so teased,  
 He made a full confession.  
 The justice sent him to the jail,  
 Where he is closely guarded,  
 And next assizes will not fail  
 Of being well rewarded.

—o—

THE SISTERS OF BEVERLEY.—Mr. W. Andrews, giving, in Part VI, Yorkshire Notes and Queries, a transcript of the beautiful poem, bearing the above title, says—" After considerable trouble, I have failed to discover the author of the foregoing charming lines which first appeared in the Literary Gazette. If any reader can name the writer I shall feel greatly obliged." In reply to this Query—Mr. Andrews is in error in supposing that its first appearance was in the Literary Gazette,

where it was given as an extract from a new work. It was through that Journal that it became more generally known to the reading world and in consequence of its appearance there, it was attributed to the pen of Alaric A. Watts, whose style of writing it resembles, and who was a contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, and a much admired Poet of the "Annuals" school, one of which "The Literary Souvenir," he edited. He was residing in Leeds at the period in question, from 1822 to 1826-7, as Editor of the "Leeds Intelligencer." Mr. Watts however was not the writer of the Poem, which appeared in "London in the Olden Times: a series of Tales from the 12th to the 15th century," 1st series p. 191. The work was published anonymously and consists of a series of very graphic pictures of the London of that period, each one with an appendant poem of a similar character to the above. Lowndes in his *Bibliographer's Manual* attributes it to "Miss Lawrence," but who she was and whether she published anything else, I cannot tell, as I do not find her name in Allibone, Mauder, or any other collection of literary Biographies.

London.

FREDK. ROSS.

**PALM SUNDAY CUSTOM.**—In some parishes in the West Riding of Yorkshire there is a custom for the children to go on Palm Sunday to a particular well in the neighbourhood and there fill bottles with water, which they afterwards drink, sweetened with sugarcandy, or flavoured with Spanish juice. The well to which the children thus resort is, in three instances with which I am acquainted, known by the name of "Sennaca Well." This identity of name seems to point to some common origin and reason for the custom, of which, together with the meaning or derivation of the name "Sennaca," I shall be glad if any of your readers can furnish an explanation. Can "Sennaca" be a corruption of "Sancta Aqua" and is this custom a survival from pagan times? or is "Sennaca" the garbled name of some saint, to whom the wells in question were once dedicated? I am not sure of the spelling of the word, but it is pronounced like the name of the Roman philosopher.

F. C. THIRLWALL.

169, Gloucester-road. N.W.

We shall be glad to receive any information from our readers which may help to throw light on this singular custom.

**NOTABLE YORKSHIRE CHARACTERS.**—"There is probably more original and independent thought in Yorkshire brains, than in those of any half dozen other counties in England," was my hasty exclamation after perusing Mr. Baring-Gould's well known work, and further reflection confirms the view. The great lack of his volumes, is *Portraits* of the individuals whom he graphically describes—a want which I have for many years been endeavouring to supply, though with but partial success;

knowledge of any authentic additions will be thankfully acknowledged. I now wish greatly to complete a short biographical notice of the earliest Bookseller, if not also Stationer, of Richmond town, *Isabella Tinkler* by name but colloquially termed "Tibby Tinkler," the predecessor of Mr. John Bell who was father to the well known George Bell, long head of the well known publishing firm of the metropolis. In vain have the Histories of Richmond been searched for any biographical notice of the worthy Tibby, but we are assured that some information will be found in the *Richmond Pictorial Times*, published and I presume printed also, in Richmond. A complete File of this Journal, which only appeared for ten years;—(1850-60) is probably scarce; but some of your North Yorkshire readers may possess, or know of one, and be able to supply the, probably short, account of the old lady, the memory of whom is by no means extinct in her native town.

H. ECROYD SMITH.

ADVICE TO QUARRY-MEN AND STONE BREAKERS.—Never break up a stone that has an artificial hole in it, or bearing old tool marks. Keep it carefully, as, sooner or later you will find your advantage; for if in fair condition the object may fetch money. Many a pound has been lost through allowing children to play with and mutilate ancient articles of great interest.

H. ECROYD SMITH.

A YORKSHIRE BITE.—"We have thus given all our unsolicited contributors a thoroughly hearty *Yorkshire* welcome; our motto in this connection being 'a fair field and no favour,' it is one that naturally brings to our remembrance an old and genuine county term, which having become most scandalously perverted from its once honourable signification, has been twisted into a weapon of reproach and contempt. We allude to the term 'A Yorkshire Bite.' Every one who has thoroughly examined the subject must candidly admit that, so far from originating in any tricky, mean, or dishonourable characteristic, the *very reverse* is the case. In fact, 'A Yorkshire Bite' is in homely phrase '*the best i'th house*,' or, in other words, the best of the provisions in the family larder, for the guest or stranger; and this as a recognized matter of course and custom. In our opening remarks, we have dwelt somewhat on the corruption of proper or place-names, but, socially speaking, what is this in comparison with transmuting the sense of an honourable term into one of scorn, reproach and contumely? In the name of the whole county we protest against such a shamefully defamatory perversion of this most creditable and hospitable term, and trust every one of our readers will use their best endeavours to counteract the scandal so far as they can, by proclaiming the truth of the matter when occasion serves."—H. Ecroyd Smith's *History of Conisborough Castle*.

Can any of your readers inform me of the earliest known use of the curious appellation, *smither-eens*, in the sense of the complete smash of an object; also whether the term is general in England, or merely localised. H. ECROYD SMITH.

Some of us can remember eccentric Sunday School Teachers, as well as local preachers. In the early part of this century there were established in Saddleworth a number of Sunday Schools in various districts, wherein were taught—Reading, Writing and other matters of elementary education. The scholars were taken in rotation to the various Churches and Chapels in the parish; on one occasion at the School in Upper Mill, a scholar was reading the Scripture Lesson, he came upon a word he could not pronounce, he appealed to the Teacher who was in a like difficulty, so he told the lad to “ko it summat sharp an goo on,” the lad immediately called out “Razzur.” This was so satisfactory that no objection was made.

G.H.A.

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### On some Early Yorkshire Local Preachers.

When I was a young man, which would be about 1833, I used to take great pleasure in going round on the Sundays, to one Methodist Chapel or another, to listen to the popular preachers of the time; many of whom were what were termed “Locals.” These men were generally quite unlearned, and spoke what they had to say in the broadest of broad Yorkshire dialect. What they had to say was said in the strongest fashion, and had a telling effect on the audiences which they were addressing. All their illustrations and similes were drawn from humble life; and being homely, the sentences went straight to the feelings of those whom they addressed.

The first I shall name was Jonathan Savile, of Denholme, who died in 1842, between eighty and ninety years of age. He was wonderfully popular, although a very poor man as to this world's wealth. There was also Joshua Northrop, of Clayton, who is still alive, (1887) at a good old age. He was a weaver by trade, and during a long life has been respected by all. Dick Throp, and John Thornton, of Great Horton, were powerful for good in their time, and they both had the most powerful voices I ever heard. I used to tremble when they were speaking. Eli Crowther, who came from Colne, I think, into this part of the country, was a draper by trade, and quite untaught. I remember once going to hear him near White Abbey, Manningham, when he took for a text the words:—The men which have turned the world upside down, are come hither also.” He read this two or three times over; then he said, “The first sarmon that ever I preyght in my life, wor tul a row of peat stacks;

an' its naa seven years sin. Well, I think I hear some on ye saying, if I'd preycht as long as thaa hes, I could preych a better sarmon nor thaa does. Naa if ony on yo think soa, come up into this poolpit, an' try." With that he came down the steps to the bottom, but as nobody took up the challenge, he quietly walked back again. But although he talked for almost an hour, he never once mentioned his text, or the subject of it, in all he said afterwards. Another well-known character of the time, was Esquire Brook, of Huddersfield. He was in great demand for revival meetings, love-feasts, and chapel openings. His preaching was not of a very valuable sort, but then he was reputed to give largely when he was invited out to minister. I once went to a love feast with two companions, and after we got to the place we all went in to see the travelling preacher in the vestry. We told him we had a great desire to be admitted, though not members of the society; and he gave us tickets, along with a bit of, I dare say, good advice. It was at Wychfield Chapel, Shelf; and Squire Brook, as they called him occupied the pulpit. He spoke in quite a ranting manner for some time, when, one after another, many of the congregation began to swoon away, and fall down in the seats where they were. I at first thought it must be caused by the heat of the chapel, as it was crowded in every part. But I soon found out that the cause was religious fervour, and excitement. Soon some of them came round, and began shouting, Glory be to God, with all their strength. Altogether fifty people were affected in this way, and a young woman in our pew fell upon one of my friends as we were sitting there. This lasted for about two hours, as one after another related what they called,—"their experience." Billy Dawson, of Barnbow, (I think that was the name of the place where he lived) was a very remarkable man. He was a farmer, and in great demand for Chapel-opening. Wherever he went crowds ran after him, and there was often a large congregation in the chapel-yard, of those who could not get to hear him inside. Some noted man generally addressed the disappointed ones. I heard Billy preach a sermon when he opened a chapel at Great Horton, and his sermon was uttered with great force, in the best Yorkshire vernacular. It was indeed a rare treat. Another was John Preston, of Yeadon. All he said was spoken in the purest dialect of the place he hailed from, and he was the most earnest man of his day. It was said that his wife always went with him to every town or village where he preached; to encourage and help him; but he certainly was the most amusing of all the local men who entered the Wesleyan pulpits. The Eccleshill people adored him, and I am only sorry that I cannot give any specimens of what he said from my own memory. John Nelson, Sammy Hick, and Dicky Burdsal, had all passed away before

my time, but their lives have been written, and can be bought. Of a later day, Charles Rhodes must not be unmentioned. From being a poor man, he accumulated money, and spent a comfortable old age. It is related of him that once when he was preaching, he undertook to show his hearers how easy it was to go to hell, by sliding down the rail of the pulpit stairs. But wishing afterwards to show how hard it is to climb to heaven, he made an attempt to scramble up on the rail, but did not succeed. He had to go up the steps in the ordinary way. Thus his illustration broke down, to the amusement of the congregation. But Mr. Rhodes, though uncultivated in manner, had his heart in the right place, and has left a happy memory behind him.

Fifty years ago very few of the people who lived in the villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire, could either read or write; and books were exceedingly scarce in the cottages of the working people. Hence when a man had received the Gospel, and was called to preach, and exhort, he had no resources or learning to fall back upon. But his zeal often helped him to overcome all the obstacles which crowded his path. Blunders he would often make, many specimens of which I could relate; but his hearers were no better informed than he himself was; and being so, they did not notice the blunders which he made.

A few "locals" of the old generation are left. There are of course "locals" yet in all Dissenting congregations, and it is not six months since one of them made himself famous by his flowery language; but ridiculous, also, at the same time, by his repetition of the term negative several times when he really meant the affirmative. He was a young man, wishful to show his learning, and did show it. But Sammy Hick, and Billy Dawson, and Squire Brooke, and old Casson are dead and gone, and their peculiar language, their strange idioms, and their undecorated dialect speech are gone with them. Many strange tales are told of their eccentric conduct in the pulpit, and they all border upon the humorous, as much as the story of t'Clark o' Beeston, who said "let's begin agean." It was one of the four above-mentioned who described the broad and the narrow ways as follows:—"Friends, the road to hell is easy to travel; as easy as sliding down this rail." Then, after sliding down the pulpit rail, he stood at the bottom, and to further increase the interest of the subject as he stood there, he went on with his discourse to tell how hard in comparison the path of honour was to travel. "It is just as hard to get to heaven as to get back up this rail;" and to further exemplify his discourse he began to scramble up the rail he had so easily come down; and on arriving back in the pulpit panting, he went on with the subject he had explained in such a homely way. It was such men who led the revivals up and down the country, and carried

an enthusiasm with them that better men were unable to do. The writer recollects a veteran "local" likening men to ciphers, which, all added together, came but to another cypher, while God was the figure one, worth so much in comparison. Not only did he do this, but on the top of the dusty organ, which reached to nearly the top of the pulpit, he exemplified his discourse by making a row of ciphers there. It was, we believe, at Lowmoor where another such Christian filled the pulpit, and when there arrived in the doorway a crowd of people, who stared at the already filled chapel, and seemed lost as to where they could sit, heard him call out:—" Make way thear for t' Pudsey chaps, ye Lowmoorers, an' let t' hauf-crahners come forrad," attending to the better givers who had come from a distance to hear him. It is well known that some of these "locals" could draw crowded houses, and were much in request for anniversary sermons where a collection followed; for not only did many come, but they gave liberally as well, in obedience to the rough and homely call from the pulpit at the close of the sermon. One yet lives who in his younger days walked away a few miles into the country to give a morning sermon. He did not receive the usual invitation to dinner, and had therefore to walk back home to his mid-day meal. But he was revenged upon them in his own way. His next sermon at that place was an evening one; before he began he hung upon the corner of the pulpit an old torn handkerchief, and at the finish of the sermon, before the prayer meeting which was to follow, he opened the handkerchief and commenced to eat. "I came," he said, "to preach one day and had no dinner, so I thought it best to bring something with me this time." Old Sammy Senior never made an allusion to Noah but as Mr. Noah; and many others as curious as he, lived and moved and had their being forty years ago, and gave their little surpluses to charitable purposes.

What follows appeared recently in a monthly issue of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* and confirms what has previously been said:—

It must be confessed that, from the days of John Nelson downward, Yorkshire has been distinguished for its powerful local preachers. Some of them have not been allowed to pass away without memorial, notably Richard Burdsall, Sammy Hick, William Dawson, Squire Brook, and John Preston, of Yeadon, better known to many readers as Johan Preston. For two intervals of more than a year's duration he was, injudiciously, as we think, excluded from the Grove pulpit; the first time on account of his leading part in Mr. Parker's revival, the second because of the supposed ill-effect of his rich, though rough, humour on the lads. For ourselves, we never heard a syllable from Preston that tended to irreverence. And we have no hesitation in saying that, in preaching to the young or the

old, the strong or even rough vernacular is far preferable to grandiloquent inflation, and that rustic point and power is much better than a dead level of monotonous respectability. Give us a man of unlettered genius and true spiritual force rather than such a one as Jay so happily described: "His only defect is that he has no excellence, and his only excellence that he has no defect." Preston's strong originality made him a great favourite with the boys. It must be confessed that Johan was not seldom irresistibly amusing, especially at the earlier part of his discourse. Once, before giving out his text, he looked deprecatingly at his congregation, and said, "Ye mind, I hope I s'all have a better time wi' this text nor I had t'last time I tackled it. It wur at Cashio (Acacia) Cot; an' I had a fearful bad time, I promise (assure) you. T'woife wur wi' meh, an' I ses tull her at eftur, 'It didn't gooah vary weel to-neight, lass.' 'Gooah mun! gooah!' shoo ses, 'it mudn't weel gooah; thah niver gat it on its feet.'" But, happily, t'woife knew how to be encouraging on occasion. Preston's popularity caused him to be in great request for charity sermons. We have heard the late Rev. W. O. Booth tell with keen relish of the only time he ever heard Preston. The occasion was the chapel anniversary sermons at Eccleshill. Mr. Booth, who was immensely popular, especially in his native neighbourhood, took the morning and evening, and Preston the afternoon service. The former hoped to find some corner in the chapel where he might hear the famous local preacher unobserved. But he found the place so packed that he was obliged to plead privilege of clergy and go in through the vestry. On seeing him Preston exclaimed "Nah, lad, I'se noan bahn to heh thee before meh all t'ime. Thah mun sit behint meh i' t'pulpit." In truth it was the only seat available. Before Preston gave out his text, he said, "Ye mind, all t'week t'woife 's been cummin' to me an' saying', 'Johan, what dus ta sit luikin' inti t'fire i' that way for. Its that lad Oliver Boith thahs fleered on.'" "Nah lass," ah ses, "ah can noan preich like Oliver Boith;" an' shoo ses, "An' Oliver Boith can't preich like thee." However, friends, I'se nobbut gie it a bit rough, ye knew, an' I sal leave it for this lad here to snodden it." Then, glancing over his shoulder at Mr. Booth, "An' a bonnie job thah'd hev, lad." We once saw and felt an electric effect produced by an irrepressible exclamation from Johan Preston. It was at the opening service at Woodhouse Grove Chapel, at Apperley Bridge, the great Robert Newton being the preacher. The place was so crowded that the boys were bestowed in the vestry, and we happened to sit so near to the open door step as to command almost the whole congregation. Right in front of the preacher, on a form between the pews and the pulpit, sat Johan Preston. The text was, "For wheresoever two or three are gathered together," &c.

When the orator came to “There am I in the midst of them,” he rose to his highest pitch. Preston sat grasping his right knee with both his hands, swaying with emotion; and when the preacher in his grandest tone rolled out, “Yes, however humble the place, however homely the preacher, ‘There am I,’ ” Preston took fire—fire which his tears could not put out, and he half sobbed, half shouted, “Ay, Robbard, that’s it.” There was a momentary shock, as if too great a freedom had been taken. But “Robbard”—himself a Yorkshire villager—bent his magnificent person, and stretched out towards Preston the right hand of fellowship, and answered, “Ay, my good brother, that is it.”

The Rev. Robert Newton, who is mentioned above was a very remarkable man, and a Yorkshireman. He was a splendid orator, and also well read in Scripture truths, from which he drew apt illustrations. He died at Easingwold, Yorkshire, on the 30th of April, 1854. “When the news of his death was made known at a missionary meeting held the day after, May 1st, man and woman, all over that vast multitude, bowed under a personal sorrow, and youth and age together dropped a tear. That moment of silence and grief was such an ovation as a worldly hero seldom wins.” He was more than seventy years of age when he passed away, fifty-five of which he had been a preacher in the Wesleyan Connexion.

ROGER STORRS.

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PEACE EGG.—Some of us can well remember how we desired to learn the “Peace Egg,” and be enabled to strut about in tinsel and colours, but now we never see a company of performers at our doors. Yorkshiremen abroad will have forgotten the appearance of the chap-book that was vended in those days, with its bleared wood-cuts of gallant knights, and the final black, powerfully-winged devil. We will first record the popular rhyme, and then add a few lines on its meaning and antiquity. After a wood-cut of a most valiant, armour-clad knight, we have a grotesque block representing the Fool.

ACT 1.

ENTER ACTORS.

*Fool.*—Room, room, Brave gallants, give us room to sport,  
For to this room we wish now to resort,  
Resort, and to repeat to you our merry rhyme,  
For remember, good sirs, this is Christmas time.  
The time to cut up goose-pies now doth appear,  
So we are come to act a little of our merry Christmas here,  
At the sound of the trumpet, and the beat of the drum,  
Make room, brave gentlemen, and let our actors come.  
We are the merry actors that traverse the street,  
We are the merry actors that fight for our meat;

We are the merry actors that show pleasant play,  
Step in, St. George, thou champion, and clear the way.

ENTER ST. GEORGE.

*St. George.*—I am St. George, who from old England sprung;  
My famous name throughout the world hath rung,  
Many bloody deeds and wonders have I made known,  
And made false tyrants tremble on their throne.  
I followed a fair lady to a giant's gate,  
Confined in dungeon deep to meet her fate ;  
Then I resolved with true knight-errantry,  
To burst the door, and set the prisoner free.  
When lo ! a giant almost struck me dead,  
But by my valour I cut off his head.—  
I've searched the world all round and round,  
But a man to equal me I've never found.

ENTER SLASHER TO ST. GEORGE.

*Slasher.*—I am a valiant soldier, and Slasher is my name,  
With sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win more fame ;  
And for to fight with me I see thou art not able,  
So with my trusty broad-sword I soon will thee disable.

*St. George.*—Disable ; disable ; it lies not in thy power,  
For with my glittering sword and spear I soon will thee devour.  
So stand off Slasher ; let no more be said,  
For if I draw my sword I am sure to break thy head.

*Slasher.*—How canst thou break my head ?  
Since it is made of iron,  
And my body's made of steel,  
My hands and feet of knuckle bone,  
I challenge thee to field.—*They fight and Slasher is wounded.*

*Exit St. George.*

ENTER FOOL TO SLASHER.

*Fool.*—Alas ! alas ! my chiefest son is slain,  
What must I do to raise him up again ?  
Here he lies in the presence of you all :  
I'll lovingly for a doctor call—  
(aloud) A doctor ! a doctor ! ten pounds for a doctor,  
I'll go and fetch a doctor. (*going*)

ENTER DOCTOR.

*Doctor.*—Here am I.

*Fool.*—Are you the Doctor.

*Doctor.*—Yes : that you may plainly see, by my art and activity.

*Fool.*—Well, what's your fee to cure this man ?

*Doctor.*—Ten pounds is my fee ; but Jack, if thou be an honest man, I'll only take five off thee.

*Fool.*—You'll be wondrous cunning if you get any (*aside*,) —  
Well, how far have you travelled in doctorship ?

*Doctor.*—From Italy, Titaly, High Germany, France & Spain,  
and now am returned to cure the diseases in Old England again.

*Fool.*—So far, and no further?

*Doctor.*—O yes! a great deal further.

*Fool.*—How far?

*Doctor.*—From the fireside, cupboard, upstairs, and into bed.

*Fool.*—What diseases can you cure?

*Doctor.*—All sorts.

*Fool.*—What's all sorts?

*Doctor.*—The itch, pitch, the palsy, and the gout. If a man gets nineteen devils in his skull, I'll cast twenty of them out. I have in my pocket, crutches for lame ducks, spectacles for blind humblebees, packsaddles and panniers for grasshoppers, and plaisters for broken-backed mice. I cured Sir Harry of a nang-nail, almost fifty-five yards long, surely I can cure this poor man.—Here, Jack; take a little out of my bottle, and let it run down thy throttle; if thou be not quite slain, rise, Jack, and fight again—(*Slasher rises.*)

*Slasher.*—O my back!

*Fool.*—What's amiss with thy back?

*Slasher.*—My back it is wounded,

And my heart is confounded,

To be struck out of seven senses into four-score,  
The like was never seen in old England before.

ENTER ST. GEORGE.

*Slasher.*—O hark! St. George, I hear the silver trumpet sound,  
That summons us from off this bloody ground,  
Down yonder is the way, (*pointing.*)

Farewell, St. George, we can no longer stay.

*Fool.*—Yes, Slasher, thou had'st better go;  
Else next time he'll pierce thee through.

*Exit Slasher, Doctor, and Fool.*

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ACT 2.

*St. George.*—I am St. George, that noble champion bold,  
And with my trusty sword I won ten thousand pounds in gold:  
Twas I that fought the fiery dragon, and brought him to the  
slaughter,

And by those means I won the King of Egypt's daughter.

ENTER PRINCE OF PARADINE. (*Palestine.*)

If that be he who doth stand there  
That slew my master's son and heir,  
If he be sprung from royal blood  
I'll make it run like Noah's flood.

*St. George.*—Hold, Hector! do not be so hot,  
For here thou knowest not who thou'st got,

For I can tame thee of thy pride,  
 And lay thine anger, too, aside :  
 Inch thee, and cut thee as small as flies  
 And send thee over the sea to make mince pies,  
 Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,  
 I'll send thee to BLACK SAM\* before thou art  
 three days old.

*Hector.*—How can'st thou tame me of my pride,

And lay mine anger, too, aside ;  
 Inch me, and cut me as small as flies  
 And send me over the sea to make mince pies ;  
 Mince pies hot, mince pies cold,  
 How can'st thou send me to Black Sam before  
 I'm three days old ?

Since my head is made of iron,  
 My body's made of steel,  
 My hands and feet of knuckle bone,  
 I challenge thee to field.

*They fight and Hector is wounded.*  
 I am a valiant knight, and Hector is my name,  
 Many bloody battles have I fought,  
 And always won the same,  
 But from St. George I received this bloody wound,  
 (a trumpet sounds)  
 Hark ! hark ! I hear the silver trumpet sound,  
 Down yonder is the way, (pointing)  
 Farewell, St. George, I can no longer stay. (*Exit.*)

ENTER FOOL TO ST. GEORGE.

*St. George.*—Here comes from post, Old Bold Ben.

*Fool.*—Why, master, did ever I take you to be my friend ?

*St. George.*—Why, Jack, did I ever do thee any harm ?

*Fool.*—Thou proud saucy coxcomb, begone !

*St. George.*—A coxcomb ! I defy that name !

With a sword thou ought to be stabbed for the same.

*Fool.*—To be stabbed is the least I fear,

Appoint your time and place, I'll meet you there.

*St. George.*—I'll cross the water at the hour of five,  
 And meet you there, Sir, if I be alive. *Exit.*

Here come I, Beelzebub, and over my shoulders I carry my club, and in my hand a dripping pan, and I think myself a jolly old man, and if you don't believe what I say, enter in Devil-doubt, and clear the way.

ENTER DEVIL-DOUBT.

Here come I, little Devil-doubt, if you do not give me money I'll sweep you all out ; money I want, and money I crave ; if you do not give me money, I'll sweep you all to the grave.

\* Still used for "Satan."

THE RAPER [Rapier, or Sword] DANCERS, about eight boys, acted a version of the old drama at Brighouse, on Easter-Monday,\* April 11th, 1887. They were dressed in coloured jackets, and card-board hats, trimmed with coloured paper, beads, trinkets, artificial roses. Each carried a sword consisting of a long strip of plate iron, with tin handle. After performing, they begged coppers from the by-standers.

In the North of Ireland after St. George, a Turk, and the Doctor, the boys introduce St. Patrick and Oliver Cromwell into the drama.

*Ol. Crom.*—Here come I, Oliver Cromwell, as you may suppose, I conquered many nations with my copper nose ; I made my foes for to tremble and my enemies for to quake, and beat my opposers till I made their hearts to ache ; and if you don't believe what I say, enter in Beelzebub, and clear the way.

*Beelz.*—Here come I, Beelzebub, and over my shoulder I carry my club, and in my hand a dripping pan ; I think myself a jolly old man ; and if you don't believe what I say, enter in Devil-doubt and clear the way.

*Devil Doubt.*—Here come I, little Devil-doubt, if you don't give me money, I'll sweep you all out ; money I want and money I crave, if you don't give me money I'll sweep you all to your grave.

*Leader.*—Gentlemen and Ladies,—Since our sport is ended, our box must now be recommended ; our box would speak if it had a tongue, nine or ten shillings would do it no wrong. All silver and no brass.

*Song by them all :*

Your cellar doors are locked,  
And we're all like to choke ;  
And it's all for the drink  
That we sing, boys, sing.

### YORKSHIRE SPEYS.

“He couldn't finn'd in his heart,” is a very common mode of expression.

“I am quite better,” is a positive comparative, when answering friends.

“I reckon not,” has nothing to do with “ready reckoners.”

“He has got his wage,” is never used but plurally.

“He's fearful poorly,” and a poor woman told me that her husband was a “fearful reader.”

“Fearful fine,” and “fearful grand,” are quite common.

“There's a vast o' folks,” means that there are a great many.

\* Also during Christmas-week, 1886.

“Think on, then,” is naked language, but what of “I will think on of it?

“To ware money,” is to spend it, and “brass” is money in Yorkshire; and it had once to endure the “trial of the pix.” It is a pure Saxon word.

When illness is likely to be fatal, they say “It will be too many for him.”

“Do” often turns up. “I can’t do with this man.” “This will do nothing.” “It is a good do.”

When a candidate for favour is unpopular, they are said “to shout him,” for “hoot him.”

If an unwilling assent is given, they say “I am like.” If a denial, “None so,” or “I will not do so, *you mind*.”

It is “good to see,” they say, when sometimes the very opposite is meant.

If a creditor gets only part of what is due, it is said “He has got part money.” If a man is getting on in the world, “He is worth part money.”

“It was all long of him.” This occurs in The Life and Death of Thomas Lord Cromwell. “Into decay indeed, ‘long of that wretch.’”

This is good Saxon. “He is carried on nicely,” spoken of a person who is getting better of a complaint.

“Nowt of the sort,” is a very resolute disclaimer.

A person, or neighbour, and even a prospect or landscape, is spoken of as “decent.” This reminds one of the remark, the *modesty of nature*.

“He did call him,” implies abuse.

“He’s rare an’ sick,” in a “rare taking,” in a “rare pain.” Is from the Saxon (raran) to roar. Roaring, the participle, is now used in “He’s doing a roaring trade.”

If a person needs assistance, his comrade promises to “give him a leg on.”

“To pay” a person is to beat him; this is probably from the Greek.

“I will take up the bill, if I nobbud get the money.” The French words *ne que* are similar. Chaucer says in his Wife of Bath,—For mine intent is *not but* to play.

“He is better of himself,” is said of a person under a chronic disease feeling more comfortable.

“He takes sturdy,” is said of a man who will not yield.

“He is sadly let down by his wife.”

“He frets himself over it,” or “He frets,” used as a neuter.

“To heir an estate,” is parlance as prevalent as it is intolerable.

“He has aged very much lately,” makes a person stare who is not used to it.

“They regularly sarve him,” is said of a person who receives alms.

“Come out of that,” is friendly advice when a person is in danger.

“He sets great store by him,” implies value.

“Nasty, or snasty,” is said of a person who is litigious.

“Happen it may,” is distinctive. [*Perhaps.*]

“Forth putting,” is energy of execution.

“I’ll come enow,” that is, soon.

“He’s a fool to him.” It is said when the superlative excellence of some one is pleaded.

“What is that man after?” *Æfter* in Saxon, gives the sense of *for* and *close* to a thing. Thus the original sense is retained.

“What do they call him?” For what is his name?

“You have had your *say*,” or “I will have my *say*, as how.” This is clearly an outrage both on the verb and the substantive.

“I am fair puzzled,” is somewhat conflicting.

“He is safe to be hung,” is an undesirable safety. But King John says the same of Peter of Pomfret.

“He is a sore one,” refers to wicked conduct.

“He’s gone to lead coals,” would appear that he had persuaded the minerals to follow him.

“None” is very potential. “I will go none.” “I will none pay his debts.” “It’s none o’ mine.”

“I shall stop while such a day.” But the dialect runs riot in *prepositions*. “I am richer nor you.” “This man is better nor that.” “Can you do anything at it.” “He reads to him of night.” “What by that?” “What do you think to such a thing, or man?” “He’s got killed.” “He is gone dead.” “He is off on the rant,” with which we will conclude for the present. Collated from “*NUGÆ LITERARÆ*: by the Rev. Richd. Winter Hamilton. Leeds: J. Y. Knight, 1841.”

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### YORKSHIRE CENTENARIANS.

RICHARD WRIGHTSON, of Sherburn, died July 7,	}	100
1846, aged		
MRS. TODD, of Richmond, Yorkshire, died in	}	108
1790. <i>Annual Register.</i>		
THOS. CLARK, of Brook, computed to bee 105 years	}	103
ould, Nov. 28, 1658. <i>Ecclesfield Register.</i>		
ALICE BREARLEY, of Potterhill, Oct. 30, 1842, Aged	}	103
<i>Ecclesfield Register.</i>		
1765. A Labouring Man and his Wife living in Pontefract,		
he 108, she 105. <i>Annual Register, 1765.</i>		
1792. Death of MRS. MAWHOOD, or MAUD, Aged		100
<i>Annual Register.</i>		
1764. Death of GEO. KIRTON, of Oxnup Hall, near Leyburn,		
aged 124. He followed the hounds until the age of 80;		

went in a chair to the unkennelling of the hounds until 100, and made very free with the bottle until 110.

*Annual Register.*

In Whitby Parish Church Yard, near the top of the steps, is a stone bearing the following:—

To the  
Memory of  
ESTHER LING, who died  
Nov. the 2nd, 1770,  
Aged 109 years.

The longest liver to Death's power must yield;  
Nor ought below can from that Tyrant shield.

[Copied, April 11th, 1887.]

HANNAH, Widow of Joseph Wilkinson, of Idle Workhouse, aged 108, buried at Calverley Church in 1790.

RICHARD FARRER, of Bolton, near Bradford, a native of Idel, aged 100, buried at Calverley Church in 1657.

ELIZABETH, Widow of Daniel Farrer, of Owlcoates, aged 105, buried at Calverley Church in 1779.

OLD DAME LOBLEY, of Pudsey, aged 99, buried at Calverley Church in 1672.

AGNES BROADLEY, of Bagley, aged 106, buried at Calverley Church, May 10, 1718.

ELIZABETH CROMACK, of Idle, aged 99, buried at Calverley Church in 1827. Her grandson 'long Benjamin,' required a coffin seven feet eleven inches long.

1782. VALENTINE CATEBY, aged 116, of Preston, near Hull. He went to sea in his eighteenth year, and continued a sailor for about 36 years; he afterwards became a farmer, which calling he also followed 36 years. His diet, especially for the last twenty years of his life, was milk and biscuit. His intellect was perfect and composed up to the close of his life.

ROBERT OGLEBY, commonly known by the name of the "Old Tinker," was born at Ripon on the 16th of November, 1654, as appears by the register, and, to corroborate which, his own account of himself is that he was put apprentice in 1668, to one Sellers, a brazier, at York, when he was fourteen years of age; that he served seven years in that capacity, and two years more as journeyman. He then began business for himself at Ripon, which he carried on five years, and failed. After which he went to Hull, and wrought journey work there four years, when he entered King James's service; was sent with the regiment to Ireland, where he changed his master, and was among those who fought under King William at the battle of Boyne in 1690, where he saw the Duke of Schomberg fall. He served about twenty-three years longer in the army in different places,

and was discharged after the peace of Utrecht, but having neither wounds nor infirmities to plead for him, he got no pension, so he resumed his old trade, or rather took up the new one of travelling brazier, which he continued till within four years of his death; and at the amazing age of 110 would carry his budget twenty miles on a winter's day, and do his business with as much alacrity as any other man at fifty. (?) But he soon after grew infirm, and was obliged to give up the itinerant trade he had carried on for above fifty years, and take to begging. He died at Leeds in 1768, after having completed the 114th year of his age.

FANNIE CAVILL, of The Grange, Setterington, formerly of Hessle, died early in 1887, in her 102nd year.

1616. Died JOHN GRAVES, gent., of Yorkshire, aged 103, of whom there is an engraving by Vertue.  
(Nash's Worcestershire.)

James' Bradford records the following list, and as he justly remarks, if ages had been entered before 1813, the list would have been much longer:

- “ 1793, Ellen Lobleby, Bradford, 109 years.
- 1805, John Fawthrop, Silsbridge Lane, 100.
- 1811, Major Pearson, Bradford, 104.  
(Major was not uncommon as a Christian name.)
- 1817, Anthony Wrigglesworth, White Abbey, clothier, 100.
- 1821, Betty Moor, Allerton, 100.
- 1840, Margaret Walker, widow, Little Horton Lane, 99 yrs.  
11 months.
- 1841, Mercy Drake was living in Pit Lane, Bradford, aged 101 years.
- 1854, March 5th, died Margaret Baxter, widow, George Street, Bradford, aged 99.
- 1849, Sept. 6, died Ruth Wooler, widow, White Abbey, Bradford, aged 99.
- 1861, Feb. 22, died Nancy Barning, of Banner Street, Bradford, aged 99.
- 1859, June 17, died Michael Craigton, of Horton, Bradford, aged 95, had children under 12 years of age when he died.
- 1847, May 6, died Elizabeth Myers, widow, of Low Moor, aged 101.
- 1849, Aug. 11, died Grace Wilkinson, widow, Denholme, aged 99.
- 1855, Oct. 15, died Susannah Stow, widow, of Denholme Clough, aged 99.
- 1849, Feb. 4, died James Atkinson, weaver, of Shipley Moor-head, aged 100.”

1742. JOHN PHILLIPS, aged 117, of Thorner, near Leeds. He was born at Carleton, near Stokesley, on the patrimonial property of the family, in the year 1625, the first year of the reign of Charles I. He thus saw 24 years under Charles I., 10 Commonwealth, 26 Charles II., 3 James II., 14 William and Mary, 12 Anne, 13 George I., 15 George II., making 117. His Bible and Copy of the Will are in the possession of John H. Phillips, Esq., of Scarborough, to whom we are under obligations for a beautiful portrait of the Yorkshire Worthy, which we hope to have copied for our readers. He was a bachelor, the brother of Mr. Phillips' great-great-grandfather. The Centenarian was a gentleman of considerable position in his day, and owned lands at Thorner, which passed from the family by the delinquencies of an unprincipled lawyer. The stirring events at Edgehill and Naseby lived in his memory, and he was in London at the time of the beheading of Charles I. Mr. Phillips was a great favourite with Cromwell, whose insubordinate soldiery he had placed in the stocks, for which the Protector praised him. He remembered Old St. Paul's which perished in the great conflagration. He was present at the laying of the foundation stone of Greenwich Hospital, and suffered loss from the South Sea Bubble. He joined in the rejoicings at Thorner when the Seven Bishops were liberated. He loved to converse, when past his hundredth year, on the great events that had happened during his life. He enjoyed uninterrupted good health through life, was moderate in eating and drinking, and at the time of his death had a summons to attend the Grand Jury at York Assizes, and had a new suit of clothes made for the occasion. His teeth were fairly sound, and his sight good, and he was able to walk till within a few days of his death. A full-length portrait (six feet,) of him is in the picture gallery at Temple Newsam, painted by Mercier in his best style, which was afterwards engraven, from which the photograph is taken. He was greatly esteemed by his neighbours, and his society was much sought after. There is a short memoir of him in *Biographia Curiosa*, and we shall be pleased to be favoured with a copy of it, if any of our readers have access to that book.

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WOMAN'S WILL IN OLDEN TIMES.—The following picture to the life is from Deloney's *Thomas of Reading*, a Romance of 1600, in which Hodgekins, the Halifax clothier, and the Gibbet Law figure prominently.

One of the great clothiers' wives said to her acquaintances,--“I will haue my Husband to buy me a London Gowne, or in faith he shall haue little quiet. So said they all. She daily lay at him for London apparell, to whom he said, Good Woman, be content, let us goe according to our Place and Ability: what

will all the Bailiffes thinke, if I should prancke thee up like a Peacocke, and thou in thy Attire surpassee their Wiues. Beside that, it is enough to raise me vp in the Kings Booke (taxes,) for many times Mens Coffers are iudged by their Garments: why, we are Country Folks, and must keepe our selues in good Compasse: gray Russet, and good Hempe-spun Cloth doth best become vs; I tell thee, Wife, it were as vndecent for vs to goe like Londoners as it is for Londoners to goe like Courtiers. What a Coyle keepe you? quoth she, are not we Gods Creatures as well as Londoners? and the Kings Subjects, as well as they? then, finding our Wealth to be as good as theirs, why should we not goe as gay as Londoners? No, Husband, no, here is the Fault, wee are kept without it, onely because our Husbands be not so kind as Londoners: why, Man, a Cobler there keeps his Wife better then the best Clothier in this Countrey: nay, I will affirm it, that the London Oyster-wiues, and the very Kitchen-stuffe Cryers, doe exceed vs in their Sundaies Attire: nay, more then that, I did see the Water-bearers Wife, which belongs to One of our Merchants, come in with a Tankerd of Water on her Shoulder, and yet Half a Dozen Gold Rings on her Fingers.

But, Wife, you must consider what London is, the chiefe and capitall City of all the Land, a Place on the which all Strangers cast their Eyes, it is (Wife) the Kings Chamber and His Maiesties royll Seate: to that City repaires all Nations under Heaven. Therefore it is most meete and conuenient that the Citizens of such a City should not goe in their Apparrell like Peasants, but for the Credit of our Country, weare such seemely Habits as doe carry Grauity and Comelinesse in the Eyes of all Beholders. But if wee of the Country went so (quoth she) were it not as great Credit for the Land as the other? Woman, qd. her Husband, it is altogether needlesse, and in diuers Respects it may not be. Why then, I pray you, quoth she, let us goe dwell at London. A Word soone spoken, said her Husband, but not so easie to be performed: therefore, Wife, I pray thee hold thy Prating, for thy Talke is foolish: Yea, yea, Husband, your old churlish Conditions will neuer be left, you keepe me here like a Drudge and a Droile, and so you may keepe your Money in your Purse, you care not for your Credit, but before I will goe so like a Shepheardesse, I will first goe naked: and I tell you plaine, I scorne it greatly that you should clap a gray Gowne on my Backe, as if I had not brought you Two-pence: before I was married, you swore I should haue any Thing that I requested, but now all is forgotten. And in saying this, she went in, and soone after she was so sicke, that needes she must goe to Bed: and when she was laid, she draue out that Night with many grieuous Groanes, Sighing and Sobbing, and no Rest she could take God wot. And in the Morning when she should rise, the good Soule fell downe in a Swowne, which put

her Maidens in a great Fright, who running downe to their Master, cryed out, Alas, alas, our Dame is dead! our Dame is dead! The Good-man hearing this ran vp in all Hast, and there fell to rubbing and chafing of her Temples, sending for *aqua vita*, and saying, Ah, my Sweet-heart, speake to me, Good-wife, alacke, alacke! call in the Neighbours, you Queanes, quoth he. With that she lift vp her Head, fetching a great Groane, and presently swouned againe, and much adoe ywis, he had to keepe Life in her: but when she was come to her selfe, How dost thou, Wife? qd. he. What wilt thou haue? for Gods sake tell me if thou hast a Mind to any Thing, thou shalt haue it. Away, Dissembler! (qd. she) how can I beleue thee? thou hast said to me as much a hundred Times, and deceiued me; it is thy Churlishnesse that hath killed my Heart, neuer was Woman matcht to so unkind a Man. Nay, Good-wife, blame me not without Cause: God knoweth how heartily I loue thee. Loue me? no, no, thou didst neuer carry my Loue but on the Tip of thy Tongue, quoth she; I dare sweare thou desirest Nothing so much as my Death, and for my Part, I would to God thou hadst thy Desire: but be content, I shall not trouble thee long: and with that fetching a Sigh, she swouned and gaue a great Groane. The Man seeing her in this Case, was woundrous woe: but so soone as they had recouered her, he said, O my deare Wife, if any bad Conceit hath engendered this Sickenesse, let me know it; or if thou knowst any Thing that may procure thy Health, let me vnderstand thereof, and I protest thou shalt haue it, if it cost me all that ever I haue. O Husband, quoth she, how may I credit your Words, when for a paltry Sute of Apparrell you denyed me? Well, Wife, quoth he, thou shalt haue Apparrell or any Thing else thou wilt request, if God send thee once Health. O Husband, if I may find you so kind, I shall think my selfe the happiest Woman in the World, thy Words haue greatly comforted my Heart, mee thinketh if I had it, I could drink a good Draught of Renish Wine. Well, Wine was sent for: O Lord, said she, that I had a Piece of a Chicken, I feele my Stomacke desirous of some Meate. Glad am I of that, said her Husband; and so the Woman within a few Dayes after that was very well. But you shall vnderstand, that her Husband was faine to dresse her London-like, ere he could get her quiet, neither would it please her except the Stiffe was bought *in Cheapside*: for *out of* Cheapside nothing would content her, were it neuer so good: insomuch, that if she thought a Taylor of Cheapside made not her Gowne, she would sweare it were quite spoiled. And hauing thus wonne her Husband to her Will, when the Rest of the Clothiers Wiues heard thereof, they would be suted in the ike sort too."

WIFE SALES.—The following are additional notices, see page 47:

*Annual Register*, February 14, 1806:—"A man named John Gorsthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market, at Hull, about one o'clock; but, owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had gathered together, he was obliged to defer the sale, and take her away. About four o'clock, however, he again brought her out, and she was sold for 20 guineas, and delivered, in a halter, to a person named Houseman, who had lodged with them four or five years."

*Morning Post*, October 10, 1807:—"One of those disgraceful scenes, which have, of late, become too common, took place on Friday se'night at Knaresborough. Owing to some jealousy, or other family difference, a man brought his wife, equipped in the usual style, and sold her at the market cross for 6d. and a quid of tobacco!"

In the *Doncaster Gazette* of March 25, 1803, a sale is thus described:—"A fellow sold his wife, as a cow, in Sheffield market place a few days ago. The lady was put into the hands of a butcher, who held her by a halter fastened round her waist! 'What do you ask for your cow?' said a bystander. 'A guinea,' replied the husband.

"'Done!' cried the other, and immediately led away his bargain. We understand that the purchaser and his 'cow' live very happily together.

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LOCAL PREACHERS.—SAMMY SENIOR.—Mr. Roger Storrs says "Old Sammy Senior" the well-known Heckmondwike local preacher never made an allusion to Noah but as "Mr. Noah." I have never heard that stated before, but I have heard a good many queer anecdotes about this worthy, and I have no doubt your readers will be able to supply many more. Sammy was a good sample of an almost extinct race. Possibly such parsons would not be tolerated in this age of superfineness, but with all their oddities and eccentricities they were men who did much good, if they did it in a primitive and rather rough fashion, and in the days before school boards were thought of they took the attention of the uneducated where polished men failed utterly. Sammy ever endeavoured to make the Scriptures very clear, as when he explained in a sermon on Jacob's ladder that a ladder was a "stee," and it certainly was not his fault if his hearers did not understand. It is said when preaching on Elijah and the prophets of Baal, he referred to the exclamation of Elijah, "Cry aloud, he is a God, &c.," "Nah this ye naw was ironical," he added. Then suddenly remembering that he was using a word some of his audience might not understand he hastened to say "But happen some of you don't know what ironical means;

let me see if I can make it plain to you. Some of you women when you send your bairns for a pound of treacle will say 'Nah mind an' breyk t'pot.' What you mean is 'at it isn't to breyk it. Nah that's ironical.' This may seem to some a rather quaint explanation, but I question if some learned man had attempted to bring it home to the understandings of Sammy's unlettered audience if he would have succeeded half as well. Sammy's explanation of the meaning of "gross darkness," however, caps all I ever heard or read. "Let us see," Sammy is reported to have said, "if I can explain to you what this 'gross darkness' means. Well, you know a gross is a hundred and forty four, so that this darkness was a hundred and forty four times darker than the common sort!" Perhaps some others of your readers may be able to tell us something respecting Sammy Senior. I never heard him myself but once, and I thought he was the oddest and most eccentric parson I ever saw. Nevertheless Sammy has a good record. He was a shining light in his day.

BOOKWORM.

EASTER EGGS.—In the North of England, Yorkshire, and many other parts, a singular custom prevails in regard to these eggs. On Easter Monday and Tuesday, the people assemble in the meadows, everybody provided with plenty of hard-boiled, coloured Easter eggs. These they play with by tumbling them about on the grass—but if one, or more, should happen to get broken in the sport, it must be instantly eaten by the breaker, possibly as a punishment for his, or her, apparent clumsiness. These eggs are generally known by the name of *pace*, i.e. *pasche*, or *pax*, meaning Easter, but why the *Raper*\* Dancers' Drama is named the *Peace Egg*, I cannot state. At Whitby and throughout Cleveland, on Easter Monday, (April 11th, 1887), the children had these eggs, with shells dyed in the brightest colours, whilst the confectioners exposed artificial eggs, of choicest workmanship, for sale to those with a 'sweet tooth' who preferred sugar to real eggs.

CURIOS TRADITION.—A tradition has been handed down at Soothill, near Dewsbury, to the effect that the master of an iron-foundry a long time back, in a fit of passion, threw a boy into one of his furnaces. In our time if such a deed had been committed the perpetrator would probably have soon made the acquaintance of the hangman. The Soothill tradition, however, says that the sentence upon the passionate ironfounder was that he should raise the church a yard all round, and provide a bell for the steeple. The old church, says a writer in 1820, bore the marks of this addition. Can any reader furnish further particulars respecting this strange story? LEYBURN.

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\* *Rapier* or *Sword* Dancers.

### Rhymes on Yorkshire Place Names.

The following doggerel verses, taken from a rhyming geography, written by the Rev. Alex. Mackay, LL.D., may be worth preserving. The lines may serve to call to mind some more ancient bits of topographical rhyme—many such verses have been handed down from remote times—which might be worth recording :

Next, Yorkshire comes, our largest shire,

Between the Tees and Humber,  
For mines and manufactures fam'd  
And Ridings three in number.

The West is noted for broadcloth,  
For silk and cotton mills ;  
The North a grazing country is ;  
The East a land of hills.

The capital is York, on Ouse,  
A great archbishop's see,  
And famous for its Minster grand :  
Here meet the Ridings three.

For races Doncaster is known,  
At Sheffield knives are made ;  
Leeds, Halifax, and Bradford too,  
Are fam'd for woollen trade ;  
With Hull and Whitby, seaport towns,—  
The first of greater name,—  
And Scarboro' and Harrogate  
Of mineral water fame.

SEMPRONIUS.

**HAVERAH PARK.**—When John of Gaunt was lord of the forest of Knaresborough, a cripple, borne on crutches, of the name of Haverah, petitioned the kind-hearted Prince to give him a piece of land, from which he might contrive to obtain a subsistence, who at once granted his request in the following charter-like terms—

I, John o'Gaunt,  
Do give and do grant  
To thee Haverah,  
As much of my ground  
As thou canst hop round  
On a long summer day.

The stout-hearted cripple selected the longest day in the year (St. Barnabas) for his exploit, commencing with sunrise, and keeping hopping all day until evening, when just as the sun was setting he had completed the circuit of the park within such a short distance, that he threw his crutches over the intervening space, to the point where he had started, and by so doing gained the land which ever since has borne his name. [?]

Here is another verse relating to a place called Bacup, south east of Cleckheaton, which must have had its origin in the trade carried on by the parties named :—

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,  
Lived in a house aboon Bacup ;  
Abraham [wan] carded, and Isaac span,  
And Jacob fetched oil in an old tin can.

Bonny lass, bonny lass, bonny art thou,  
I wouldn't part with my lass for a fat cow,  
Nor for a fat bull,  
Nor all the ships on the sea sailing to Hull.

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If York and fair London were mine, little Nanny my heiress  
should be,  
To York and fair London and fair Coventry,  
With a castle by the Calder side and fair Dewsbury.

One which has come down to us through the hardy Saxon, from the time of the invasion of England by the so-called William the Conqueror, is as follows :—

William de Conigsby  
Came out of Brittany,  
With his wife Tiffany,  
And his maid Manfras,  
And his dogge Hardigrasse :  
I wish they were back again.

Hartshead near Dewsbury, has three unmelodious bells :

Hartchit cum Clifton,  
Two cracked bells an' a snipt un.

“ There was an old woman at Baildon,  
Whose door had a horse-shoe nail'd on,  
Because one night  
They'd such a fright

With a boggart that was a horned and a tail'd 'un.”

This rhyme was noted at Baildon, near Bradford. It is common to nail a horse-shoe behind the door, so that the inmates may not be bewitched. Respecting this subject, we may add one or two folk lore notes :—There is a great belief in the anti-witching propensity of mountain ash, or, as it is more commonly called, “ wicken ” or “ wiggen-tree,” or “ sip-sap.” If a person be ill, it is placed over his bed to scare away the witches, and the superstitious farmer will often place a small quantity over the heads of his cattle. The weaver would place it over her loom to prevent her web or chain suffering from the witches' influence.

H.

The following is a well-known Cleveland couplet :—

“ When Roseberry Topping wears a cappe,  
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap.”

Roseberry Topping is a lofty conical-shaped hill, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The “clap” alluded to is, in plain language, a thunderstorm. This old proverb is noticed by Camden two hundred years ago. He observes that “When its top begins to be darkened with clouds, rain generally follows;” hence the ancient distich.

Paul is a small place a few miles from Hull. The church is situated on a commanding eminence, and standing by itself, nearly a quarter of a mile from the village, gave rise to the following :—

“ High Paul and low, and Paul Holme,  
There never was a fair maid married at Paul town.”

In the “Popular Rhymes of Scotland” (published 1870) it is recorded, “A native of Edinburgh, who in 1825 was seventy-two years of age, stated that when he was a boy the following prophetic rhyme, ascribed to True Thomas, was in vogue :—

“ York was, London is, and Edinburgh will be  
The biggest o’ tae three.”

In his early day, Edinburgh consisted only of what is now called the Old Town; and the New Town though projected, was not then expected to ever reach the extent and splendour which it has now attained. It is to be remarked, however, that there is a similar rhyme popular in England. Stukely, in his “Itinerarium Curiosum,” after expatiating upon the original size and population of Lincoln, quotes as an old adage :—

“ Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be  
The fairest city of the three.”

As to True Thomas, we are told “the common people throughout the whole of Scotland look with such veneration to a seer of old times, whom they variously designate ‘True Thomas,’ and ‘Thomas the Rhymer.’” They preserve a great number of prophetic sayings of this person, chiefly expressed in rhyme; and invariable tradition at Earltown represents as the prophet True Thomas. If such be the case, he must have deceased at the same period, not long prior to 1299. The people of Earltown further represent his real name as Thomas Learmont. They point to a ruined tower near the village, which they say was his property and residence, and to a spot in the parish churchyard with which his connection is denoted by an inscription on the church wall :—

“ Auld Rhymer’s race  
Lies in this place.”

From a well-constructed paper read to the Folk-lore Society I extract the following, believing that they will interest many of your readers:—*Yorkshire generally*.—“Looks as vild (worthless) as a pair of Yorkshire sleeves in a goldsmith’s shop.”—*Notes and Queries*, vii., 234.

“A Dent for a Galloway (This word should not, I think, be written with a capital; galloway—pony or hackney) a Hind for an Ass.”—*Ibid.*

*Barnsley*.—“The town, from its exposed situation, was formerly known as ‘Bleak Barnsley,’ an epithet now changed to ‘Black Barnsley,’ from its smoke-stained houses and narrow dirty streets.—*Murray’s Handbook for Yorkshire*, p. 505.

*Barnsley*.—The people are called “Barnsley Folks.”—*T. Bairnsla Foak’s Annual* is a well-known contribution to literature.

*Beverley*.—“On the 29th April, 1520, part of the church of St. Mary’s, Beverley, fell, and fifty-five persons were killed. Sir Richard Rokeby, knight, and Dame Jane, his wife, gave 200*l* towards its reparation, for which they were to be specially prayed for. Ralph Rokeby says:—‘I have heard that a bear-baiting and a mass being both at one time in Beverley, there was near a thousand people at the bear-baiting, and only five-and-fifty at mass, who were all slain, and ever since, they say there *It is better to be at the baiting of a bear than the singing of a mass.*’”—*W. H. Longstaffe’s Richmondshire*, pp. 125-6.

*Bowes*.—

“When Julius Cæsar was a king,  
Bowes Castle was a famous thing.”

*Murray’s Handbook*, p. 368; *Richmondshire*, p. 139.

*Cotherston*.—“On the south side of the road near Doe Park (Leger Hall) stands the pedestal or socket of a cross on which, as on many similar remains, coffins were rested. It is in addition reported that here it was where they christened calves. Some hot-headed fanatics of the seventeenth century did perform such a profane rite in contempt of baptism, and Cotherston is pointed out as one locale of its enactment, ‘Cotherston, where they christen calves, hopple lops, and kneeband spiders.’”—*Richmondshire*, p. 138.

*Doncaster*.—“The profits of the town mills near the bridge over the Don were anciently assigned for the special expenses of the Mayor, hence the old saying:—

‘The Doncaster mayor he sits in his chair,  
His mills they merrily go,  
His nose doth shine with drinking wine,  
And the gout is in his great toe.’”

*Murray’s Handbook*, p. 8.

*Gilling* (near Richmond).—“Gilling is commemorated in a weather rhyme:—

‘ When Gilling brews,  
Durham rues.’ ”

*Richmondshire*, p. 120.

*Gormire*,—

“ When Gormire riggs shall be covered with hay,  
The white mare of Whitestone Cliffe shall bear it away.”

*Ibid.*, p. 240.

This white mare was a beast more or less mythical, which sprang over a cliff with a young lady rider, whose body was never found.

*Kirby*.—“ Kirby parsoned.—‘ In several rural places about York it is the custom to speak of bottles with cavities at the bottom as being Kirby parsoned. The popular explanation is that this Kirby parson was “a hollow-bottomed fellow,” but the phrase will admit of a kindlier construction. With the parish, which must hold some tradition of a remarkable character, we have no acquaintance.’ The above was a communication to *Notes and Queries* some years ago. The writer has since heard several other versions of the story, and attempted explanations of the above phrase in connection with a village in the North Riding, but none of them are worth repeating.”—*Glossary of Words pertaining to the Dialect of Mid-Yorkshire*.—(E.D.S.) By C. Clough Robinson.

*Lartington*.—The enumeration of some local sayings about Barnard Castle (co. Durham) and its people ends with “Lartington’s frogs and Barney Castle’s butcher dogs” point (*sic*) to something like cowardly conduct in triumphing over the weak.

—*Ibid.*, p. 133.

*Leeds*.—I have been told that “Leeds Loiners,” *i.e.*, Laners, “dwellers in lanes,” is the style and title of its inhabitants amongst outsiders.

*Skipton*.—“ The old rhyme hardly now applies :—

‘ O Skipton in Craven  
'Tis never a haven,  
But many a day foul weather.’ ”

*Murray's Handbook*, p. 410.

*Towton*.—“ The Lancastrian Lord Dacre was shot, says tradition, in a field called the ‘ Nor (north) Acres,’ by a boy out of a ‘ bur-tree’ (elder tree). Hence the local rhyme :—

‘ The Lord of Dacres  
Was slain at the North Acres.’ ”

—*Ibid.*, p. 518; Halliwell’s *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 200.

*Wakefield*.—“ Wakefield chap,” is I believe, the usual epithet for its people.

*York*.—“ The Mayor is a lord for a year and a day,  
But his wife is a lady for ever and aye.”

*Notes and Queries*, second series, viii. 396.

Verstegan says, "The name or title of Lady, our honourable appellation generally for all principal women, extended so farre as that it not only mounteth up from the wife of the Knight to the wife of a King, but remaineth to some whose husbands are no Knights, such as having been Lord Mayors are afterwards only called masters, as, namely, the Aldermen of York."—*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, p. 317. This is no longer "The use of York."

*York and Sutton*.—A proverbial simile, "As much as York excels foul Sutton."—Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 191.

There is a variant in the prediction:—

"Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be  
The fairest city of the three."

(quoted) *Folk-lore Record*, i., 160, which says, "the greatest city." Murray's *Handbook*, p. 23.

*Yorkshireman*.—"A Yorkshireman will bite after he is dead." Heard by Mr. Edward Hailstone, F.S.A., September, 1879.

**HORNSEA CHURCH**.—Its low square tower once bore a tall spire, on which, it is said, the builder had cut the inscription:

"Hornsea steeple, when I built thee,  
Thou wast ten miles off Burlington,  
Ten miles off Beverley,  
And ten miles off sea."

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### Robin Hood in Yorkshire.

Watson, the Halifax Historian, a century ago, stated that all unaccountable stones and events were placed to the credit of Robin Hood in the North, where King Arthur would get the credit in the South of England. So it is that Robin Hood's arrows, undressed stone pillars, are found in several places in Yorkshire. The Devil, however, is a strong claimant with bold Robin for the authorship of these freaks. Mr. Hunter, no mean authority, gives Robin Hood a decided personal, not a mythical existence; and we are disposed to regard him as our personal friend Robin o' th' wood, leaving the works of Ritson, Gutch (1847, 2 vols.), Halliwell (Archaeol. Assoc. Journal, vol. 8), Hunter's pamphlet, Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, (14th century), Mr. Wright, and others, for later consideration. We purpose to visit Robin Hood's Well in Barnsdale, Fountain's Abbey, Robin Hood's Bay, and other Yorkshire haunts in the hero's company, and to see him peacefully and actually laid in the sylvan retreats of Kirklees, near Brighouse. I have just returned from the picturesque fishing village at Robin Hood's Bay, and heard the story of the two upright stones at Hawske which marked the spots where the arrows of Robin Hood and Little John fell, when to please the

monks of Whitby, they shot from the old Church tower on the East Cliff. I have spent a day at Danby this Easter, where Robin Hood's Butts (tumuli) are shown, and three houses on Danby Moor are also so named. He must have trod the very ground, or people were foolish to start such tales.

Here begins the story of "Robin Hood turned Fisherman":—

In summer time, when the leaves were green, and the flowers sweet and gay, when the lily appeared with the primrose and cowslip-buds, Robin Hood grew weary of the forest and woods, and left off to chase the fat deer.

"I will hasten to Scarborough now," said he, "and become a fisherman, for a fisherman's trade is good, and their harvest is in the sea."

And when Robin came to Scarborough, he took up his inn at a widow's house, not far from the wide ocean.

"Tell me, my bold young fellow," said the widow, "where thou wast born, and what is thy means of support."

"I am a poor fisherman," he replied, "and want to be employed."

"Then what is thy name," asked she.

"In mine own country," said Robin, "I am called Simon Wise."

"Simon Wise, Simon Wise," said the good dame, "I am afraid thou hast got an unfit name, that may make thee the jest of thy fellows; however Simon, if thou wilt serve me, I will give thee good wages, for I have as good a ship of my own as any that sails in the sea."

So Robin consented to serve this good widow, and went by the name of poor Simon. After a time the ship went to sea, and they sailed along for several days in hopes to take plenty of fish, but when others cast their baited hooks into the sea, Simon only cast in his bare lines.

"It will be a long while," said the master, "ere this lubber will learn to thrive upon the sea. Let him do as he will, he shall have none of our fish, for in truth he is worthy of none."

"What a hard fate is mine," said poor Simon, "since I set up for a fisherman before I had learnt my trade; now every clownish fisherman laughs me to scorn, but if I had them in Sherwood groves, and was chasing the fat fallow deer, I would set as little by them as they do now by me."

Away they sailed, and steered their course towards home, but the next day they espied a French ship of war, that sailed vigorously after them.

"O we are now lost," said the master, "unhappy the day that I was born, for our ship and our cargo will be taken from us, and these Frenchmen will carry us to the coast of France, and lay us fast in prison."

But Simon said, "Fear them not, master, only give me my bow in my hand, and never a Frenchman shall live to board us."

"Hold thy peace, thou great lubber," said the master, "for thou art nothing but brags and boasts, and if I should throw thee into the sea, there would only be a piece of lumber lost."

Simon was grievously vexed at these words, and taking his bow, he went towards the ship's hatch.

"Master, tie me to the mast," cried he, "and let me stand fair at the mark, then give me my bow in my hand, and if I spare a single Frenchman may they shoot their arrows through my breast."

Then Simon drew his arrow to the head, and shot with such boldness and skill, that, in the twinkling of an eye, he pierced the first Frenchman's heart.

He took such good aim, and shot so hastily that not a Frenchman could be seen, for they all fell down dead through the hatches below.

"Now, master, untie me from the mast," cried he, "that I may go and board the French ship."

And when they came thither, they found all their enemies slain, and discovered on board, twelve thousand pounds in glittering gold.

Then said Simon, "One half of the ship I will give to our good mistress and her three little children, and the other half I will divide among you, who are my comrades, to make you think well of poor Simon."

"Not so," said the master, "for that would be a shame, if we should receive that which you have won so gallantly; 'tis all your own right, and you shall have the whole."

"If so," answered Simon, "with this glittering gold I will buy an habitation for the oppressed, where they may live in peace and rest."

Poor simple Simon though despis'd,  
Soon made his skill and valour pris'd,  
And prov'd bold Robin Hood;  
The Frenchman's gold when he possess'd,  
He rais'd a dwelling for th' oppress'd,  
And made his promise good.

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THE NOBLE FISHERMAN, OR ROBIN HOOD'S PREFERMENT.

BLACK LETTER COPIES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, &c.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,  
When they doe grow both green and long,—  
Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,  
It is of him I sing this song.

When the lily leafe, and the elephant,\*  
 Doth bud and spring with a merry cheere,  
 This outlaw was weary of the wood side,  
 And chasing of the fallow deere.

The fishermen brave, more mony have  
 Than any merchants two or three ;  
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,  
 That I a fisherman brave may be.

This outlaw called his merry men all,  
 As they sat them under the green-wood tree :  
 If any of you have gold to spend,  
 I pray you heartily spend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,  
 It seems to be a very faire day.

He took up his inn at a widdow woman's house,  
 Hard by upon the water gray,

Who asked of him, where wert thou born ?  
 Or tell to me where dost thou fare ?  
 I am a poor fisherman, said he then,  
 This day entrapped all in care.

What is thy name, thou fine fellow,  
 I pray thee heartily tell it to mee ?  
 In my own country, where I was born,  
 Men call me Simon over the Lee.

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,  
 I wish thou mayest well brook thy name.  
 The out-law was aware of her courtesie,  
 And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man ?  
 And good round wages Ile give thee ;  
 I have as good a ship of my own,  
 As any sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,  
 Masts and ropes that are so long.  
 And if you thus do furnish me,  
 Said Simon nothing shall goe wrong.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
 More of a day then two or three :†  
 When others cast in their baited hooks,  
 The bare lines into the sea cast he.

\* ele-plant.

† *Then* is still the common pronunciation of *than*. The reference to Plompton Park, near Knaresborough, the verb "ligge," &c., indicate a Yorkshire author for this ballad.—Ed.

It will be long, said the master then,  
 Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;  
 I'll assure you he shall have no part of our fish,  
 For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me ! said Simon then,  
 This day that ever I came here !  
 I wish I were in Plompton park,  
 In chasing of the fallow deere.

For every clown laughs me to scorne,  
 And they by me set nought at all ;  
 If I had them in Plompton park,  
 I would set as little by them all.

They plukt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
 More of a day then two or three,  
 But Simon spied a ship of warre,  
 That sayled towards them most valorously.

O woe is me ! said the master then,  
 This day that ever I was born !  
 For all our fish we have got to-day,  
 Is every bit lost and forlorn.

For your French robbers on the sea,  
 They will not spare of us one man,  
 But carry us to the coast of France,  
 And ligge [lay] us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, doe not feare them,  
 Neither, master, take you no care :  
 Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Hold thy peace, thou long\* lubber,  
 For thou art nought but brag and boast ;  
 If I should cast thee over-board,  
 There's but a simple lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,  
 And so angry then was he,  
 That he took his bent bow in his hand,  
 And in the ship hatch goe doth he.

Master, tye me to the mast, saith he,  
 That at my mark I may stand fair,  
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the very head,  
 And drew it with all might and maine,  
 And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 To the Frenchman's heart the arrow's gane.

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\* ? land.

The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,  
 And under the hatches 'there' below;  
 Another Frenchman, that him espied,  
 The dead corpse into the sea doth throw.

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,  
 And for them all take you no care;  
 For give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then straight they boarded the French ship,  
 They lyeing all dead in their sight;  
 They found within that ship of war,  
 Twelve thousand pound of mony bright.

The one halfe of the ship, said Simon then,  
 I'll give to my dame and her children small;  
 The other halfe of the ship I'll bestow  
 On you that are my fellows all.

But now bespake the master then,  
 For so, Simon, it shall not be,  
 For you have won it with your own hand,  
 And the owner of it you shall be.

It shall be so as I have said,  
 And, with this gold, for the opprest  
 An habitation I will build,  
 Where they shall live in peace and rest.

### The Fisher Lad of Whithy.

My lover was a fisher lad, and when he came ashore  
 He always steer'd straight home to me, to greet me at the door,  
 For well he knew that I loved him, as any one could see,  
 And few can judge how fain was I, when he came courting me.

It was a lovely, genial morn, in th' early part of May,  
 He took me in his little boat to sail upon the bay;  
 He told me of his ardent love, as he sat by my side,  
 And said that ere a month had flown, he'd take me for his bride.

A Man-of-War that afternoon swooped down upon the bay,  
 The cruel Press-gang came and took my fisher lad away;  
 Strong chains upon his hands they placed, and irons on his feet,  
 They carried him abroad that day to fight among the fleet.

My father often talks about the perils of the Main,  
 My mother often says she hopes he will come back again,  
 Alas! I know he never will, for in my dreams I see  
 His body lying low beneath the surging of the sea.

I watch the ships come sailing in, I watch them sail away,  
 I hear the sailors' merry songs resound across the bay;  
 For me; my heart is breaking, and I only wish to be  
 A-lying with my lover low, deep down in yonder sea.

When all the house is dark and still, and every one asleep,  
 I sit for hours upon my bed and bitterly I weep,  
 And think of my dear fisher lad, away down in the sea,  
 Who never, never, never more, will come again to me.

Shipley, April 12th, 1887.

H.

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### On some of our English Nursery Rhymes:

Their origin and meaning. A paper read before the Leeds & District Teachers' Association, by Alfonzo Gardiner, Head Master of the Little Holbeck Board Schools, Leeds, October 23rd, 1886.

"I am afraid the magnitude of this subject has almost overwhelmed me. To take only a very small number of our popular nursery rhymes and trace their origin and meaning, entering fully into the circumstances which brought them into being, and which have caused them to be passed on from father to son, with scarcely the variation of a word, and with no variation in meaning, through hundreds of years, in many cases, would be the task of a life-time.

The study of these popular sayings is but a sub-section of that immense department of antiquities or archaeology called *folk-lore*—a word invented by the late Mr. Thoms—which is used to designate all that which relates to ancient observances and customs, and to those ideas, prejudices, superstitions, legends and sayings, which are the common property of English people—especially among the lower orders, but to a less extent, and in varying degrees, permeating all society. In illustrating particular periods of history, folk-lore is sometimes a most valuable adjunct. Many of our nursery rhymes have a strictly historical origin (as I hope to show more fully in a few moments,) and well illustrate the popular feeling of the day. But it is to be observed that whilst folk-lore has now for some years been engaging the attention of literary men, and has been put beyond the risk of oblivion by appearing in books, it is everywhere declining among the people themselves. Any careful student of children's literature—I mean original literature, such as is found in "Little Folks," "St. Nicholas," "The Infant's Magazine," and a number of other excellent periodicals for the nursery and the school-room—will be struck by two great facts. (1) That pithy sayings, funny stories, and side-splitting verses are produced in great abundance, many of them

showing high literary skill and ability, but that (2) very few of them become popular—i.e. the common property of the whole people, except to a very limited extent. I cannot myself call to mind a single instance of any of these marvellous productions, born within the last 50 years, obtaining and retaining a permanent footing either amongst old or young. The reason of this is not perhaps far to seek. Our habits and customs change as do the fashions of our dress, and the same causes which have produced a decline in folk-lore in one direction prevent its growth in another one. Printing and the multiplication of books has not been an unmixed good. It is somewhat foreign to our subject to trace the causes which have altered the habits of our forefathers, who without books handed down from sire to son, the popular sayings, legends, and rhymes, which are now considered only suitable for the nursery, but we may point out one or two circumstances which have conduced to this effect. The diffusion of scientific ideas; the gradual enlightenment of the common mind (which has banished fairies, witches, and all the host of supernatural beings to the realms of fancy), the disfavour of the clergy for everything connected with the supernatural, except Religion itself, and the great industrial changes and improvements of the last half century, including a greatly increased shifting of the people from one district to another, have all given a death blow to vulgar errors and rustic sayings. Equally interesting would it be to trace a few of our popular rhymes, legends and sayings from their original home in India, Egypt, and Scandinavia, through all civilised Europe, and to show that the same story, often with only slight modifications, is the common property of the Negro and the Kaffir, the low caste Hindoo of the Panjab and the Red Indian of North America, the Samoyed of the icy Tundras of Siberia and the cannibal Fijian. But this entrancing and alluring branch of the subject is also foreign to our purpose to-day.

We will first glance at a few historical rhymes, and commence with what is undoubtedly\* the oldest of all our children's tales,"

#### OLD KING COLE.

" Old King Cole  
 Was a merry old soul,  
 And a merry old soul was he,  
 He called for his pipe,  
 And he called for his bowl,  
 And he called for his fiddlers three.  
 Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,  
 And a very fine fiddle had he ;  
 Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,  
 went the fiddlers.

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\* ?, especially if *pipe* does not mean a musical instrument.

Oh, there's none so rare  
 As can compare  
 With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

"The venerable king would find few subjects here to-day to acknowledge his monarchy of mirth, and this legend is a satire on one of the most mythical kings of Britain, who reigned (if he did reign,) in the third century after Christ. He appears to have been a brave and popular man in his day. According to Robert of Gloucester (who flourished in the reign of Ed. I.) he was the father of the celebrated St. Helena, a York worthy, the mother of Constantine the Great, who, at the age of 80, is said to have assisted at the discovery of the holy cross.

There are several popular ballads about King Arthur (who is said to have died at Glastonbury in the year 542 from wounds received at the fatal battle of Camlan,) but they have scarcely become such a part of our children's literature as to be included amongst Nursery Rhymes.

The famous outlaw Robin Hood occupies however a large space in our popular literature, but probably the following is the only rhyme which has filtered down until it has become the common property of our children."

"Robin Hood, Robin Hood,  
 Is in the mickle wood!  
 Little John, Little John,  
 He to the town is gone.  
 Robin Hood, Robin Hood,  
 Is telling his beads,\*  
 All in the green wood,  
 Among the green weeds.  
 Little John, Little John,  
 If he comes no more,  
 Robin Hood, Robin Hood,  
 He shall fret full sore!"

"Of R. H.'s. actual existence little or no evidence can be discovered. Various periods, ranging from the time of Rd. II. to near the end of Ed. I.'s. reign, have been assigned as the age in which he lived. He is usually described as a yeoman, and his chief residence is said to have been the forest of Sherwood, in Notts and South Yorks. He is also to us, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, a local celebrity, as his burial place, marked by an old tomb-stone, is still shown at Kirklees Hall, about 3 miles from Huddersfield. According to the most authentic version of the inscription, which was formerly on this tomb-stone, he died in 1247. Whether or not his existence is only legendary, all the popular tales, stories, and rhymes, extol his personal courage, his generosity, his humanity, and his skill

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\* Saying his prayers.

in archery. He is first mentioned by the Scottish historian Fordun, (who died in 1386, just 500 years ago). He was an immense favourite with the common people, for, says Fordun, "he suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated or molested: poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from Abbeys and the houses of rich Earles." According to one tradition, R. H. and his follower, Little John, were two heroes defeated, with Simon de Montfort, at the battle of Evesham, in 1265. His chaplain Friar Tuck, and his paramour, Maid Marian, are also immortalised in numberless rhymes and ballads. \*

Another oft repeated rhyme is the following, which probably refers to the visit of Joanna of Castile to the court of Henry VII. in the year 1506."

"I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear  
 "But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;  
 "The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me  
 "And all was because of my little nut-tree.  
 "I skipped over water, I danced over sea,  
 "And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me."

"The satire is very fine, and is another exemplification of the proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun." As Joanna's visit was apparently for what she could get from rich England, so, according to radical prints, do German princes, and other foreigners, come here, not for the "silver nutmegs and golden pears," but for the tax-payer's sovereigns through the hands of our lovely princesses.

The reign of good Queen Bess furnishes several popular rhymes of which the following is the best known."

"Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,  
 When bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came;  
 We'll pepper their bodies,  
 Their peaceable noddies,  
 And give them a crack of the crown."

"Here the hatred between the English and Scotch shows itself very strongly. We now come to a less known rhyme, but one which has had in its origin a most important effect upon our national life."

"Ho! Master Teague, what is your story?  
 I went to the wood and killed a Tory;

\* At Castleton in Cleveland the Editor saw a public-house sign, Easter, 1887, with the following inscription under a rude painting of Robin Hood and Little John, armed with long bows:

"Kind gentleman and yeoman good,  
 Come take a glass with Robin Hood;  
 If Robin Hood be not at home,  
 Then take a glass with Little John."

John \_\_\_\_\_ licensed retailer, &c.

A similar sign exists at Brighouse, near which is Robin Hood's Mill.

I went to the wood and killed another  
 Was it the same, or was it his brother ?  
 I hunted him in, and I hunted him out,  
 Three times through the bog about and about ;  
 When out of a bush I saw his head,  
 So I fired my gun, and shot him dead."

"Not very pleasant this for Mr. Tory, but probably Mr. Tory might now retaliate and sing :—

"What is your story, oh ! Mr. Teague ?  
 I went to the wood and killed a whig."  
 &c., &c.

"The word *Tory*, says De Foe, is the Irish *toruigh*, and was used in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to signify a band of Irish Robbers, from the verb *toruighim*, to make sudden raids. Grolius says "whatever inhabits mountains and forests is a *Tory*." According to Lord Macaulay it was first used in a political sense in 1680. He says, "The name *Tory*, was first given to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne," and he further explains that "The bogs of Ireland afforded a refuge to popish outlaws, called *Torys*," and *Tory* hunting was long a favourite pastime."

[It may be mentioned incidentally that there are other derivations of the word *tory*.\* One is from the Celtic *taobh-righ*, i.e. the "King's party;" or from *tuath-righ*, i.e. "partisans of the King." Another derivation is from *tar-a ri*, "Come O King" and still another suggestion is the highwayman's demand *toree, toree*, "Give ! your money or your life!" Well may we say "See from what small beginnings do great causes spring."]

Another popular rhyme explains itself—

"Please to remember,  
 The Fifth of November,  
 Gunpowder treason and plot ;  
 I know no reason  
 Why gunpowder treason  
 Should ever be forgot."

"The unworthy favourite of James I., Geo. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham is satirised in the following lines. They were written in 1626. It will be remembered that B. was assassinated at Portsmouth by Felton, a lieutenant, in 1628."

"There was a monkey climbed up a tree,  
 When he fell down, then down fell he,  
 There was a crow sat on a stone  
 When he was gone, then there was none.  
 There was an old wife did eat an apple,  
 When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

\*See Oliver Heywood's Dairies,—*Tory*, in index. Ed. by J. Horsfall Turner.

There was a horse going to the mill,  
 When he went on he stood not still.  
 There was a butcher cut his thumb,  
 When it did bleed, then blood did come.  
 There was a cobbler clouting shoon,  
 When they were mended, they were done.  
 There was a chandler making candle,  
 When he them stripped, he did them handle.  
 There was a navy went into Spain,  
 When it returned, it came again."

"In a popular riddle of the 17th century the allusion to Oliver Cromwell explains itself. It runs thus—"

"Purple, yellow, red and green,  
 The King cannot reach it nor the Queen,  
 Nor can *old Noll* whose power's so great :  
 Tell me this riddle while I count eight."

"The answer is "*a rainbow*." I may bring this division of my subject, viz. strictly historical rhymes, to a conclusion by referring to the famous song of the LION AND UNICORN—"

"The lion and the unicorn  
 Were fighting for the crown ;  
 The lion beat the unicorn  
 All round about the town,  
 Some gave them white bread,  
 Some gave them brown ;  
 Some gave them plum cake,  
 And sent them out of town."

"The animosity still existing between England and Scotland is well represented in these few lines. Ever since 1603 the royal arms have been supported by the English lion and the Scotch unicorn, James I. substituting this mythical animal for the red dragon of Wales, introduced by Henry VII."

[It is interesting to note the various supporters used by our sovereigns. Ed. III. (with whom supporters began) had a lion and an eagle ; Hy. IV. an antelope and a swan ; Hy. V. a lion and an antelope ; Ed. IV. a lion and a bull ; Rd. III. a lion and a boar ; Hy. VII. a lion and a red dragon ; Eliz., Mary, and Henry VIII. a lion and a greyhound.]

"Amongst miscellaneous rhymes the number of popular ones is exceedingly numerous, and a selection of a few amongst those best known is all I shall have time for. Taking them almost at random the first that occurs to me is the famous

#### TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN."

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief ;  
 Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef ;  
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;  
 Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;  
 Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin ;  
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,  
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head."

"Taffy of course is a corruption of David, one of the most common of Welsh names, familiarly, David becomes Davy, and in Welsh Taffid, and then our Taffy. Properly this rhyme has a historical origin, and graphically describes the raids of the English and the Welsh on the borders of the two countries with national pride giving our own countrymen the advantage.

Again, history, and the social condition of the people as affected by religious influences, enables us to give the origin and meaning of the famous LITTLE JACK HORNER."

" Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
 Eating a Christmas pie ;  
 He put in his thumb, and he pulled out a plum,  
 And said ' What a good boy am I ! ' "

"The rhyme of Jack Horner has been stated to be a satire on the Puritanical aversion to Christmas pies and such like abominations. It forms part of a metrical chap-book history, founded on the same story as the Friar and the Boy, entitled "The pleasant history of Jack Horner, containing his witty tricks and pleasant pranks, which he played from his youth to his riper years: right pleasant and delightful for winter and summer's recreation ;" embellished with frightful woodcuts, which have not much connection with the tale. Another explanation goes back to the dissolution of the monasteries, and gives S. W. England as the scene.

Little Jack Horner is often spoken of as a sample of a shrewd fellow, how different from Tom, THE PIPER'S SON—"

" Tom, Tom the piper's son,  
 Stole a pig, and away he ran,  
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
 And Tom went roaring down the street."

"Here we have a poor stupid thief who being caught, got well basted, and blubbered like a booby. Many of our nursery rhymes turn the table upon the foolish and the simple, making them a common butt, and holding them up to ridicule. As further examples we may mention—"

" Simple Simon met a pieman  
 Going to the fair: &c.

"THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM, who under the title of the "fools of Gotham" are mentioned in the 15th century in the Townley mysteries, is another example.

Another similar example is the following, the original of many rhymes, all having the same meaning."

" My father he died, but I can't tell you how,  
 He left me six horses to drive in my plough ;

With my wing wang waddle oh,  
 Jack sings saddle oh,  
 Blowsey boys bubble oh,  
 Under the broom.

I sold my six horses, and bought me a cow,  
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how.  
 With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf,  
 I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half.  
 With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;  
 A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat :  
 With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse ;  
 He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house :  
 With my, &c."

"I stated at the commencement of this paper that numbers of our nursery rhymes have retained their present form, in some instances, for many generations, with but few changes of words and with none of meanings. It is, however, especially interesting to take note of divergent forms, and to notice how the original and the derivative still exist, side by side. In 1587, there appeared, at Frankfurt, a most celebrated book entitled "*History of Dr. Jno. Faustus, the notorious sorcerer and black artist.*" \* This book became instantly popular, and Dutch, French, and English translations speedily followed each other, the latter in 1590. From these Marlow appears to have obtained the materials for his "*Dr. Faustus*" (which was first acted in London in 1593), and Goethe the main lines of the first part of his immortal "*Faust.*" The hero of these mythical tales was one of the most celebrated legendary personages at the period of the Reformation, and many superstitions still cling around his name on the continent. He is represented as a student who is toiling after knowledge beyond his studies, and makes a compact with the Devil (Mephistophiles), in pursuance of which he gives himself up to the full enjoyment of the senses, until the hour of his doom arrives, when M. re-appears upon the scene, and carries off his victim as a condemned soul. In addition to the numerous stories, including all that foretokens the terrible abyss of hell, all popular wit groups itself in Germany round Faust, and many nursery rhymes recount his wonderful deeds. One of these rhymes almost literally translated found its way into England in the 17th century, and still retains, in a modified form, its popularity—"

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\* The only complete copy of the original now known is in the Imperial Library at Vienna.

“ Doctor Faustus was a good man,  
 He whipped his scholars now and then ;  
 When he whipped them he made them dance  
 Out of Scotland into France,  
 Out of France into Spain,  
 And then he whipped them back again.”

“ Without being personal, I may remind you that the version of to-day runs thus, and those who have resided in various parts of England will remember that the actual phraseology is the same throughout the length and breadth of the land—”

“ Mr. (Blank) is a very good man,  
 He learns his scholars all he can  
 Reading, Writing, 'Rithmetic,  
 But he doesn't forget to use his stick.”

“ It is but right to say that it appears this affectionate summing up of the many virtues of their masters was for long the special property of the Public Schools, the youths of the Grammar Schools next lisped in similar numbers, and finally our own beloved pupils lovingly tell their fellows in exactly the same form of words, of our tender care for their welfare.

In the year 1589 appeared a cookery book chiefly consisting of foreign receipts, called *Epulario, or the Italian bouquet*. Numerous quaint conceits and surprises are there explained, and amongst them is a receipt “ to make pies, so that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up.” Of course this was a mere device, live birds being introduced under the crust after the pie is cooked. It is highly probable that this was the original of

“ Sing a song of sixpence,  
 A bag full of rye ; ” &c.

It is exceedingly probable that Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* (Act II., Scene 3) refers to this song when he says to the clown “ Come on, here's sixpence for you, lets have a song,” and the first line is accurately quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *“ Bonduca.”* As to the other references it is impossible to trace them, but the use of the term “ counting-house ” for what we now call a study, or private room, is somewhat curious, and rye bread and honey are yet country fare. Songs of sixpence, like songs about London Bridge, seem to have been great favourites with our forefathers. Here is a charming little love-song, not so well known as to be called popular, but full of sweet simplicity—

“ I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,  
 I love sixpence, better than my life.” &c.

Another old favourite has suffered alteration, with considerable advantage as regards poetical feeling, but with less regard to historical accuracy. *Little Bo-peep* is now generally represented as a girl, but the original runs thus—”

“ Little Bo-peep has lost his sheep,  
And can’t tell where to find them ; ” &c.

The present century has made the change from male to female, and since the appropriation of the tale as the subject of Christmas pantomime, viz. the loss of the sheep by the wicked machinations of evil genii, and their rescue and return by the aid of the good fairy, Bo-peep has become, and is likely to remain, the heroine rather than the hero, of the touching tale. The story has a good moral, for the loss of the tails (when the sheep were frightened away by the injudicious sheep-watcher, Bo-peep meaning *frightener*) is intended to show that an evil course (the running away) always results in disaster.

Supercilious critics have for many years been in the habit of telling us that we are an unmusical nation, and that, in the matter of popular music, we have sadly degenerated since the days of good Queen Bess, when every lady and gentleman was able to take a proper part in rounds, madrigals, and part songs. Many of these old songs have been handed down to us, and now please the children in the nursery as they formerly ministered to the pleasure of adults. The ever fresh THREE BLIND MICE is a well known example; and the following, which is the original from which the tale of the FROG WHO WOULD A WOOING GO is borrowed, was formerly a great favourite—

“ A Frog he would a-wooing go,  
Heigho, says Rowley, &c.”

It appears with music in *Melismata*, a collection of popular songs, published in 1611. It also appears in the celebrated *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, published in 1719. The Stationer’s Company, in 1580, licensed a little book called *A most strange wedding of the frog and the mouse*.

In the book just mentioned, “ Pills to Purge Melancholy,” we also find the story of TOM THE PIPER’S SON, who charmed every one with his playing. It forms part of a much longer song called, THE JOCKEY’S LAMENTATION.

“ Tom he was a piper’s son,  
He learned to play when he was young ;  
But all the tunes that he could play  
Was “ Over the hills and far away.”\*

[A Calderdale jingle runs—

“ Hokey Pokey had a lad,  
He bought a fiddle to make him mad, (vexed)  
But all the tunes (i.e. the only tune) that he could play,  
Was Hokey Pokey fiddle away.”

We have seen it stated that the saying of the priest *Hoc est corpus* (This is the body) is parodied by these lines. Now a sort of toffy is known as Hokey Pokey.—ED.]

\* A popular country dance.

The old Greek story of Orpheus and the magical lyre presented to him by Apollo, at once presents itself to our mind. It will be remembered that Orpheus accompanied the Argonauts on their expedition for the golden fleece. He was instructed by the Muses in the use of the Lyre, and with its music he enchanted not only the wild beasts, but the trees and rocks upon Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp. The rhyme is further interesting as containing a reference to another popular story, that of DAME TROT AND HER COMICAL CAT.

I have already given an example of a riddle, an old nursery rhyme of historical origin. Another one, which is vastly popular, merits a few words of explanation.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
Threescore men and threescore more,  
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

Of course we all know the answer *an egg*; but how came it about that this should be the answer. *Humpty* means *having a hump* and *dumpty* is a corruption of *umpy*, *short and thick*, the two together have the meaning of short, thick and round, hence an egg.

Of short rhymes recounting some sad disaster, none is better known than the touching story of JACK AND JILL. This appears to be one of the most ancient of our nursery rhymes, and represents, in the two names, the complete amalgamation of the Saxon and Norman stock in the nation. Jack of course is the Saxon corruption of the French *Jacque*, the *Jacobus*, or *James*; Jill is a corruption of *Julienne*, which was in vogue among the Norman families and long prevailed in England under the spelling *Julyan*, becoming at last so common as *Gillian* that Jill was the regular companion of Jack as in the rhyme. One more example and I will bring these desultory remarks to a close. In Sir R. F. Burton's translation of the "Thousand Nights and a Night," just issued at Benares, is a tragical tale called THE DROP OF HONEY, which has a curious resemblance to the accumulative nursery rhymes such as THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, and which find their indirect original in an allegorical Talmudic Hymn. The story of the DROP OF HONEY narrates how a hunter found a hollow tree full of bees' honey some of which he took home in a water-skin. In the city he sold the honey to an oilman, but in emptying out the skin a drop fell to the ground, whereupon the flies flocked to it, and a bird swoops down upon the flies. Then the oilman's cat springs upon the bird, and the huntsman's dog flies at the cat, and the oilman kills the dog, and the huntsman kills the oilman, and lastly the men of their respective villages take up the quarrel and fight "till there died of them much people,

none knoweth their number save Almighty Allah." The story is only curious as showing how far and away is possibly the source of our nursery tales. Traced to their home they become veracious and characteristic anecdotes, for in the present case nothing can be truer to the life than the above account of the origin of a desolating war, and Arab history is full of petty but sanguinary campaigns caused by the most ridiculous of trifles.

But the source of both these tales is a Talmudic hymn of which a translation was first given in 1781 by Professor Lebrecht of Leipsic. The original from which the Hebrew version was translated is in the Chaldee language, this I will now read you and then give the interpretation.

1. A kid, a kid my father bought  
For two pieces of money.
2. Then came the cat and ate the kid,  
That my father bought,  
For two pieces of money, &c.

This is the interpretation—

1. The kid which was one of the pure animals denotes the Hebrews. The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents Himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.
2. The cat denotes the Assyrians by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.
3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.
4. The staff signifies the Persians.
5. The fires indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.
6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies, to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.
7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine and brought it under the Caliphate.
8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hand of the Saracens.
9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.
10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land and live under the government of their long expected Messiah.

Along with much that appears to be very nonsensical and almost devoid of meaning I have endeavoured to show that either in their origin, or in their explanation, there is much

that is curious, beautiful and true. I may appropriately conclude with the Quaker's commentary upon one of the greatest favourites—HEY! DIDDLE DIDDLE.

“ Hey! diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle—

[“ Yes, thee may say that, for that is nonsense.”]

The cow jumped over the moon—

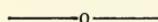
[“ Oh no! Mary, thee mus'n't say that, for that is a falsehood; thee knows a cow could never jump over the moon; but a cow may jump under it; so thee ought to say—‘ The cow jumped under the moon.’ ” Yes—]

The cow jumped under the moon;  
The little dog laughed—

[“ Oh, Mary, stop. How can a little dog laugh? thee knows a little dog can't laugh. Thee ought to say—‘ The little dog barked.’ ”—]

To see the sport,  
And the dish ran after the spoon.”

[“ Stop, Mary, stop, a dish could never run after a spoon; thee ought to know that. Thee had better say—‘ And the cat ran after the spoon.’ ”]



### Yorkshire Anthology.

The *Yorkshire Weekly Post* is now engaged in the very laudable undertaking of “rescuing from oblivion” such fugitive pieces of poetry of Yorkshire writers as deserve preservation. But I fear the columns of a newspaper will not prove to be a very safe repository for the literary gems it may be the means of rescuing from oblivion. Few newspapers survive their fiery doom, and if by chance a few of such fugitive pieces find their way into the scrap-books of enthusiastic collectors, they are as good as lost, for a scrap-book is soon discarded, and generally turns up in a miscellaneous lot at an auction, if indeed it does not share a more ignominious fate.

I therefore with all humility venture to follow the excellent example set by the *Yorkshire Weekly Post* feeling sure that the columns of *Yorkshire Notes and Queries* will be a safer repository for the preservation of the choice specimens of obscure or forgotten Yorkshire writers, than either the columns of a newspaper or the pages of a scrap-book.

In a work entitled “The Old-Church Clock,”\* published seven years ago, I found the following exquisite lines, said to have been written by a youth named Herbert Knowles, at night in Richmond churchyard, Yorkshire, a few weeks before he died.

\* The Old-Church Clock, by Richard Parkinson, D.D., F.S.A., Canon of Manchester. (Heywood & Son, Manchester,) 1880.

As the work referred to was published by subscription, only a few ardent anthologists will have the pleasure of possessing the poem :\*

LINEs WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE,  
BY HERBERT KNOWLES.

*'It is good for us to be here : if Thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—Matthew xvii. 4.*

“ Methinks it is good to be here ;  
If thou wilt, let us build : but for whom ?  
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,  
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,  
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.  
Shall we build to AMBITION ? Oh, no !  
Affrighted he shrinketh away :  
For see, they would pin him below  
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,  
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.  
To BEAUTY ? Ah, no ! she forgets  
The charms which she wielded before ;  
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets  
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore  
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.  
Shall we build to the purple of PRIDE,  
The trappings which dizen the proud ?  
Alas ! they are all laid aside ;  
And here's neither dress nor adornment allow'd,  
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.  
To RICHES ? alas ! 'tis in vain ;  
Who hid, in their turns have been hid :  
The treasures are squander'd again,  
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,  
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.  
To the pleasures which MIRTH can afford ?  
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?  
Ah ! here is a plentiful board,  
But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,  
And none but the worm is a reveller here.  
Shall we build to AFFECTION and LOVE ?  
Ah, no ! they have wither'd and died,  
Or fled with the spirit above :  
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

\* [The poem is found in several collections, and a notice of Knowles shall appear in the next part.—*Ed.*]

Unto SORROW ? the dead cannot grieve ;

Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,

Which compassion itself would relieve :

Ah ! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear ;  
Peace, peace, is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto DEATH, to whom monarchs must bow ?

Ah, no ! for his empire is known ;

And here there are trophies enow :

Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,  
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first Tabernacle to HOPE we will build,

And look for the sleepers around us to rise ;

The second to FAITH, which insures it fulfill'd ;

And the third to the LAMB of the great sacrifice,  
Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the  
skies."

Can any reader of "Yorkshire Notes and Queries" give me further particulars of this embryo poet, so early removed by the hand of death ?

J. L. SAYWELL.

ANCIENT HOSPITALITY.—In ancient times there stood a cross at Sprotborough, near Doncaster, containing the following inscription on a brass plate :—

Whoso is hungry, and lists well to eat,  
Let him come to Sprotborough for his meat,  
And for a night and for a day  
His horse shall have both corn and hay,  
And none shall ask him when he goes away.

YORK MINSTER.—The popular notion respecting the constant repairing of York Minster is that if ever the building be completed it returns to the Roman Catholics ; or, according to another version, it becomes the property of the Crown (Croon, the York dames say). Whence arose this idea ? J. W. M.

YORKSHIRE BITE.—I think Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith has been somewhat misled in regard to the *Richmond Pictorial Times*. I am not aware that any paper with this title has been printed at Richmond ; there was a paper published at Richmond, two-thirds of which was printed in London, by John Bell, called *The North Riding Pictorial Journal*, but I have a faint recollection that it only ran for about two years before it collapsed. Number one lies before me bearing date January, 1857, and the following is a copy of title :—"The North Riding Pictorial Journal ; a repository of local and general Literature, History, Biography, Archaeology, Science, Inventions and Improvements, published monthly." In looking over several of the earlier numbers I find no mention of the *Tibby Tinkler* enquired about by Mr. H. Ecroyd Smith. In number 1 is commenced

a serial story,—“A Legend of the Dales.” It also contains a poem entitled, “A Chronicle of Richmond Castle,” “A Biographical Sketch of Wycliffe,” &c. Number 3 contains an interesting poem—“The Return of the Dalesmen from Flodden,” with woodcut views of Richmond and Bolton Castles, and a paragraph on a “Yorkshireman’s coat of arms, to wit: a fly, a flea, a magpie, and a fitch of bacon,” (applicable to Mr. H. E. Smith’s Yorkshire Bite), a cockney fling at the natives of the north country (and with cockneys all northerners are either Scots or Yorkshiremen.) The cockneydom explanation is that a fly will drink with any man, so will a Yorkshireman; a flea will bite any man, so will a Yorkshireman; a magpie will chatter with anyone, so will a Yorkshireman, and as for a fitch of bacon it is of no worth until it is hung, no more is a Yorkshireman. The chronicler of this cutting saw begs leave to say that although he is not a native of broad Yorkshire, should the Londoners ever see proper to alter or make any addition to the heraldic bearings of Yorkshire, they must not omit to give a fighting cock as the Yorkshireman’s crest, for a Yorkshire game cock of the true breed will turn his tail upon none of his species; and as for a *Yorkshire Tyke*, I feel confident that he would not only face three cockneys, but would give them all one after another what in his own country phrase he would call a *reet good benzilling*.      JNO. ROUTH, Hawes.

**GROSS DARKNESS.**—Sammy Senior’s definition of gross darkness (page 140) reminds me of Daniel Empsall, of Nab End, Lightcliffe, an eccentric old bachelor who had a run of about fifty-two churches every year to visit, one for each Sunday, and necessitating very long walks in some instances. He was a compendium of quaint sayings and old proverbs. When congratulated on being at his work (wool combing) early, he would say, “The early bird gets the worm,” but if taunted for being late he calmly replied, “It is not early rising, but well-spending of the day you should strive after.” Mr. Holland’s carter had backed the cart against Danny’s window at Slead Syke, whereupon Danny calmly went out and called aloud, with the utmost gravity, “Darkness covereth the earth, but *gross darkness* the people.”

He is said to have invited himself to dinner at various clerical houses by the peculiar request—“May I put my knees under your table to-day”; but, as a rule, the clergymen spared him the asking by inviting him to a feast in the kitchens. His brother Jerry, also an old bachelor, wrote love-letters in doggerel rhyme to the Misses Holland, and other grand ladies. A beautiful water colour portrait of old Jerry, painted by the Lightcliffe worthy, Lumb Stocks, R.A., was treasured by the Holland family until recently.

## YORKSHIRE CENTENARIANS.

I send you, as a supplement to the lists of Yorkshire Centenarians, the following obituaries, which I have gathered from the *Gentleman's Mag.*, *The Annual Register*, *The Hull Advertiser*, and *Hull Packet*, hoping they will be interesting to your readers.

77, Spring St., Hull.

W. G. B. PAGE.

"On November 13th, 1760, died Elizabeth Hodgson of Scampston, near York, aged 110 years."—*Annual Register*, 1760, p. [146].

[Jan. 7th, 1820.] "At West End, in the parish of Fewston, Yorkshire, in his 110th year, [died], Mr. John Demaine. The chief amusement of his life was hunting, which he always pursued on foot, and which he continued until within the last five years of his life. He was never known to exchange his clothes, however wet, and never experienced a day's confinement from illness in his life. After he had attained his 100th year, he complained that he was grown old, and could not leap over a style or a ditch with his customary agility.—*Gent. Mag.*, Vol. xc. (Jan., 1820) p. 93.

"On the 16th inst. at Halton, near Leeds, after only a few days' illness, Thomas Rollinson, gardener. He completed his hundredth year on the 27th January last, and with the exception of a recent loss of eyesight, had enjoyed uninterrupted good health."—*The Hull Packet*, May 24, 1831.

"Feb. 2, [1832]. At Gasthwaite, Mr. Bernard Smith, aged 105. He was for many years blacksmith and farrier to Elliott's Light Dragoons, into which he enlisted at Northallerton, in 1758 (the year in which it was first raised), and is supposed to [have] be[en] the last survivor of the regiment as when first formed, with the exception of one still living at Winslow, Bucks."—*Gent. Mag.*, (Feb., 1832), p. 189.

[June] 11 [1833]. "At Whitby, aged 104, Mr. Philip Dawson, leaving three surviving children (out of seven), seventeen grandchildren, and forty-six great-grandchildren.—*Annual Register*, 1833, p. 225.

[October] 21, [1833]. "At the Workhouse, Scarboro', aged 103, Margaret Screeton.\* Until very recently, she was able to walk ten miles a day. She remembered being at Carlisle with her mother, during the rebellion in 1745."—*Annual Register*, 1833, p. 247.

"Lately. At Karesborough, aged 101, Edward Day, one of the constables who arrested Eugene Aram, eighty years ago." *Gents. Mag.*, (June, 1836,) p. 677.

"At Beverley [East Yorkshire,] on Monday last, [November 28th, died] Mr. Thomas Hotham, baker, aged 102. He was a

\* Local pronunciation of "Scruton."

livery-man of the city of London, and could relate several circumstances that occurred during the reign of George the Second.”—*Hull Advertiser*, Friday, Dec. 2, 1836.

“There is now living in the immediate vicinity of Sharrow Mills, near Sheffield, a female, named Elizabeth Grey, in the 107th year of her age.”—*Hull Advertiser*, Friday, Sept. 15, 1843.

“On Thursday, the 10th inst., [Nov., 1836, died] at Hatfield Woodhouse, near Thorne, in her 100th year, Mrs. Betty Smith. This remarkable woman retained all her faculties nearly to the last, and having resided all her life-time in the above neighbourhood, could relate several curious facts connected with its bye-gone times; one incident she remembered was that of butter being sold, in her youth, at Epworth Market, for two-pence per pound. Had she lived until the 21st December, she would have entered upon her 101st year, being born at Wroot, in 1736.”—*Hull Advertiser*, Friday, Nov. 25, 1836.

On a small funeral card, which came under my notice, some time ago, was the following:—

In affectionate Remembrance of  
MARY,

Relict of SAMUEL SLINGSBY,  
Farmer, of Owston,  
Who departed this life the 4th December, 1870,  
Aged 100 years.

“Aged 107 [years], Michael Bailey, a native of Sherbourn, co. York, and the person who sat for the painting called “The Woodman.” He was a very regular man, and from the age of fifty, when he first came to London, till he attained his 100th year, he was a day labourer.”—*Gent's. Mag.*, Vol. 85, (pt. 1,) p. 644.

—o—

HENRY JENKINS.—In the early part of the present century a London bookseller printed on very poor paper a small book of about 120 pages on Henry Jenkins, with a list of Yorkshire centenarians, but the bulk of the book is a collection of recipes, said to have been given by Jenkins to Miss Saville! ED.

—o—

SIR HARRY GOODRICKE, BART., OF RIBSTONE HALL,  
YORKSHIRE.

The following hunting song, which was sung at a complimentary dinner given by the members of the Quorn Hunt, Leicestershire, to Sir Harry Goodricke, Bart., of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, at Melton Mowbray, and published in *The Hull Packet*, Oct. 13, 1831, will, no doubt, be interesting to many of your readers:—

HUNTING SONG, sung at a dinner lately given to Sir Harry Goodricke, at Melton Mowbray.

That sire of the chase, our crack Nimrod, *Old Meynell*,  
Once said to a true brother-sportsman at Quorn,  
That the fame, and the fun, of a Leicestershire kennel  
Should not cease till the sun ceased to gladden the morn :  
He's gone, but each year proves how true the prediction—  
Unmarr'd is our sport, undiminished our fame—  
He's gone ; and this day shows his words were no fiction,  
For hunting and Leicestershire still mean the same.

CHORUS—

Then round with the bottle, and let it not tarry  
While we hail, while we honor, the man of our choice ;  
In a bumper come pledge me—the gallant Sir Harry,  
Whom we love in our hearts, as we hail with our voice.

Other masters we've had, since the days of our glory,  
*Osbaldeston*, and *Sefton*, *Tom Smith*, and the *Grame*,  
*Southampton*, the last not the least in the story,  
Giving Melton the main-spring, and Leicestershire fame  
And if for a season our joy has been clouded,  
A day like the present's too happy for pain ;  
In the prospect before us what pleasures are crowded,  
For oh ! in our *Goodricke* we've *Meynell* again.

Then round with the bottle, &c.

The Coplow again shall be famous in story,  
And high be the deeds we shall do from Seg's Hill ;  
And Melton once more, in the blaze of her glory  
Under *Goodricke* shall thrive, under *Goodricke* shall fill.  
Again shall our coverts like courts be attended,  
Again shall our "field-days" boast many a "star;"  
The friends will return who have Melton befriended,  
*Moore*, *Forester*, *Kinnaird*, *Thynne*, *Marse* and *Maher*.  
Then round with the bottle, &c.

And *Alvanley* too, shall Meltonian forget thee ?  
Oh, never, while wit and while wine have a charm—  
Thou too wilt return, tho' fresh banners beset thee,  
And with joke, fun, and glee, all sorrow disarm.  
And *Chesterfield* too, and our honor'd *De Wilton*  
Will cheer us, while *Plymouth* still comes in the train,  
And the lord of the chase and the monarch of Melton  
Shall be *Harry of Ribston* [e] \* success to his name.

Then round with the bottle, &c.

He died on the 22nd of August, 1833, and in *The Annual Register* for that year (pp. 234-235) is the following obituary notice of him :—

\* Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, the family seat of Sir H. Goodricke.

"At Ravensdale Park, co. Louth, in his 36th year, Sir Harry James Goodricke, the seventh Baronet, of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire. This wealthy Nimrod was born Sept. 16, 1797, and was the only son of Sir Henry, the sixth Baronet, by Charlotte, second daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Fortescue, of Ravensdale Park, co. Louth. He succeeded to the baronetcy when only in the fifth year of his age, on the death of his father, March 23, 1802; and was educated at Rugby. The death of his maternal uncle, William Charles, second and last Viscount Clermont, in March, 1829, left him possessed of very large estates in Ireland; and the aggregate of his income is said to have amounted to £40,000 a year. He served the office of Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1831. Sir Harry Goodricke had been known in Leicestershire for the last ten years as a leading member of the Quorn Hunt, of which he became Master on the retirement of Lord Southampton two years ago. He kept the whole of the establishment at his own expense. At the period of his death seventy-five capital hunters were in his stables, ready to commence the next season with renewed vigour and spirit. In the voluntary duties which he had thus assumed, Sir Harry Goodricke was exceedingly popular. His life was finally sacrificed to his ardour in all the pursuits of the sportsman. He had experienced an attack of influenza, from which he had scarcely recovered, when he sailed in his yacht to visit his Irish estates. He was there superintending considerable improvements, and, when indulging in a favourite sport, that of otter hunting, caught a severe cold, which proved fatal in forty-eight hours."

W. G. B. PAGE.

77, Spring St., Hull.

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### Oddities.

JACK PEARSON, THE MENDICANT POET AND VILLAGE GOSSIP.—Can any correspondent in or from the neighbourhood of Stanningley, Bramley, or Farsley (where the above character lived) answer any or all of the following questions relative to him:—  
 (1) What family did Pearson spring from, and are there any of the family still living? (2) Was he at all educated—could he read or write? (3) Are there any of his poetic effusions in print or manuscript? The reason of my asking these questions is because I remember Pearson calling at my father's house when I was quite a boy, and for a copper or other alms would "on any subject"—on the marriage of a son or daughter, on the birth of a child, or a piece of new furniture—quite impromptu, give several verses in rhyme bearing on these events or articles, some of which, I have been told since, were of no ordinary merit. My father told me the following story, of which he was a witness:—Dr. Laycock, 'the elder,' and a

man of the name of Spence were standing talking in the Town-gate of Bramley, when Jack chanced to pass. Says Spence to the Doctor, "I'll bet you anything you like you can't say a word or syllable of any kind, nor make any sort of noise or sound, but Jack can put it into rhyme." "Done," says the Doctor "for a bottle ;" and as Jack passed he called out with a long "o-moo," whereupon Jack wheeled round at once and said—

There's Doctor Laycock and Johnnie Spence,  
Both of them are void of sense ;  
They're like two bulls among some kye—  
For they call moo—as I pass by.

Of course the Doctor lost his bottle, and good humouredly paid for it. "Kye" is a word commonly used in the Bramley district for cattle. It was always understood that Pearson could neither read nor write; in fact, did not know A from B. He was known as a gossip, carrying news from one place to another, sometimes making no end of mischief, as some of the stories he conveyed were enlarged and altered.

J. H. P., Bagby Fields, Leeds.

PEARSON.—Mr. W. Northrop, writes to the *Leeds Mercury* Supplement:—The parents of the poet were residents of Bramley. They had a rather numerous family, some of whom may be still living. I have often heard old people say that Jack could neither read nor write, or, as they generally put it, "couldn't tell a B from a bull's foot." I should think that none of his rhymes ever found their way into print. One or two things would prevent them from thus gaining publicity—he could not write, nor could he repeat any lengthy rhyme after its first utterance; besides this, he never was known to think out a rhyme, it was given impromptu invariably. His rhymes were mostly in homely language, and sounded best when given in the vernacular of his own birth-place. Jack was a favourite in the weaving shops, and would reel his lines out on any desired subject; and being of a rambling disposition, he was known all over the district. Sometimes he would leave his home for weeks at a time and wander among more distant patrons, and it was noticed that he generally returned better clothed and in good condition, as if he had found fat pasturage away from home. The rhyme given by "J. H. P." in last week's article has been credited to Jack for these forty years or more, and when told by one of the older inhabitants it sounds more piquant than it appears in type. Timbs, on page 21 of his "Notabilia," tells the same story of Burns, and gives the retort as follows:—Earl Crawford and Lord Boyd being out in the country, observed a ploughman leaning on his plough in deep thought. His Lordship remarked what a lazy fellow the ploughman must be; whereupon

Crawford who had recognised the ploughman as Burns, challenged his Lordship to shout whatever he liked to the man, and he would answer him in rhyme. 'I will try him,' said Boyd, and at once bellowed out 'Bough!' like a bull. Burns quietly turned round, took stock of him and of his companion, and with becoming courtesy to Lord Crawford, said

'Tis not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd,  
Of habits rude, and manners void,  
Who like a bull among the rye,  
Crys "Bough" at folks as he goes by.

I am afraid that these two stories are too much alike to be both genuine. Burns had so many rare bits to his credit, that I think he might have lost this without being much the poorer, whilst our poor Jack is poor indeed when robbed of this, his brightest utterance.

It is very hard to put a dialect rhyme into type without destroying the metre, but there is one example of Jack's impromptu efforts which I venture to give. The dinner was in preparation in one of the weavers' cottages, and the busy clack of the shnttle had just ceased, whilst the weaver called out, "Mother, what clock is it?" This happened just as Jack Pearson entered the house, and he at once answered the question by calling out—

There's t'meit hung down before t'fire to roist,  
There's pudding on t'brandree before it to toist,  
Porates atop o' t'hob, they'll be enif soin,  
But, I think tha can weive a few more bobbins by noin.

Mr. C. Benfield, Stanningley, contributes the following on the same subject:—

Jack Pearson always went by the cognomen of "Bramley Jack," and was bred and born in that village. I know nothing of his family, but I have heard him say he had a brother living at Kirkstall. He was totally uneducated, could neither read nor write, in fact, appeared to be incapable of learning. The only poetical effusion of his in print that I know of appeared in the "Bramley Almanac" (I think for 1883) and is entitled "Bramley Old Hall Ghost." I do not know who wrote the words down, but it is most certainly a faithful production of Jack's style and peculiarity of expression. Mr. J. Dawson, Bramley, could probably supply this. My wife used to encourage Jack, for a few coppers, to recite his impromptu rhymes, and for several years he seldom missed calling once or twice a week. On one occasion, after he had been reciting, she said, "Jack, I wonder where you get your talent from." The effect this question produced was truly wonderful. His poor, decrepit, attenuated form seemed to expand, and his thin, wizened face to light up with sudden inspiration, and stretching

forth his arm towards a cage containing a thrush, he commenced with a fire and energy quite startling—

You ask me whence my talent springs—

I ask you why that throstle sings ?

These two lines are all I can give in his own words, but for a quarter of an hour he poured forth a stream of poetry of no mean order, and used similes and comparisons of which, in his ordinary state, he could neither comprehend nor understand the application. He spoke of the beauty of the trees and flowers and the various instincts of birds, animals and insects ; and the sense of his concluding lines was that the God who had lavished such beauty on the flowers and endowed His creatures with such wonderful instincts had given him his talent. I wished to write it down, and asked him if he could repeat it, but he had relapsed into his usual condition, and could not repeat a single line of it. Before reciting he usually asked for a bit of paper to hold in his hand ; a bit of coloured sugar-paper would do as well as any other. Jack, if feeble-minded, was not devoid of wit, and was often quick at repartee. He used to visit Tong Hall once a quarter, and Colonel Tempest always gave him half-a-crown. On one occasion the old Colonel showed him half a sovereign and half a crown, and asked him which he would have. “ I'll not be greedy,” Jack replied, “ I'll take the little one.” I was much amused with the advice I heard him give to a workman who had a bald head and was of drunken habits. After telling him (in rhyme) how foolish he was to spend his money to provide fine caps for landladies, while his own wife and children went barefoot, and to drink fiery spirits till he had burnt all the hair from the top of his head, he concluded with

I could put you up to a better rig,

You should save your money and buy a wig.

—o—

THE HAL OF KIRKLEES. Hal Pierson was an idiot, or an “ innocent,” as weak persons are called in Yorkshire, who was benevolently reared and protected by the family of Sir George Armytage, about 120 years ago.\* Hal, though weak of intellect, was extremely shrewd, and even witty at times. He loved money, as all fools and some wise men do. A casual visitor to the family had given him half-a-crown. Hal was delighted ;

\* The gentleman mentioned would be Sir George Armytage, the third Baronet, who died in 1738, leaving his estates to his cousin, Samuel Armytage, who was created a baronet July 4th, 1738. After the Rawsons ceased to occupy the Manor House in Kirkgate, Bradford, it was occupied by John Hardy, a partner in the Low Moor ironworks, and it was in that house the present Lord Cranbrook was born. On the purchase of the manorial rights for the sum of five thousand pounds, to be paid yearly to the heirs of the Rawson family, the building was destroyed, and the present covered market in Kirkgate was erected.

but he had heard in the servants' hall that money makes money, and a vague wish arose in his mind to multiply, if possible, the coin of which he had become possessed. There was a young carpenter, named Robby, who worked by the year in the family, and who, hearing Hal inquire how he might increase his treasure, told him to put it in a hole in the wall, which Hal immediately did. It is to be premised that this poor innocent knew not the comparative value of silver or copper. Robby taking advantage of his ignorance, and eager to play a trick upon him, changed the coin for a few coppers, with which Hal was at first much pleased; but by and by, one of the underservants explained the matter, and Hal vowed vengeance against the carpenter. Whether he executed it or not the reader will presently see. Hal was always ready to do errands, and sometimes did them well. At all events he was no niggard of his time or trouble, when he liked his employer. His will was good but his power weak. At one time a young lady, Miss Jenny Ayrton, being on a visit at Sir George Armytage's, to her great vexation discovered that she had forgotten a rich pair of ruffles and lappets. Everybody was busy; much company was expected, and a splendid toilet was necessary. Poor Miss Jenny, in all her sorrows of beauty and eighteen, addressed herself in vain to the servants for a trusty messenger to despatch four miles for these important articles. Not one could be spared, until a good natured little dairymaid, a little cowslip of the north, suggested an application to Hal Pierson. He could take a message; was very fond of Miss Jenny; it was a fine day and only four miles. But Hal had a dislike to carrying a note or letter, ever since a celebrated humorist, in the practical joke line, had given him a note desiring the bearer might be rewarded for his pains with a tumbler of hot salt and water. No — Hal would have nothing to say to a note, but cheerfully undertook to go and fetch the ruffles and lappets. It was explained to him by Cowslip what they were, and he sapiently replied, "I naw, Jinny Ayrton wants her handy-cuffs and pinniers." As his habit was never to walk, but to dance along, clapping his hands as he went, this formed the burden of his song, which helped him on the way. Arrived at the house, he repeated his lesson, but no one knew what it meant, and to his evident distress, he had to go back without his errand. On his return he explained that they would not give him any "handy-cuffs or pinniers."

Miss Ayrton then tried again to make him understand by showing him her every-day ruffles, but said that, being in the country, she wished her best to be sent. He then willingly undertook to return, though he had already walked or danced eight miles in her service. This time he tried hard, and said "ruffles and lappets" all the way; but he chanced to get a fall,

which completed the before muddled state of his brains, and when he rose he had only a vague recollection of cuffs and that they should be smarter than usual in the country. So he arrived at Miss Ayrton's home shouting out "Ruff cuffs and country cuffs." More puzzled than ever, the servants stood in dismay, until, out of breath and patience with his now twelve miles walk, Hal insisted upon having various articles of female wardrobe exhibited to him, when his desire being complied with, he quickly pounced upon the commodity wanted. Having been allowed to take a pair of ruffles and lappets of rich point lace, which he triumphantly attached to his walking staff, he set out puffing and blowing upon his second return to Sir George Armytage's, where he presented himself to the anxiously expecting young lady, just in time to decorate her fair person with the result of his sixteen miles labour. But he had his reward, for Miss Ayrton smiled, and her smile was at that period of her life witchcraft itself, even to such a being as Hal Pierson. Hal wore Sir George Armytage's livery when he chose, for he never was constrained by his kind benefactor, whose motive for keeping him in his household was pure benevolence.

Sauntering, as was his custom, one day by the river side, he saw a young gallant riding on the other bank. Hal owed him a grudge for once having given him a pinch of very strong snuff. The young man had no remembrance of the joke, or the person of the fool; and he asked him if the river was fordable there. Hal replied "Yes." "Are you sure? Have you seen anyone pass it to-day?" "Troth, I have—a most respectable family, father, mother, and young ones," replied Hal; "they came over right merrily this morn's morning." Upon this assurance the young man put his horse to the stream, and though the animal with instinctive sagacity, hesitated, whip and spur soon compelled him to go in. It was wonderful that both were not drowned. After a hard struggle, horse and rider gained the bank, which Hal no sooner saw than he ran off, to avoid a resentment expressed by menaces both loud and deep. The cavalier made the best of his way to the great house, to prefer his complaint against one bearing the Armytage livery, having endangered his life. All the servants were summoned. He could not identify the mischievous one, until someone suggested the possibility of its being Hal Pierson. Hal was sought for and brought into his presence; but all he could be got to say in answer to his master's queries and reproaches was that he had seen a very respectable family pass that morning—the grey drake, his duck, and ducklings, and therefore he guessed a goose might do the same. Here was the pinch of snuff revenged.

Hal had hitherto never done anything dangerous; but Robby was yet to reap his reward for the dishonest tricks played upon

poor Hal's half-crown, as well as for a long course of minor teasings and annoyances. For some time Hal had contented himself with hiding the young carpenter's tools, or telling tales to his sweetheart, the pretty young housemaid ; but Robby at last provoked him beyond what was safe with a being of his order. Watching his opportunity one day, when, as usual after dinner, he took a short nap in his workshop, Hal entered unperceived, and accomplished his purpose. He then returned to the servants' hall. By his exulting looks the servants concluded he had been in mischief, but thought no more about the matter. Supper time came, and as Robby was a merry fellow, and the life of the party, his absence was remarked. At length Hal observed, "I've played him a bonny trick this time." "Why, what have you done now ?" cried the others, crowding round him ; "what have you hid now ?" "Oh, I've hid his head under the shavings, and when he wakes he'll be troubled to find it." Misgivings arose from this declaration, and they went in body to the workshop to see what he had really done, when, horrible to relate, it was found that the idiot had cut off the unfortunate man's head while he slept, and hid it under the shavings. Hal, who had accompanied them, seemed quite astonished to find Robby dead. He tried to put the head on again, and, on finding the effort was of no use, burst into tears. His delinquency of course subjected him to a trial, which took place at York, when, his imbecility being clearly proved, instead of committing him for the remainder of his life to prison, the judge gave him over to his humane protector, Sir George Armytage, in whose family he remained well watched, but his spirits never afterwards rallied. He was often found sitting by a brook, mingling his tears with the stream. He never spoke a word respecting the melancholy event, but no power could induce him to approach the workshop, or to take in his hand any edged tool. He pined, and his weak intellect becoming more and more feeble, his health suffered, and he died a premature old man, grey headed under thirty years of age. The remembrance of Hal Pierson's half-crown survived him, and has become a bye-word to express any futile or wild scheme for increasing money. Miss Jane Ayrton lived to nearly eighty years of age, and, near the end of her days, communicated these anecdotes to a descendant, the individual who now gives them to the world.—Copied from an early number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*,

As a gentleman with a very prominent nose was about to visit Kirklees, the Hal was forewarned by Sir George not to pass any remarks upon the peculiar proboscis. The visitor and Hal never passed each other without the latter remarking aloud—"What a nose! if anybody dare mention one." This has passed into a saying in the vicinity.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL WHICH FORMERLY USED TO BE SUNG  
IN MIRFIELD.

Come all ye jolly gentlemen, and hearken what I say,  
Jesus Our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

Here's to your Wassail, to your jovial Wassail,  
Highest joy come to you, and to your Wassail.

God bless the Master of this house, likewise the Mistress too,  
And all the little children that round the table go.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

We have not been a wand'ring among the leaves so green,  
But we are come a Wassailing, so fairly to be seen.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

We are not come to your door to beg or to borrow,  
But we are come to your door to drive away all sorrow.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

Your Wassail cup is made of Rosemary tree,  
And so is your beer of the best barley.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

Bring us out a table, spread thereon a cloth,  
And bring us out a mouldy cheese, likewise a Christmas loaf.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

Good Master and good Mistress, sitting by the fire,  
Remember us poor children who are travelling in the mire.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

We have a little purse, made of ratching leather skin,  
Good Master and good Mistress, come line it well within.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

You keep no Maid about this house, or we suppose you've none,  
Or else you would not let us stand so long on this cold stone.

Here's to your Wassail, &c.

—o—  
FOLK-LORE OF ROBIN HOOD.

I do not think there is any country so rich in proverbs, wise sayings, and folk-lore as England is. In former days, when books were scarce, proverbs were stored up in the memory and used by the common people on all occasions. An enumeration of these sayings would fill a volume. The name of Robin Hood will be familiar to all my readers; I will, therefore, give a few with which his name is connected:—

1.—“As crooked as Robin Hood's bow,” *i.e.*, when bent or strung. Thus, in a modern Irish song occurs—

The next with whom they did engage,  
It was an old woman worn with age;  
Her teeth were like tobacco pegs;  
Besides, she had two bandy legs,  
Her back more crooked than Robin Hood's bow, &c.

2.—“Many talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow; And many talk of Little John that never did him know.” Ray gives it as above, Fuller mentions it in his “Worthies,” as also does Sir Edward Coke, in his “Institutes.”

3.—“Robin Hood’s choice—this or nothing,” is used in the same sense as “Hobson’s Choice.”

4.—“Come, turn about, Robin Hood,” signifies that it required a large amount of “muscular Christianity” to challenge this hero.

5.—“To go round by Robin Hood’s barn,” to go a short distance, by a long road.

6.—“Good even, good Robin Hood.” This is an allusion to civility, extorted by fear, and Skelton uses it as such, in “Why come ye not to court.”

7.—“To sell Robin Hood’s pennyworth,” is spoken, says Fulier, of things sold under half their value, or, if you will, half sold—half given. Robin Hood came lightly by his ware, and lightly parted therewith; so that he could allow the length of his bow for a yard of velvet. This was indeed discount for cash, at the rate of about 50 per cent., as his bow would be, at least, six feet from tip to tip.

8.—“Tales of Robin Hood are good for fools,” is one of the proverbs in Camden’s “Remains,” but Ray has it, “Tales of Robin Hood are good *enough* for fools.” Camden’s version is, of course, the oldest. The *enough* may have been an interpolation between the time of Camden and Ray.

9.—“To overshoot Robin Hood” is quoted by Sir Philip Sydney in his “Defence of Poesie.” It probably meant making irrational conclusions.

There are no fewer than a dozen lanes and alleys in London alone called after him. Sometimes a rural publican whose name is John hangs over his door the following lines:—

You gentlemen and yeomen good,  
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;  
If Robin Hood be not at home,  
Come in and drink with Little John.

This is the case on Epping Forest which was recently opened by the Queen, and dedicated to the use of the people of London for ever. There is a public-house about a couple of miles from the terminus of the Great Eastern Branch Railway to Epping, and this verse is painted on the sign. It is related of a publican, who rejoiced in the patronymic of Webster, adopting these lines, with what he thought a necessary emendation, changing the closing line to

“Come in and drink with Simon Webster.”

He was not aware of the violation of poetic rules. Our older poets furnish us with another instance of the widespread fame

of this redoubtable freeson, in the practice of swearing by him. Thus in Borde's *Certayne Merrie Tales of the Madde Menne of Gottom*, published in the reign of Henry VIII., one of the characters introduced exclaims, "By Robin Hood, but thou shalt not." Shakspere, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, makes one of the outlaws swear, "By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar.

ANTIQUARY.

The *Heckmondwike Herald* gives the following note on Robin Hood's Wind.

"I heard one of my neighbours the other day, in speaking about the weather, say that Robin Hood was right when he said that a thaw wind was the coldest of all winds. Now, if it is not colder when the frost is on how could it thaw, and if it is so warm that it thaws how can Robin Hood have been right?

T. J. S. (Healey).

T. J. S. (Healey) no doubt thinks he has put a poser when he asks how it can thaw if the cold is more intense than when it freezes? The reason why it is colder in a thaw than in a frost is because when frozen water is thawed it absorbs heat from the air, &c., to melt the ice; in consequence of which the heat of the air is greatly reduced. There is no doubt that if Robin Hood made the observation he is credited with respecting a thaw wind he was perfectly correct and doubtless gave the result of his own experience. It would take up too much room to explain what is meant by latent heat, but strange as it may sound all bodies contain it, the coldest ice as well as the hottest fire. Heat is always *evolved* when a fluid is converted into a solid form, and on the contrary heat is always *absorbed* when a solid is changed into a liquid state.

CHEMICUS (Heckmondwike.)

—o—

HERBERT KNOWLES. In reply to the Rev. J. L. Saywell, I forward the following brief notice of Knowles. Through a mistaken idea, on the part of Southey, it has gone forth to the world, that this youthful poet was little better than a pauper, and depended upon sympathisers for his maintenance at school, which is altogether erroneous. He was born at Gomersal, near Leeds, in 1798, and died in 1817. James Knowles, his father, was a well-to-do woollen merchant, and well able to educate his sons, one of whom, James, he articled to the Law, who became an eminent Barrister and Q. C., and died in 1868.

Herbert was intended by his father, to follow commercial pursuits, and succeed him in the woollen business; but he wished to enter the Church, and trade was so distasteful to him that on the subject being urged upon him, he left home and

enlisted in the artillery, upon which, his father perceiving that he would never make a tradesman, bought him off, and sent him to the Grammar School at Richmond, then under the superintendence of Dr. Tate.

Very early in life, he commenced writing poetry, and submitted a poem to Southey as a specimen of a volume he proposed publishing, who appears to have conjectured that he was an orphan lacking the means of going to college, and that he was hoping to make money by the publication of his volume, to enable him to go thither. In reply, he earnestly dissuaded him from doing so, although the "poem was brimful of promise and power," offering instead, to send him £10 and to get the same sum each from Earl Spencer and Samuel Rogers. On receiving the news of his good fortune, young Knowles wrote to his protector a letter, remarkable for much more than the gratitude which pervaded every line. He remembered that Kirke White had gone to the university countenanced and supported by patrons, and that to pay back the debt he owed them he wrought day and night, until his delicate frame gave way, and his life became the penalty of his devotion. Herbert Knowles felt that he could not make the same desperate efforts, and he deemed it his first duty to say so. He promised to do what he could; assured his friends that he would not be idle; and that, if he could not reflect upon them any extraordinary credit, he would certainly do them no disgrace. He then wrote "The Three Tabernacles," which has immortalised his name. Southey was the first to give it to the world, in an article in the *Quarterly Review*, No. xxi., 397, saying—"The reader will remember that they are the verses of a school-boy, who had not long been taken from one of the lowest stations in life, and he will then judge what might have been expected, from one who was capable of writing with such strength and originality upon the tritest of all subjects."

He left behind him a MS. vol. of poems, some of which were published, posthumously in the "Literary Gazette." They were much lauded by James Montgomery in the "Christian Life," who said that he would have given a great deal to have been the author of "The Three Tabernacles." His superior genius engaged for him the patronage of many men, eminent for rank, talent or learning, but the ardour of his mind destroyed its earthly tenement, and he fell a victim to consumption at the age of 19 years. He was buried in the Chapel-yard of the Upper Chapel, Heckmondwike, under a tombstone, inscribed—"Sacred to the memory of Herbert Knowles, who departed this life February 17th, 1817."

The Poem was dated—"Written in Richmond Church-yard, Oct. 7th, 1816.

London.

FREDK. Ross.

The *Cleckheaton Guardian* publishes the following particulars:

“Herbert Knowles was the son of a Mr. James Knowles, a merchant in London. James Knowles was the brother of Mr. Lionel Knowles, sen., the father of the late Lionel and Hartley Knowles, of Gomersal. This James Knowles, Herbert’s father, married a Miss Philips, sister of the Mrs. Philips who, some fifty years ago, occupied the handsome residence, with garden in front, situate in what is now known as the Old Market Place, Cleckheaton, the same house being now tenanted by Mr. Navey and Mr. Scott. Herbert’s father and mother both dying when their children were young, he with his two brothers and sister, were taken charge of by their relatives. It may here be interesting to state that Mr. Lister, a respectable solicitor who practised in Cleckheaton some thirty-five years ago, married Herbert’s sister, and from personal recollection we may state that a more amiable lady never graced the town. She and her husband, however, both died within a very few years of their marriage, and their mortal remains rest in the old Red Chapel burying-ground. The late James Knowles, Q.C., who for so long a period was connected with the Northern Circuit, was Herbert’s brother, so it is clearly evident that the family was gifted with rare talents. Of the third brother we unfortunately know nothing. On the death of his parents, the subject of these remarks—Herbert—was taken by his relatives at Gomersal and sent to Mr. Horsfall’s school there, where he was a boarder. There being no Independent chapel at Gomersal in those days, Mr. Horsfall, his boarders, and many others from that village regularly attended at the Red Chapel; some, like Mr. Horsfall’s pupils, bringing their dinners along with them, and partaking thereof in the vestry. During the interval between the services, we are told, it was no uncommon event for Herbert, who was then religiously disposed, to deliver a short address to those present, and the ability he displayed did not go unobserved. It was previously stated that it was intended that he should enter into a merchant’s counting-house in Liverpool, but his talents becoming manifest, he was placed at the Grammar School, Richmond, Yorkshire, where he evinced powers of no ordinary kind. Through the kind assistance of Southey, Rogers and Lord Spencer, he was enabled to pursue his studies for a time, but too soon the hopes which he had excited were extinguished by his severe illness and sudden death, which took place at Gomersal, February 17th, 1817, when he was only nineteen years of age.

## Old Yorkshire Ballads.

A BALLAD ON MAY: BY T. PERESON, 1578.

The fragraunt flowers, most freshe to viewe,  
 In May most pleasaunt ys,  
 Doth yield to man their bewtifull hewe  
 That God hath framed sertis.  
 Then, man, consyder thine estate,  
 Compar'd a flower to be;  
 For come thou early, come thou late,  
 Be sure that thou shalt dye.

So pleasauntly doth florish Maye  
 In his appointed tyme;  
 When June appears, then slydes away,  
 And wither'd ys in fynne;  
 Lykewysse shall man, so freshe of hewe,  
 With valiant youthe decaye,  
 Consume to earthe this ys most trewe,  
 As flowers that faide in Maye.

And as the man greatly delight  
 To viewe thie callowres strange,  
 With fragraunt smelle both daye and night,  
 Which sodaynlye doth chaunge:  
 Even so shall man, with bewties brave,  
 His pompe and coradge stute,  
 Shall chaunge as flowers which wither'd stave,  
 Which of the earthe toke roote.

No flower so freshe or fragraunt smelle,  
 But yt haith lost his vewe,  
 No man so freshe, in youthe so well,  
 But he heith chaunged his hewe;  
 Sence now thus man, compared ys,  
 Most lyke the flower that hye  
 Themselves into the earthe sertis,  
 Doth shewe that man shall dye.

Then let us counte our lyffe the flower,  
 And youthe as lustye Maye,  
 Which shall be chaunged in short houre,  
 As Scripture playn doth saye;  
 And call on God, our heavenly King,  
 Our soules to mortifie,  
 That afther dethe He will us bringe  
 To His eternitie.

## A BALLAD BY PERESON :

Another Song, T. Pereson doing. (From the Cottonian MSS.)

O man, refraine thie vile desyre,  
 Subdewe thie lust inordinate ;  
 Fere lesse thouw kindlest a flamynge fyre  
 Of Gode's wrath, envy, or hate.

Thow knowest not what a poyson stronge  
 Thow heapest upp within thie brest ;  
 When that thow dost a poore man wronge,  
 The Lord wyll revenge the poore request.

For lyke as the asse is lyons preye,  
 So ys the poore the riche man's meate ;  
 As in experiens everye daye  
 How that the riche the poore doth eate.

And as the woulffe devoure the lambe,  
 Which of the fleshe and blode do feede,  
 So doth the riche and covetous man  
 Oppresse the poore or causse do neede.

But as the tre that bereth frute,  
 After the leaffe yet dothe decaye ;  
 So man shall leave his minde and vaine sute,  
 And turne in th' ende to clothe of claye.

But lett not covetousness the tome,  
 For to releve and helpe the poore ;  
 Feare lesse in hell therein thow bourne,  
 And bide in tormentes evermore.

Example of Dives we maye reede certaine,  
 As Scripture plainly dothe hus tell ;  
 For denyed of Lazarus his hunger to sustaine,  
 In perpetual tormentes in hell he doth dwell.

Therefore gyve unto the poore some parte  
 Of that which God hath given to the,  
 And with fre will and faithfull harte,  
 Gyve that thow maist, let no man se.

Then shalt thou be exalted hie,  
 In crowdes of heaven celestiall,  
 Where ever ys joye of melodye ;  
 God graunt to hus that plaice eternall.  
 ffinis.

These two ancient songs, I have copied from Halliwell's *Yorkshire Anthology*, and it is very desirable that something should be known of the author. Surely some one of our modern antiquarians must be equal to the task. Sometimes the name is spelt Pierson, but the most modern way is Pearson. There was a family of Piersons lived at and near Stokesley in

the time of Charles the 2nd, and they were Roman Catholics. In the insurrection of 1715, they sided with the Jacobites, and were fined. William Pierson valued his income at £154 2s. 4d. per annum. Bradshaw Pierson, of Greys Inn, returned £339 11s. 6d. Francis Pierson, yeoman, of Mythorpe, £7 10s. These may have been the descendants of our author, who was evidently from the tone of the poems, or songs, also a Roman Catholic. Piersons are found around Whitby, and also in Halifax and Bradford districts.

ROGER STORRS.

—o—

ALL-FOOL'S DAY, (ante p. 44). "Ab oriente lux" is true of a very great many things beside sunlight, and the origin of many of our popular customs, as well as our myths and superstitions, is to be looked for in the east. Perhaps the 'Asiatic Researches' is the last book in the world that one would naturally consult on the question of Mr. SAYWELL; yet it is in a dusty old copy of Vol. II. (English edition, London, 1799), that I find the best reply. It occurs in a paper by Colonel Pearse, (dated May 12, 1785), "On Two Hindu Festivals, and the Indian Sphinx," at p. 334 of the volume referred to, and runs as follows:—

"During the *Huli*, when mirth and festivity reign among Hindus of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The *Huli* is always in March, and the last day is the greatest holiday. All the Hindus who are on that day at Jagannāth, are entitled to certain distinctions, which they hold to be of such importance, that I found it expedient to stay there till the end of the festival; and I am of opinion, and so are the rest of the officers, that I saved above five-hundred men by the delay. The origin of the *Huli* seems lost in antiquities: and I have not been able to pick up the smallest account of it.

"If the rites of May-day show\* any affinity between the religion of England in times past, and that of the Hindus in these times, may not the custom of making *April-fools* on the first of that month, indicate some traces of the *Huli*? I have never yet heard any account of the origin of the English custom; but it is unquestionably very ancient, and is still kept up even in great towns, though less in them than in the country. With us it is chiefly confined to the lower classes of people; but in India, high and low join in it; and the late Shujdul Daulah,† I am told was very fond of making *Huli*-fools, though he was a Musselman of the highest rank. They

\* As suggested in an earlier part of the Colonel's letter.

† Better known to the ordinary reader as 'Surajah Dowlah, the ghoul of the 'Black Hole of Calcutta, and to Tommy Atkins as 'Sir Roger Dowler.'

carry it here so far, as to send letters making appointments, in the names of persons who, it is known, must be absent from their house at the time fixed on; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given.

R. T. L.

PARKIN ON NOVEMBER 5TH.—What is the origin of this Yorkshire mode of celebrating Gunpowder Plot Day? R. T. L.

—o—  
POMFRETTE ELECTION.

Listeneth, lordling in gode intent  
And I will telle thee verament  
Of myselven, eke of Pomfrette.  
Nedes non again be tolden  
That votes there are non boughten or solden,  
Ne for riches, drink, nor mette.

For Pomfrette then I came forward  
Owt of my grete regard  
For a sette of such puritee.  
Where ells could I find  
One so much to my mind,  
From being so very free.

Befelle it in London lately,  
Lords and ladies of high degree  
Didde a queen's court enliven.  
There the nobles to delight,  
As Chaucer I did wend y-dight  
In garnements weel contriven.

A weig did streme adown my back,  
Locks of horse-heren it did not lack;  
And I telle you in good certain,  
Though Chaucer swete could sing  
The fleurs and charms of spring,  
Mine is a lovelier strain.

Nevere were pipe of soaring lark  
Nor night-birds note in shades dark  
Half so softe as mine.

My frame is feeble but perhaps,  
Some of us little minor chaps  
Sing songs the most divine.

Peel mette me and fell aback  
At the sight of a weig so very black.

With a geegling laugh, he cried "Law Sir."  
He deemed by the way,  
I was merely a monstre,  
Till I told him I was Chaucer.\*

\* Peel met Milnes in his curious wig and didn't know him.

Then Peele shew'd me due regard  
 When he found out I was so great a bard,  
 And he heard me with muche delight  
 My music raise  
 Myselven to praise,  
 As the wonders of that night  
 Nor should it be forgotten too  
 That I have offerred tribute due  
 To the Queen & her consorte gode ;  
 For I have used my persuasion  
 To have my rhimes on the late occasion  
 Redde, if not understoode.  
 I sent them to the Morning Post,  
 Of all papers kenning the most  
 Of what occurs to Majesty ;  
 So I trust, I am sure  
 Of wellcome in future  
 When such fetes again there bee.  
 My merits from Peel cannot be hidd,  
 Though he has not yet made me a bidd ;  
 Nor mine aid by breebery soughten,  
 Because like Pomfrette  
 That auncient sette  
 I'm too virtuous to be boughten.

R. M. M.

Thus spake smalle Milnes alias Chaucer.

One would like to know who wrote the above effusion ; surely not R. M. M. of honoured memory ! A note as to when and where the lines first appeared (if they have been printed before), will oblige.

R.

### YORKSHIRE ANTHOLOGY.

The following pieces have been selected from the Rev. J. L. Saywell's MS. collection of original poems, most of which have appeared from time to time in various Yorkshire prints. By his contributions to Yorkshire literature, Mr. Saywell has established a reputation which entitles him to a place amongst Yorkshire writers, and we deplore his removal from our county to St. Helen's.

#### THE OLD FARM WAGGON : (A Rural Idyl.)

The old farm waggon ! what memories cluster round it,  
 Of the days gone by, when in the croft we found it ;  
 How the creak of its wheels filled my heart with delight,  
 As laden with faggots it labour'd home at night.

The old farm waggon ! full many a jaunty ride  
 To the hay-field have I had, down by the river side ;

Or, on the splashboard mounted, with Bob's approving smile,  
I handl'd reins and whip in true despotic style.

\* \* \* \* \*

To the old farm waggon I owe my first 'ideer'  
Of what the world was like beyond our village sphere ;  
For when a boy, with father I oft to market went,  
And saw the sights and scenes, and there my half-pence spent.  
And then when father died, I married Sal, and she  
For thirty years rode by my side most happily.

The old farm waggon ! how my heart with honest pride  
Expanded, when I saw the *bairns* to market ride,  
The rosiest, bonniest youngsters, it cannot be denied,  
That ever grac'd a cottage, or roam'd the country side.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now my locks are snowy, the waggon's far from new,  
The lads and lasses all are wed, and Sally's ailing too ;  
I doubt her days are number'd by the Master up above,  
But I'll bide His time in patience and in love.

Altho' no more to market, so feeble too I've grown,  
There's one more journey I'll have to take alone—  
To the quiet Kirkyard down by the river side,  
Where the old farm waggon took father when he died ;  
And there I'll wait for Sally, she wont be long, I know,  
And then we'll rest together 'neath where the daisies grow.

1878.

#### THE TWO BEACONS.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

From a rocky cliff by the ocean's side,  
The light of a beacon shone o'er the tide,  
Which ebb'd and flow'd, and moan'd and sigh'd,  
By the strength of the rock-bound coast defied.  
For years it had stood a sentinel there,  
Dispelling the gloom with its ruddy glare,  
While storm-toss'd mariners lost in despair  
Were cheer'd by its beam, as an answer to prayer.  
Full many a vessel of stately mien  
Destroy'd on those rocks, the keeper had seen,  
(Oft raging in tempest !—oft calm and serene !—  
Then cloth'd by the sunset in golden sheen.)  
Thus the beacon-light was the keeper's pride,  
With it he'd liv'd, and, if needful, have died ;  
'Twas there he was born, 'twas there he'd abide  
'Till eas'd from his post by the ocean's side.

\* \* \* \* \*

And oft when the waves by the winds were lash'd !  
And the beacon's ray o'er the waste was flash'd,

The old man sat 'lone by the lantern's mast,  
 And thought of the hope o'er his future cast.  
 For sixty years he'd plough'd life's ocean wave,  
 'Midst turbulent storms as dark as the grave,  
 And he sigh'd to think, how he'd tried to brave  
 Life's tempest himself, and his soul to save.  
 He remember'd the day when he sail'd away,  
 While earth's treach'rous smiles around him did play,  
 But the sky looming dark, he drifted astray,  
 And his vessel was wreck'd on the rocks of delay !  
 — Not totally lost, for a heavenly light  
 Illumin'd his soul and gladden'd his sight ;  
 'Twas the *beacon* of *hope* that dispell'd the dark night,  
 And the "Lamp of God's Word" all his doubts put to  
 flight.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old man smil'd, as he turn'd o'er the page  
 Which in youth he had shunn'd, but now in old age  
 Was a lantern of peace, his doubts to assuage,  
 For to him it shone clear, tho' dark to the sage.  
 Now, round his sere forehead with snowy locks crown'd,  
 A halo oft sits, for the hope he has found ;  
 And the beacon celestial sheds its glory around,  
 'Till his soul rides at anchor on heavenly ground.

1878.

—o—

WHIG AND TORY.—With reference to the derivation of the word 'Tory,' mentioned in Mr. Gardiner's paper on some English Nursery Rhymes, p. 156 of Y. Folk-Lore, it may be interesting to note that at the last General Election (1886), the colliers in the neighbourhood of Handsworth Woodhouse, near Sheffield, derisively termed their political opponents "Torrags," [toe rags] a term which in its pronunciation may come very near the Irish *toruigh*.

J. T. S.

The following extract is made from a MS. diary of the Rev. Oliver Heywood, the distinguished Nonconformist divine :—

"I being at Wallingwells, Oct. 24, 1681, they were discussing about a new name lately come into fashion for Ranters, calling themselves by the name of *Torys*. Mrs. H., of Chesterfield, told me of a gentleman who was at their house, and had a red ribband in his hat. She asked him what it meant. He said it signified that he was a *Tory*. 'What's that?' said she. He answered 'An Irish Rebel!' Oh, dreadful that any in England dare espouse that interest. I hear further, since, that this is the distinction they make instead of Cavalier and Roundhead. Now they are called *Torys* and *Wiggs*, the former wearing a Red Ribband, the other a Violet. Thus men begin to commence war. The former is an Irish title for outlawed persons, the

latter a Scotch title for fanatics or dissenters, and the Tories will hector down and abuse those they have named Wiggs in London and elsewhere frequently. There is a book called "The Character of a Tory," wherein it runs, 'a Tory, a Roary, a Scory, a Sory, Vidt.'

Walling or Walding Well is near Tickhill, on the borders of Yorkshire and Notts, and where Heywood was a constant visitor. Several volumes of "Heywood's Diaries" are in existence, and were used by Hunter in his biography of Heywood. The Nonconformist Register of Births, &c., usually called the Northowram Register, kept by him at Northowram, in the parish of Halifax, and where he chiefly ministered, has lately been published by Mr. Horsfall Turner, of Idel, near Bradford, and is most useful to those interested in the families professing the old dissent. Heywood inserted in the Register, Memoranda of Births, &c., of families in various places. These diaries intact are intended to be published by Mr. Turner.

The extract above given is taken from a transcript in my possession, made by the late Mr. Hunter."

Walton Hall.

EDWARD HAILSTONE.

(From N. & Q., November, 1881.)

John A. Maciver, Edinburgh, writes—It is affirmed by certain writers that the distinction between Whigs and Tories, as political parties, was not known before 1678, in the reign of Charles II. It is certain, however, that the terms were in use about that date, for Dryden in his epilogue of the "Duke of Guise," (1682), has the following:—

Damned neutrals, in their middle way of steering.

Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring;

Nor Whigs nor Tories they.

An anonymous author says, that the word "Whig" was given to the Liberal party in England by the Royalists in Cromwell's days, from the initials of their motto—"We hope in God." Mr. Borrow, author of the "Bible in Spain," suggests that "Tory" may be traced to the Irish adherents of Charles I., during the Cromwellian era, when the words *Tar-a-ry* (pronounced *Tory*), and meaning "Come, O King!" were so constantly in the mouths of the Royalists as to become a by-word. The origin of the terms has, however, been traced to various other sources. "Liberals" and "Conservatives" are the modern forms of "Whig" and "Tory." It is not clear how the former name arose, but the latter, applied as a political party name, came into use in January, 1830. In the *Edinburgh Review* of that date there occurs the following sentence:—"We despise and abominate the details of partisan warfare, but we now are, as we always have been, decidedly and conscientiously attached to what is called the Tory, and which might with more propriety be called the *Conservative* party." Broadly

stated, the distinguishing features of the two parties are these: The Conservative leans towards Church and State; supports the regal, ecclesiastical, and aristocratic institutions of the country, and is jealous of the extension of popular power; while the Liberal advocates progressive reforms of abuses in the State, is jealous of the encroachments of the Crown and privileged classes, and seeks to increase the power of the people.

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LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF WELLS, &c.—Springs and Wells of water have, in all lands and in all ages, been greatly valued, and in some regards with a feeling of veneration little, if at all, short of worship. They have yielded their treasure to the sustenance and refreshment of man and beast, as age after age of the world's history has passed along, and have been centres around which village story and gossip have gathered for generation after generation. Little wonder, therefore is it, that legends and traditions abound concerning them. These are often extremely local, and therefore little known. The names alone, however, suggest much. The memory of the mythical gods, satyrs, and nymphs of the ancient heathen times lingers in a few, as in Thors-kil or Thors-Well in the parish of Burnsall, and in the almost universal declaration, by which not overwise parents seek to deter children from playing in dangerous proximity to a Well—that at the bottom, under the water, dwells a mysterious being, usually named Jenny Greenteeth Blooidy Tongue, or Peg-o'-the-Well, who will certainly drag into the water any child who approaches too near it.

The tokens of mediæval reverence are abundant in the names of the saints still clinging to them, to whom the Wells were dedicated. "There is scarcely a Well of consequence in the United Kingdom," says the editor of *Lancashire Folk-lore*, "which has not been solemnly dedicated to some saint in the Roman calendar." Thus in Yorkshire, we have Our Lady's Well or Lady Well, St. Helen's Well (very numerous), St. Margaret's Well at Burnsall, St. Bridget's Well near Ripon, St. Mungo's Well at Copgrove, St. John's Well at Beverley, St. Alkelda's Well at Middleham, &c. Dr. Whitaker remarks that the Wells of Craven, which bear the names of saints, are invariably presided over by females, as was the case with Wells under the Pagan ritual, in which nymphs, exclusively, enjoyed the same honour.

Remnants of Well-worship existed in Craven about the middle of the last century, when it was the custom, on Sunday evenings, for the young people to assemble and drink the waters mingled with sugar. This custom was particularly observed at St. Helen's Well at Eshton, and at Rouland Well, betwixt Rilston and Hetton. "These harmless and pleasing observances," says the doctor, are now lost, and nothing better has

been introduced into their place. It is perhaps as innocent at such hours of relaxation to drink water, even from a consecrated spring, as to swallow the poison of British distilleries at a public-house.” *To be continued.*

—o—

### YORKSHIRE CENTENARIANS.



John Phillips, gent.

The above portrait is an exact copy of the painting by P. Mercier, (J. Faber, fecit.), and bears the subscription :—

John Phillips, gent., aged 117, of Thorner, near Bramham Park, in Yorkshire. Born in Cleveland, 1625. Dyed Jan. ye 4th, 1741-2. (See p. 136. See also p. 197 Y. N. & Q., where Mr. Phillips' age is given at 100.)

—o—

The following are extracts from one of my books of Newspaper Cuttings, to which I should like to add queries. Is it possible to discover the particular place in Yorkshire in which Ann Ingram was born? Also the birth place of Mrs. Hobson?

C. H. STEPHENSON, COVENTRY CLUB, LONDON.

A LEEDS CENTENARIAN.—At the meeting of the Leeds Board of Guardians on Wednesday, a letter was read from the Clerk to the Chorlton-upon-Medlock Union, which stated that Elizabeth Jennings, aged 103 years, was then living at Gorton, and had applied for further relief to the Chorlton Union; and the pauper being chargeable to the Leeds Union, authority to grant relief was asked for. She had been in receipt of 3s. per week for some time, and 6d. was added to that amount, as the pauper was beyond the age of 100 years.—*North British Advertiser*, Oct. 14th, 1876.

The *Sheffield Telegraph* records the death of Mrs. Hobson, widow of the Rev. Leonard Jasper Hobson, incumbent of Mex-bro'. Mrs. Hobson was born in February, 1773, and died on the 22nd inst., having thus nearly completed her hundredth year. She retained her faculties to the last, and leaves behind her a great-grandchild, with numerous children and grandchildren.—*The Standard*, Oct. 25th, 1872.

Yesterday, Ann Ingram, of Earls Barton, Northampton, attained her hundredth year. She was born on the 29th of May, 1776, and has 102 descendants, five generations. She was born in Yorkshire, and lived in the same house 70 years. Her eldest girl, aged 72 years, died six years ago; and her grand-daughter, 60 years old, is grandmother to 12 children. "Old Ann" did six days' washing a week until she was 54.—*Manchester Evening Mail*, May 30th, 1876.

Thomas Nicholson, a gentleman well known and highly respected in the district, died at the village of Hawkswell, near Richmond, on Monday, having reached the advanced age of 101 years. Deceased, who will be interred to-morrow, was born in 1777. The annexed is a copy of the engravings on a copper plate to be put on his tombstone:—"Here rest the mortal remains of Thomas Nicholson, second son of the Rev. Thomas Nicholson and Elizabeth Farrer, his wife; many years town clerk of the ancient borough of Hertford, afterwards a commissioner for investigating claims to grants of land in Tasmania, and a barrister of the Supreme Court of that Colony.

Born at East Hawkswell, 12th March, 1777; departed this life the 9th September, 1878."—*Bedale and Northallerton Times and Gazette*, Sept. 14th, 1878.

Margaret Winn, a Quakeress of Millthrop, Sedbergh, died November 5th, 1747, aged 100 years and 3 months.

The above Margaret (Thompson) married Christopher Winn, Feb. 22nd, 1686. Christopher Winn died Feb., 1732.

The Burial Register of the Parish of Glaisdale near Whitby, records the following:—December 29th, 1830, was buried in Glaisdale Churchyard, Mary Wilson aged 100 years. She had been an inmate of the Poor House then standing at Lealholm in this Parish.

A. W. HEDGES.

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF WELLS, &c.—*Continued from p. 192.*

Other Wells there are whose designations preserve the names of owners or historical personages, in olden times, as Ketel's (a Saxon nobleman) Well (Kettlewell), and the many Robin Hood's Wells; while the names of many others, as Beggar's-gill-well, in Grasswood, near Kettlewell, the Drumming Well at Harpham, the Tailor's Well at Beverley, &c., preserve some topographical peculiarity, or local story of more or less interest in local history, tradition, or folk-lore.

WELLS POSSESSING MEDICINAL VIRTUES.—The Ilkley Wells have long been famous for their medicinal virtues, as well as the well known sulphur springs of Harrogate; both places have sprung to fame as watering places and health resorts. In the *Magna Britannica*, a work published in 1733, it is stated that there are in Leeds the following Springs; St. Peter's Spring, intensely cold, but beneficial to such as are troubled with rheumatism, rickets, &c.; Eyebright Well, near the Monk-pits, celebrated as a cure for sore eyes; a spring at the High Dam, 'whose water, by the powder of galls, will turn into a purple colour'; and the Spaw on Quarry-hill, which surpasses all the rest, 'being a *Pannacea*', and the Ducking Stool for the cure of scolds, being near it. In all ironstone and coal districts are Canker Wells, which are reputed to cure sore eyes.

PIN WELLS AND THE FAIRIES.—In several counties are Pin Wells, but we are not sure of any so named in Yorkshire. In Westmoreland there is a famous *Pin Well*, into the waters of which both rich and poor drop a pin when passing. The superstition in both cases, consists in a belief that the well is under the charge of a fairy, and that it is best to propitiate the little lady by a present of some sort, and a pin is often most convenient. The crooked pin is explained in folk-lore, that crooked

things are lucky things, as a crooked sixpence, which many elderly ladies never allow themselves to be without, lest ill-luck should befall them. There are many interesting superstitions connected with springs and wells, and like most of superstitions, there is a basis of truth in them when understood. There is a spring about five miles from Alnwick, in Northumberland, known as *Senna Well*, on account of its medicinal effects. At Wavertree, near Liverpool, there is a well bearing the following inscription : “Qui non dat quod habet, Daemon infra videt, 1414.” Tradition says there was at one period a cross above it, inscribed, “Deus dedit, homo bibit,” and that all travellers gave alms when drinking. If they did not do so, a devil who was chained at the bottom laughed. The monks who lived near got the contributions. See *Notes and Queries*, vol. 6, page 304.

THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL AT GIGGLESWICK.—About a mile from Settle, on the road leading towards Clapham, and at the foot of the high limestone cliff known as Giggleswick Scar, is the famous Ebbing and Flowing Well. The water in this well periodically ebbs and flows, at longer or shorter intervals, according to the quantity running at the time. Sometimes the phenomenon takes place several times in the course of an hour, the water rising and sinking over a depth of several inches—and sometimes only once in the course of a few hours. At one time it was thought there was some subterranean connection between the waters of this well and those of the ocean, and that the ebbing and flowing of the tides led to the rise and fall of the waters of the well. This is improbable and unsatisfactory, and the true explanation is probably to be found in a system of natural syphons in the limestone rock. The theory that such is the case has been well worked out by a gentleman of the locality, whose name the writer is sorry he does not remember. Legend, however, has its own explanation, and this was admirably given by quaint Michael Drayton, in his “Polyolbion,” nearly 300 years ago (1573-1631).

“In all my spacious tract, let them, so wise, survey  
 My Ribble’s rising banks, their worst, and let them say,  
 At Giggleswick, where I a fountain can you show,  
 That eight times a day is said to ebb and flow.  
 Who sometimes was a nymph, and in the mountains high  
 Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps, put on the sky,  
 Amongst th’ Oreads there, and Sylvans made abode,  
 (It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod)  
 Of all the mountain kind, and, since she was most fair,  
 It was a Satyr’s chance to see her silver hair  
 Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliffe she clame.  
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,  
 And after her he goes ; which when she did espy,

Before him like the wind the nimble sylph doth fly,  
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they drive ;  
 To take her he doth strain, t'outstrip him she doth strive,  
 As one his kind that knew, and greatly feared his rape,  
 And to the topick gods by praying to escape.

They turned her to a spring, which as she then did pant,  
 When wearied with her course her breath grew wondrous  
 scant.

Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short did blow,  
 Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and flow."

Richard Braithwaite ("Drunken Barnaby") writes thus of Giggleswick and the well :—

"Thence to Giggleswick most steril,  
 Hemm'd with shelves and rocks of peril,  
 Near to the way, as the traveller goes,  
 A fine spring both ebbs and flows :  
 Neither know the learned that travel  
 What procures it, salt or gravel."

At page 206 "Yorkshire Bibliographer," will be found a picture of the well as it exists to-day, and at p. 169 a facsimile of an old engraving depicting the district in which it is found. On leaving the well, two streams are formed by the waters and these fall into the bed of the dried-up Giggleswick Tarn.

Stainland Holywell, (p. 158, Y. N. Q.) and Alegar Well at Kirklees, have been previously referred to in our pages. At Helliwell Syke, near Coley Church, is another.



**B**

RADFORD.—Spink Well, and Helly Well (Holy Well), near Bradford, were long ago famous wells. It was near Spink Well where the famous wild boar is said to have been killed. Being near Cliffe Wood, the name of the former must, I suppose, have been derived from the song birds so plentifully there formerly, such as the bull-spink, the gold-spink, &c. The Holy Well, not far from Manningham-lane, probably derived its name from having at some time been dedicated to some saint. It is well known that our forefathers were wont to dedicate wells to their favourite saints, and to attribute to the wells uncommon virtues. Mr. John James says :—"I have observed that uncommon virtues were supposed to be in

the water, and the wells of this description which I have seen are naturally of an extremely fine kind. The inhabitants of Bradford were wont in ancient times to resort on Sundays to

these wells as a common place of meeting, to drink of the waters, and partake of their preternatural virtues. In the surrounding locality there are several of these sainted, or holy wells. The Lady's Well, in the 'Roughs,' on the west side of Dudley Hill, within late years, was in great repute for its waters." And near every old town and village in Yorkshire such wells may be found.

St. SIMON'S WELL.—On the banks of the Cover (this name is pronounced as if spelt Cov-ver. It is derived from *v*, water, with *c* prefixed, and signifies the *shallow stream*, in contradistinction to the deep and rapid *Yore*) we find St. Simon's Well, a spring formerly used as a path, but now choked up. The country people assert that St. Simon the Apostle is buried there; an evident mistake. It is, however, possible that some holy martyr of that name, forgotten, like St. Alkelda, of Middleham and Giggleswick, may have suffered during the Danish persecution. The place is thus noticed in some verses descriptive of Coverdale, written fifty years ago by a clever but eccentric character, the Rev. James Law, curate of Coverham, a collateral descendant of the Ellenborough family:—

The ruins of St. Simon's are forgot,  
That deep, sequester'd wood, o'ershadowed spot.  
(Suppose in truth, what records old declare  
The holy Canaanite was buried there?)  
Near Coverside, where from a rocky dell  
The streams rush out and fill the ancient well.

\* \* \* \*

And still one day in honour of the saint  
In feasting yearly, through the dale is spent.

On page 189 "Yorkshire Bibliographer," will be found an accurate drawing of St. Hilda's Well, at Hinderwell, which supplies the people of a large district with excellent water, though situated at the foot of the graveyard.

St. JOHN'S WELL AT HARPHAM.—At Harpham-on-the-Wolds, between Driffield and Bridlington, there is a noted well dedicated to St. John of Beverley, who was really the patron saint of all this part of Yorkshire. In mediæval times many miracles are said to have been wrought through the virtue of its waters, blessed by the saint. It is a circular well or trough, with an opening in the side, and covered by a dome, and situated on the roadside by the churchyard. Among other virtues it possessed that of taming wild animals, and subduing and calming the fiercest brutes. William of Malmesbury relates that the most rabid bull when brought before it became as gentle as a lamb. If this supposed supernatural power be departed in these degenerate times, the natural power of allaying the sufferings of many a poor animal, maddened by thirst, may not be less valuable or less effectual.

THE DRUMMING WELL AT HARPHAM.—At Harpham, in the East Riding (the same village as is mentioned before in connection with St. John's Well) there is in a field near the church another well called the Drumming Well, to which appertains the following legend :—

About the time of the second or third Edward, when all the young men of the country were required to be practised in the use of the bow, and for that purpose public "butts" were found connected with almost every village, and occasionally "field-days" for the display of archery were held, attended by gentry and peasant alike—the old manor house near this well at Harpham was the residence of the family of St. Quintin. In the village lived a widow, reputed to be somewhat "uncanny," named Molly Hewson. She had an only son, Tom Hewson, who had been taken into the family at the manor; and the Squire, struck with his soldierly qualities, had appointed him trainer and drummer to the village band of archers.

A grand field day of these took place in the Well-field in front of the manor house. A large company was assembled, and the sports were held at their height, the squire and his lady looking with the rest. But one young rustic proving more than usually stupid in the use of his bow, the squire made a rush forward to chastise him. Tom, the drummer, happening to be standing in his way, and near the Well, St. Quintin accidentally ran against him and sent him staggering backward, and tripping, he fell head foremost down the Well. Some time elapsed before he could be extricated, and when that was effected the youth was dead. Soon his mother appeared upon the scene. At first she was frantic, casting herself upon his body. Suddenly she rose up and stood, with upright mien, out-stretched arm, and stern composure before the Squire. She remained silent awhile, glaring upon him with dilated eyes, while the awe-stricken bystanders gazed upon her as if she were some supernatural being. At length she broke the silence, and, in a sepulchral tone of voice, exclaimed—"Squire St. Quintin, you were the friend of my boy, and would still have been his friend but for this calamitous mishap. You intended not his death, but from your hand his death has come. Know, then, that through all future ages, that when ever a St. Quintin, Lord of Harpham, is about to pass from life, my poor boy shall beat his drum at the bottom of that fatal Well. It is I—the wise woman—the seer of the future—that say it."

The body was removed and buried; and from that time, so long as the old race of St. Quintin lasted, on the evening preceding the death of the head of the house, the rat-tat of Tom's drum was heard in the Well by those who listened for it.

For this legend the writer is indebted to the *Leeds Mercury*.

**HART LEAP WELL.**—This well is situated near the road which leads from Richmond, in Swaledale, to the town of Askrigg, in Wensleydale; and is about five miles from the former town. The Poet Wordsworth has immortalised this Well in his version of the old legend:—

“There’s neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
Will wet their lips within that cup of stone;  
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.”

**LADY WELLS.**—“Our Lady Wells,” that is, wells dedicated to the Virgin, are numerous in this country.

One at Threshfield, near Linton, in Craven, has the attribute of being a place of safe refuge from all supernatural visitants, hobgoblins, and the like.

Dr. Dixon (Stories of Craven Dales) relates the story of a native on his way home, late at night from the public-house, being a spectator of some performances of Pam, the Threshfield Ghost, and his imps. Unfortunately the secret spectator sneezed, and then, in homely phrase, “he had to run for it,” and only escaped condign punishment at the hands of the spirits by taking refuge in the very middle of “Our Lady’s Well,” which they durst not approach. They, however, waited at such a distance as was permitted them, and kept their victim, nearly up to his neck, in the cold water, until the crowing of the cock announced that the hour for their departure had arrived, when they fled, but not without vowing how severely they would punish him if he ever again was caught eavesdropping at their parties.

At Thirsk, again, is a Lady Well. An old historian of the town says, “In the marsh near the church flows a spring of pure and excellent water, commonly called Lady Well, doubtless a name of no modern description.” He also gives the following doggrel lines:—

#### LADY WELL.

Inspired by Greece’s hallowed spring,  
Blandusia’s fount let Horace sing;  
Whilst favour’d by no muse I tell  
How much I love sweet Lady Well.

Amidst the willow shades obscure,  
From age to age her stream runs pure;  
Yet has no seer aris’n to tell  
The bliss that flows from Lady Well.

Save that in those dark distant days,  
When superstition dimm’d truth’s rays,  
The monk promulgated from his cell  
That virtue dwelt in Lady Well.

ST. HELEN'S WELL.—There are more St. Helens than one, but the one to whom the many Yorkshire wells are supposed to be dedicated was Helen, or Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, who was by birth a Yorkshire lady, or rather a British lady from the neighbourhood of Eboracum. The waters of many of these wells bearing her name seem to have been deemed a specific for sore and weak eyes. This was the case with the one near Gargrave. Whitaker states that in his time votive offerings, such as ribbons and other decorative articles, were commonly to be seen tied to the bushes near these wells.

ROGER STORRS.

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#### WELL WORSHIP.

Folks came from the east and came from the west,  
To take at that fountain health and rest;  
From the north and the south they came to dwell,  
By the far-famed stream of the "Holywell."

*Eliza Cook.*

Perhaps no ancient superstition has had a more enduring existence than "well-worship." This may have arisen to some extent, from the fact that water, under certain conditions, possesses undoubted "medical virtues." The necessity of personal cleanliness to ensure ordinary comfort, and the value of aqueous agency in its achievement, would doubtless exercise some influence, even in remote times. Add to this the horrors of a "water famine," the intense suffering resulting from prolonged thirst, and we can well imagine that the early tribes of men who worshipped fire would feel a corresponding reverence for what may be termed its natural complement—water. The sun's heat was powerless for good, nay, it was potent for evil, unless in close alliance with the "gentle rain from heaven." From their union springs the warm moisture essential to vegetable growth. Water, too, in more modern times, has been largely employed as a symbol of purity; and, in the Roman Catholic Church, especially, has been consecrated to religious purposes, and rendered "holy." It is, indeed, employed by all Christian sects, in the rite of baptism, as symbolising purity. Hence it is not surprising that many springs, and especially in the neighbourhood of religious houses, should in the middle ages have been invested with a sacred character, or that superstition of a more ancient and a heathen origin should yet, as it were, haunt their precincts.

C. HARDWICK.

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#### SPECTRE HUNTSMAN AND HOUNDS.

"He the seven birds hath seen that never part,  
Seen the seven whistlers on their mighty rounds,  
And counted them! And oftentimes will start,

*For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's hounds,  
Doomed with their impious lord, the flying hart  
To chase for ever on aerial grounds."*

*Wordsworth.*

"Amongst the most prominent of the demon superstitions prevalent in Lancashire," says Mr. T. T. Wilkinson, "we may first instance that of the Spectre Huntsman, which occupies so conspicuous a place in the folk-lore of Germany and the north. This superstition is still extant in the gorge of Cliviger, where he is believed to hunt a milk white doe round the Eagle's Crag, in the vale of Todmorden, on All Hallows Eve. His *hounds* are said to fly yelping through the air on many other occasions, and, under the local name of '*Gabriel Ratchets*,' are supposed to predict death or misfortune to all who hear the sounds."

This superstition is known about Leeds, and other places in Yorkshire, as '*Gabble Retchet*,' and refers more especially to the belief that the souls of unbaptised children are doomed to wander in this stormy fashion about the homes of their parents.

These peculiar superstitions appear to have nearly died out, or to have become merged into some other legends based on the actions of the Aryan storm gods, Indra, Rudra, and their attendant Maruts or Winds, both in Great Britain and Ireland. According to a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, of July, 1836, the wild huntsman still lingers in Devonshire. He says, "the spectre pack which hunts over Dartmoor is called the 'wish hounds,' and the black 'master' who follows the chase is no doubt the same who has left his mark on Wistman's Wood," a neighbouring forest of dwarf oaks.

The late Mr. Holland, of Sheffield, referring to this superstition, in 1861, says, "I can never forget the impression made upon my own mind when once arrested by the cry of these Gabriel hounds as I passed the parish church of Sheffield, one densely dark and very still night. The sound was exactly like the greeting of a dozen beagles on the foot of a race, but not so loud, and highly suggestive of ideas of the supernatural." Mr. Holland has embodied the local feeling on this subject in the following sonnet:—

Oft have I heard my honoured mother say,  
How she has listened to the Gabriel hounds\*—  
Those strange unearthly and mysterious sounds,  
Which on the ear through murkiest darkness fell;  
And how, entranced by superstitious spell,  
The trembling villager not seldom heard,  
In the quaint noise of the nocturnal bird

\* In Oliver Heywood's *Diaries* will be found an account of Gabble Ratches, and Whistlers. A noisy child is sometimes called a Gabble-ratch, or is told to 'stop thi gabble!'

Of death premonished, some sick neighbour's knell.  
I, too, remember once at midnight dark,

How these sky-yelpers startled me and stirred  
My fancy so, I could have then averred  
A mimic pack of beagles low did bark.  
Nor wondered I that rustic fear should trace  
A spectral huntsman doomed to that long moonless chase.

In classic mythology this wild hunt myth is paralleled by the career of Orion, the "mighty hunter, the cloud raging in wild freedom over hills and dales." Seeking to make the beautiful Aerô his bride, he is blinded by her father, who caught him asleep. After recovering his sight by a journey towards the rising sun, he vainly endeavours to seize upon and punish his enemy. In his wanderings he meets with and is beloved by Artemis (Diana), one of the dawn goddesses. The Rev. G. W. Cox says, "It is but the story of the beautiful cloud left in darkness when the sun goes down, but recovering its brilliance when he rises again in the east." After his death, being so nearly akin to the powers of light, Asklepios "seeks to raise him from the dead and thus brings on his own doom from the thunderbolts of Zeus—a myth which points to the blotting out of the sun from the sky by the thundercloud, just as he was re-kindling the faded vapours which lie motionless on the horizon." Orion's hound afterwards became the dog-star, Sirius. Hence our name dog days for parching weather.

This chasing of the white doe or the white hart by the spectre huntsman has assumed various forms. According to Aristotle a white hart was killed by Agathocles, king of Sicily, which a thousand years beforehand had been consecrated to Diana by Diomedes. Alexander the Great is said by Pliny to have caught a white stag, placed a collar of gold about its neck, and afterwards set it free. Succeeding heroes have, in after days, been announced as the capturers of this famous white hart. Julius Cæsar took the place of Alexander, and Charlemagne caught a white hart at both Magdebourg, and in the Holstein woods. In 1172, William the Lion is reported to have accomplished a similar feat, according to a Latin inscription on the walls of Lubeck Cathedral. Tradition says the white hart has been caught on Rothwell Haigh Common, in Yorkshire.

The spectre huntsman, so very popular in Scandinavian and German tradition, is the Teutonic deity Odin or Woden, from whence our Wednesday. Woden is claimed by the early Angle and Saxon kings of the heptarchy as their common ancestor. This god had many names, each descriptive of some special quality or attribute. Amongst others he was styled Wunsch, from which we have the Anglo-Saxon wisk, and the modern

English wish,\* in the sense in which it is used in the divining or wish rod (German *wünschelruthe*).

The appearance of Old Trash is considered a certain death-sign, and has obtained the local names of 'Trash'† or 'Skriker.' He generally appears to one of the family from which death is about to select his victim, and is more or less visible according to the distance of the event. I have met with persons to whom the barghaist has assumed the form of a white cow or a horse; but on most occasions 'Trash' is described as having the appearance of a large dog, with very broad feet, shaggy hair, drooping ears, and 'eyes as large as saucers.' When walking, his feet make a loud splashing noise, like old shoes in a miry road, and hence the name of 'Trash.' The appellation, 'Skriker,' has reference to the screams uttered by the sprite, which are frequently heard when the animal is invisible. When followed by any individual, he begins to walk backwards, with his eyes fixed full on his pursuer, and vanishes on the slightest momentary inattention. Occasionally he plunges into a pool of water, and at other times he sinks at the feet of the person to whom he appears with a loud splashing noise, as if a heavy stone was thrown into the miry road. Some are reported to have attempted to strike him with any weapon they had at hand, but there was no substance present to receive the blows, although the Skriker kept his ground."

In the "Merry Devil of Edmonton" (1631) is the following reference to this superstition:—

I know thee well; I heare the watchfull dogs,  
With hollow howling, tell of thy approach;  
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;  
And this distempered and tempestuous night  
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some devill.

The superstition that the howling of a dog, especially in the night time, portends the death of some person in the immediate neighbourhood, is yet, at the present day, firmly believed in, even by the middle, and by no means uneducated, classes in Lancashire and Yorkshire. I listened, not very long ago, to the serious recital of a story by one who heard the howling and knew well the party whose death immediately followed. He himself, being sick at the time, deemed his own end approaching, but was relieved of his terror on being informed that a well-known neighbour had just expired.

It is a common superstition yet that the ghosts of persons, murdered or otherwise, not buried in consecrated ground, cannot rest, but must wander about in search of the means of Christian sepulture. This superstition obtained amongst the

\* Wisht, in Yorkshire, is an order for quietness.

† Guy trash in West Yorkshire. Boys have a game—Old trash.

Greeks and Latins. The ghosts of unburied bodies, not possessing the *obolus* or fee due to Charon, the ferryman of the *Styx* or *Acheron*, were unable to obtain a lodging or place of rest. They were, therefore, compelled to wander about the banks of the river for a hundred years, when the *Portitor* or "ferryman of hell" passed them over, *in forma pauperis*. Hence the sacred nature of the duty of surviving relatives and friends under the most trying circumstances. The celebrated tragedy of *Antigone*, by Sophocles, owes its chief interest and pathos to the popular faith on this subject.

Brand on the authority of Aubrey, states that, amongst the vulgar in Yorkshire, it was believed, "and, perhaps, is in part still," that, after a person's death, the soul went over Whinney Moor; and till about 1624, at the funeral, a woman came (like a *Præfica*) and sung the following song:—

This ean night, this ean night,  
 Every night and awle,  
 Fire and fleet (*water*) and candle-light,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 When thou from hence doest pass away,  
 Every night and awle,  
 To Whinny-Moor [silly poor] thou comest at last,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 If ever thou gave hosen or shoon [shoes],  
 Every night and awle,  
 Sit thee down and put them on,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 But if hosen and shoon thou never gave naen,  
 Every night and awle,  
 The whinnes shall prick thee to the bare beane,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 From Whinny-Moor that thou mayst pass,  
 Every night and awle,  
 To Brig of Dread thou comest at last,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 From Brig of Dread, na brader than a thread,  
 Every night and awle,  
 To purgatory fire thou com'st at last,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 If ever thou give either milke or drink,  
 Every night and awle,  
 The fire shall never make thee shrink,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.  
 But if milk nor drink thou never gave naen,  
 Every night and awle,  
 The fire shall burn thee to the bare beane,  
 And Christ receive thy sawle.

In the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," this song is printed with one or two slight variations, with the title of a "Lyke-Wake Dirge." Sir Walter Scott likewise quotes a passage from a MS. in the Cotton Library, descriptive of Cleveland in the northern part of Yorkshire, in Elizabeth's reign, which aptly illustrates this custom. It is as follows:—

"When any dieth certaine women sing a song to the dead bodie, reciting the journey that the partye deceased must goe, and they are of beliefe (such is their fondnesse) that once in their lives it is good to give a pair of new shoes to a poor man, for as much as after this life they are to pass barefoote through a great launde, full of thorns and furzen, except by the meryte of the almes aforesaid they have redemeed the forfeyte; for at the edge of the launde an olde man shall meet them with the same shoes that were given by the partie when he was lyving, and after he had shodde them, dismisseth them to go through thick and thin without scratch or scalle."

According to Mannhardt and Grimm a pair of shoes was deposited in the grave, in Scandinavia and Germany, for this very purpose. In the Henneberg district, on this account, the name *todtenschuh*, or "dead shoe," is applied to a funeral. In Scandinavia the shoe is named *helsko*, or "hel-shoe," [grave-shoe].

It is customary yet in some parts of the North of England to place a plate filled with salt on the stomach of a corpse soon after death. Lighted candles too, are sometimes placed on or about the body. Reginald Scot says, in his "Discourse concerning Devils and Spirits," on the authority of Bodin, that "the devil loveth no salt in his meat, for that is a sign of eternity, and used by God's commandment in all sacrifices." Douce, speaking of this practice, particularly in Leicestershire, says it is done with the view of preventing air from getting into the bowels and swelling the body. Herrick, in his "Hesperides," says:—

The Soul is the Sault.

The body's salt the soul is, which, when gone,  
The flesh soon sucks in putrifaction.

According to the learned Moresin the devil abhorreth salt, it being the emblem of eternity and immortality. It is not liable to corruption itself, and it preserves other substances from decay. Hence its superstitious or emblematical import.

The screaming of certain birds, as we have already seen, forebodes disaster. In some districts the midnight flight of flocks of migratory seafowl are believed to be the cause of the noises in the atmosphere, which the peasant's imagination translates into the rush of the furious host. Mr. Yarrell, in "Notes and Queries," says that flocks of bean-geese, from Scandinavia and Scotland, when flying over various parts of England, select very dark nights for their migrations, and that

their flight is accompanied by a very loud and peculiar cry. The "seven whistlers," referred to by Wordsworth, and others already quoted, in some instances appear to be curlews, whose screams are believed by fishermen to announce the approach of a tempest.

The bellowing of cows at unseasonable hours was likewise regarded as an announcement of death, as well as the howling of the dog. Cows in the Aryan mythology represented the rain clouds. Odin and his host, nevertheless, seem to have fancied the earthly article. They were said to carry cows away, milk them dry, and, in about three days, generally return them, but not always. It was idle for the farmer to refuse complying, as when the furious host appeared, the fattest animals in the stalls became restive, and on being let loose suddenly disappeared.

The Lancashire peasant, in some districts, still believes the "Milky Way" to be the path by which departed souls enter Heaven. Mr. Benjamin Brierley, in one of his Lancashire stories, places in the mouth of one of his strongly marked provincial characters, the following expression,—"When tha goes up 'th cow lone (lane) to th' better place," and he assures me that he has often heard the expression from the lips of the peasantry. The Germans entertain a similar belief in the "Milky Way" being the spirit path to heaven. In Friesland its name is *kaupat*, or cowpath. The giving of a cow to the poor, while on earth, was considered to confer upon the donor the power to pass with certainty the fearful Gjallar bridge; for, as in the Vedic superstition, a cow, (or cloud,) would be present to aid his soul to make the passage in safety. Mannhardt informs us that "hence it was of yore a funeral custom in Sweden, Denmark, England, Upper and Lower Germany, that a cow should follow the coffin to the churchyard. This custom was partially continued until recent times, being accounted for on the ground that the cow was a gift to the clergy for saying masses for the dead man's soul or preaching his funeral sermon."

It is not improbable that the "mortuary" or "heriot" of the olden time, which rendered the gift of a cow to the church, on the death of a parishioner, as a condonement of possibly unpaid dues, a necessary condition of clerical favour, was based on some such superstition. It was customary, in some places, to drive the cow in the procession of the funeral *cortege* to the place of sepulture. Mr. E. Baines, speaking of the manor of Ashton-under-Lyne, says:—"The obnoxious feudal *heriot*, consisting of the best beast on the farm, required to be given to the lord, on the death of the farmer, was a cruel and unmanly exaction, in illustration of which there are many traditional stories in the manor of Ashton, and no doubt in other manors. The priest, as well as the lord of the manor, claimed his *heriot*,

called a mortuary in these early times, on the death of his parishioners, as a kind of expiation for the personal tithes, which the deceased in his lifetime had neglected to pay."

"TRADITIONS" BY C. HARDWICK.

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JERRY WAUMSLEY,—HAL OF BRADFORD.—When the Rawsons, who were Lords of the Manor of Bradford, dwelt in the old "Rawson Hall," Kirkgate, Bradford, one of them kept a "Hal" named Jerry Waumsley. I heard when a boy, which is now sixty years since, three stories about this Jerry, two of which I will relate, but the third must remain untold.

One of these Rawsons, and the one who kept Jerry, was on intimate terms of friendship with Mr.\* Armytage of Kirklees, and one day when on a visit to Mr. Rawson, he brought Pierson the Kirklees Hal with him. As Mr. Armytage was going to stay all night, it was arranged that Pierson should sleep with Jerry in his attic room at the top of the hall. After the two "Hals" had retired to rest, the company remaining up, a dreadful noise was heard in the upper part of the house, and on Mr. Rawson and Mr. Armytage going up to Jerry's room, they found the two fighting on the floor, and engaged in what appeared to be a deadly conflict. After the combatants had been separated, Mr. Rawson asked Jerry what the row was about. Jerry replied, "Well, he wants to sleep in the middle, and I think I have the best right to sleep in the middle, because it is my bed, and we could not agree about it, and we were going to fight it out." "Oh," said Mr. Rawson, "I'll soon settle the matter." He then sent one of the servants to fetch the big ling yard broom, and putting it in the middle of the bed, he bid them get in, one on each side; and so the dispute was ended, and a peace concluded.

N.B. In our British House of Commons, there are two parties and they often have rows similar to the above; because they both want to rest in the middle.

The other story about Jerry was this. In the garden of the Manor House, in Kirkgate, there was in the last century a very fine apricot tree, but one year there was only one specimen of fruit upon it, and Mr. Rawson was very desirous that it should be allowed to ripen if possible. But one morning the apricot was missing, and every one denied having seen it, Jerry amongst the number. Mr. Rawson suspected Jerry of having stolen it, but knowing his man, he said no more at the time. But a day or two afterwards, he said to Jerry, "Now Jerry, we shall be sure to find out who stole the apricot, when we find the stone." Jerry replied, "Nay, you never will, for I swallowed it!"

ROGER STORES.

\* ? Baronet.

JONATHAN PYRAH, THE PROPHET OF LOWMOOR.—It was some time during the year 1878 that I had the pleasure of an introduction to the late Mr. Charles Rice, the successful lessee of the Theatre Royal, Bradford, with whom I spent, at his invitation, two evenings, for the purpose of hearing him tell his reminiscences of the early drama in Bradford, when the good people of the town regarded the “play-house” as no fit place for decent folks to be seen at, and when Puritanical prejudice against the theatre was so strong that church and chapel going people spoke of it as the “devil’s church,” and of actors as men and women to be shunned and avoided as if they had the leprosy. Very enjoyable to me were these evenings with Mr. Rice, not only because he was himself a racy story teller, but chiefly because the narrative of his early struggles as an actor, and the whole story of his career, were of the profoundest interest. To revive his recollection of the early days of the stage in Bradford, with which he had much to do, I took with me a number of old play bills relating to the period coming within his own knowledge, the perusal of which not only freshened his memory but also gave him considerable pleasure. One of these especially interested him, because it announced the performance of a play which he had written himself under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The piece to which he referred was entitled *The Fire Raiser, or the Prophet of Low Moor*. I was curiously interested in a play bearing this title, as I took it for granted that the “Prophet of Low Moor” was no other than the notorious Jonathan Pyrah, who in his day was certainly a prophet of the first water. But as many of your readers may never have heard of this strange mortal, I may briefly state that Jonathan, while serving as a private soldier abroad, had foretold, among certain other great events of history, the downfall of the houses of Bourbon and Austria. Returning to England (in 1745) he spent the latter years of his life at his native place—Low Moor. His wonderful prophecies gained him great popularity, but, poor fellow he could not do with it. His brain turned and eventually he became stark mad. His fate was truly a sad one. Confined in a little hovel, to which he was chained like a dog, adjoining the old workhouse at Holroyd Hill, Wibsey, the wretch eked out the remainder of his miserable existence. In one of his lucid intervals that sometimes came over him, it is said that while standing at Hill Top, he put his fingers before his face and exclaimed, “I see something like hell in Black Syke.” This was his last vision or prophesy and this was its fulfilment. Twenty years after its utterance the mighty furnaces of Low Moor were in full blaze upon the plain of Black Syke, a place which in the days of the prophet, was nothing more than an open piece of marshy ground. Such, briefly told, is the strange history of Jonathan Pyrah. Believing this to be

the story upon which Mr. Rice had founded his play, *The Fire Raiser, or the Prophet of Low Moor*, I asked him whence he had got his information, and if he were in possession of any other facts relating to Jonathan other than those I have stated above. Conceive my surprise when he told me he had never heard the story before. He had written his play many years ago when in the South of England, and its first production was in a barn before an audience of country "chaw bacons" down there. The piece, however, took so well, that he subsequently played it at nearly every place he visited. In order to give it the charms of immediate locality, however, he always took care to alter the title of his play, and fix the home of the fire-raising prophet at some well-known place near to where he happened to be performing. Thus, when he came to Bradford, he fixed upon Low Moor as the *locale* of the prophet, little thinking at the time that that place had actually had a "Fire-Raising Prophet" of its own. It was indeed a singular coincidence, although there was nothing whatever in common between the Low Moor prophet and the one that Mr. Rice had shaped out of his own imagination. The story I gave him of the former at any rate served to explain, what to him was a surprise at the time of the performance of the piece at Bradford, namely, the appearance at his theatre of a very large number of people who came all the way from Low Moor to hear it.

W. SCRUTON, West Bowling.



**I**N a number of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal" for 1843, I find the following:—"So lately as the month of September (1843) a clothier residing at Holmfirth, near Huddersfield, became the dupe of a female gipsy, under the following circumstances:—Having first persuaded him that there was a large treasure concealed in his house, she induced him to raise the sum of £310, wherewith she was to perform a charm by which to overcome the influence of certain evil spirits, which she described as guarding the desired hoard. When he had gathered the money, one half of

which was in gold, she repaired to the house to work the charm, for it had been understood that the money was never to go out of his possession. A leather

bag was procured, the money was deposited in it; and after some ceremonies had been performed, it was placed under lock and key in one of the clothier's drawers, with strict injunctions that it was not to be disturbed for four days, by which time the charm would be worked, and the treasure found. The four days elapsed, the gipsy failed of her appointment, and the dupe began to have some misgivings. After allowing one extra day to elapse, he opened the drawer, where, instead of any new treasures, he found only the bag, *now* containing only a few pieces of lead and brown paper."

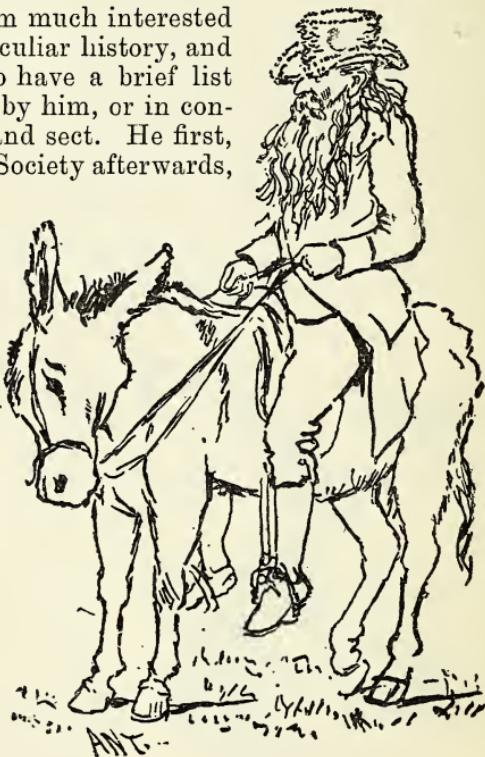
Can anyone tell me what was the end of this incident, and whether the gipsy was caught and the money restored, &c.?

H. SNOWDEN WARD.

PROPHET WROE.—I am much interested in John Wroe's very peculiar history, and should especially like to have a brief list of the books published by him, or in connection with his views and sect. He first, and the trustees of the Society afterwards, had a private press from which most<sup>of</sup> of these curious publications originated. The press migrated under force of circumstances to different places—Bradford, Wakefield, Gravesend, and lastly Ashton - under - Lyne. This list would make a small contribution to Yorkshire Bibliography if it can be drawn up. Can you help me through your numerous correspondents?

W. B.

East Hyde Vicarage,



NEW YEAR'S DAY MARRIAGES.—In the interesting series of extracts from the Diary of Rev. J. Ismay, given in the last number of 'Yorkshire N. & Q.', I am struck with the entry (p. 197):—" 1748. Dec. 11th.—(ye shortest day) 14 persons were published in Mirfield Church, and 24 couples in ye year." What is the reason for nearly one-third of the whole number of marriages being arranged for the same day? R. T. L.

## THE STORY OF LAKE SEMERWATER.

In ancient times as story tells,  
The saints would often leave their cells,  
And stroll about, but hide their quality,  
To try good people's hospitality.  
It happen'd on a summer's day,  
As Authors of the legend say,  
A tired hermit—a saint by trade,  
Taking his tour in masquerade  
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, hied  
To an ancient town on Raydalside ;  
Where in the strollers canting strain,  
He begg'd from door to door in vain,  
Tried every tone might pity win,  
But not a soul would let him in.  
Our wandering saint in woeful state,  
Treated at this ungodly rate,  
Having through all the city pass'd  
To a small cottage came at last,  
Where dwelt a good old honest pair  
Who tho' they had but homely fare  
They kindly did this saint invite  
To their poor hut to pass the night ;  
And then the hospitable sire  
Bid his good dame to mend the fire  
While he from out the chimney took  
A flitch of bacon from the hook  
And freely from the fattest side  
Cut out large slices to be fried ;  
Then stepp'd aside to fetch him drink,  
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,  
And saw it fairly twice drain'd off,  
Yet (what was wonderful—don't scoff)  
T'was still replenish'd to the top  
As if he ne'er had touch'd a drop.  
The good old couple were amaz'd  
And often on each other gaz'd  
Then softly turn'd aside to view  
Whether the lights were turning blue.  
The gentle pilgrim was soon aware  
And told his mission in coming there :  
“ Good folks, you need not be afraid,  
I'm but a saint,” the hermit said ;  
“ No hurt shall come to you or yours ;  
But for this pack of churlish boors,  
Not fit to live on Christian ground  
They and their cattle shall be drown'd  
While you shall prosper in the land.”

At this the saint stretch'd forth his hand—  
 “ Save this little house ! Semerwater sink !  
 Where they gave me meat and drink.”  
 The waters rose, the earth sunk down,  
 The seething floods submerg'd the town,  
 The gen'rous couple there did thrive  
 And near the lake aye long did live,  
 Until at good old age they died,  
 And slept in peace by Semerside.

J. R., HAWES.

**BURIAL CUSTOMS.**—The closing of the eyes after death, which was generally done by the nearest relation, is of vast antiquity. Homer thus refers to it :—

Unhappy youth who hadst not, at thy dying,  
 Father or mother to close thy eyes.

Washing the dead is of equal antiquity. Plato makes Socrates say :—“ I think it is better to wash before I drink my poison to save the good women the labour of washing me after I am dead.”

The custom of carrying the dead on the shoulders was practised by the Jews and continued by the Christians. There were professional carriers who were a privileged corporation, but friends often performed the office. Paula, a very eminent and pious Roman lady who founded a monastery, was carried on the shoulders of six bishops.

I have not ascertained when the hearse came into use ; the Jews had no such carriage, but it is mentioned by a Jewish writer in 1320. It was in use in England in Shakespeare's time.

Coffins were of wood, stone, or lead. In this country it is generally stated that the first recorded wooden coffin was that of King Arthur, who suppressed paganism and established Christianity at York. According to Camden, he was buried at Glastonbury in 542, and his tomb, with an inscription upon it, was found and examined in 1189. The Romans, as is well known, buried in stone, lead, and wooden coffins. In 1702 a Roman wooden coffin was found at York made from oaken planks two inches thick. There was also an inner coffin of lead, Thoresby, who was at York at the time, got some of the nails of the wooden coffin, and some of the bones which were entire, though, as he remarks, probably 1600 years old. It was formerly considered a distinction to be buried in a coffin, and the practise of burying without a coffin was continued in England down to late times. A parish bier is, or was not long since, preserved at Sprotborough Church, in Yorkshire. The latest burials on biers were those of paupers, but when such burials were discontinued I have not ascertained. I have heard

of a method of lowering persons into the grave in a coffin and then, after the service, drawing it up again, leaving the bottom only in the grave. The latest records of burial in stone coffins that I have seen are those of Thomas Fenton, Esq., of Rothwell Haigh, near Leeds, who was buried in 1813, in a large stone sarcophagus from his own quarry, and of Mr. Pilkington (*alias* Jack Hawley), to be afterwards described.

Torches were anciently carried by deacons or other church officers at the funerals of persons of quality, but this seems to have long since fallen into disuse. Perpetual lights, however, in the Catholic churches were continued.

Pennant states that it was a custom in his time in Scotland to set a platter of salt upon the breast of the dead body.

The ringing of the passing bell is a custom said to date back to the seventh century, the time when bells were first hung in churches. This practice has prevailed to the present day unaltered except in the fact that the bell should be rung immediately before, and not long after the death of the person who is "passing" away. The passing bell seems to have been rung to incite friends to offer prayers for the dying.

Anciently it was a common custom to surround the body of a dead person with rosemary and other scented herbs, but this might have been intended as a safeguard against infection, as it is mentioned somewhere by Dickens that rosemary was taken into the assize courts in 1790 as a disinfectant, when dirty prisoners were brought before the judge. The use of flowers and sweet herbs at funerals is of great antiquity. The early Christians at first ignored the practices of the pagans in this respect, but afterwards adopted them. Virgil, as translated, has the following :—

Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,  
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring ;  
Let me with fun'ral flowers his body strow,  
This gift which parents to their children owe,  
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow !

The custom of sending or taking garlands to be placed upon the coffin of a deceased relative or friend is very beautiful, but of late years it has developed almost into an abuse. The practice, once common, of suspending garlands of cut flowers, evergreens, or artificial flowers over the pew of a deceased person in the church seems to have gone out, but might with propriety be revived. A tribute of this kind would be equally as graceful as strewing flowers upon the coffin, and more lasting as a memento to keep the merits of the deceased in remembrance.

Entertainments and feasts have often been prominent features in burial customs; they are of Egyptian origin. Moderate provision for friends and others who may attend funerals from a distance is necessary and legitimate, but in many cases the

feasting and attendant extravagance leads to abuse. An old writer states that in former times it cost less to "portion a daughter than to bury a wife." Butler, a tavern keeper in London, (aptly named), once said that a tun of red port, besides white wine, was drunk at his wife's funeral. As none but women go to women's funerals, it happens that there would be none but women to drink Butler's wine.

Lately I saw by a newspaper paragraph that there is a custom prevalent in some of the remote Yorkshire dales which is a set-off against extravagance; it is called "taking shots." The nearest relation sits in the chamber beside the open coffin and receives a donation from each friend or neighbour as he comes to take a last look at the dead, and this money is handed over to the widow or other relatives. The ancient shot or scot was a sort of mortuary often ordered by will to be paid on behalf of the deceased on account of certain tithes or oblations which during life might have been neglected. The *taking* of shots or scots is the reverse of the original meaning of the Saxon word scoten. What are called "gathered funerals" are still common in villages round Leeds. A plate is set upon a table so that any one may give what he chooses towards the expenses of the funeral. A whole volume might be collected about funeral feasts, doles, curious entertainments, and bequests.

G. ROBERTS.

I'LL STAND A DROP AT YORK.—I'll be hanged.—Early in the year 1881 a man in the service of a Shipley stuff-manufacturer being charged by his master with having refused, at a warehouse in Bradford, to carry up stairs some goods which he had been instructed to deliver there, stoutly denied doing so, and said "I'll stand a drop at York, if I ever did any such thing." I presume Leeds now takes the place of York in this expression.

Saltaire.

THOS. WM. SKEVINGTON.

GIRLS' GAMES.—I saw to day three little girls, aged 3, 5 and 7, play a new game, or, at least, a new one to me. First, all the girls take hold of the apron of one, who says :—

"Oranges, oranges, four a penny  
How do you think she gives so many?  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to heaven,"

pointing to each child, including herself, and the one the last word comes to stands aside; and so on until one only is left. That one, in this game as in many others, as "Hide and Seek," has to conduct the game.

In this game the conductor is the mother, and the assembled children commence a dialogue :

*Ch.* "Please, mother, may I go out to play?"

*M.* "No, my loves, it is a very wet day."

*Ch.* "My grandma says it's a very nice day."

*M.* "Then get your hats, and go and play."

When the children run away they shout "It's raining, it's raining."

*M.* "Come in."

*Ch.* "I sha'n't."

*M.* "I'll fetch you with my finger."

*Ch.* "I'd rather linger."

*M.* "I'll fetch you with my thumb."

*Ch.* "I'd rather come."

(They approach her.)

*M.* "Where have you been?"

*Ch.* "Down the lane."

*M.* "What have you seen?"

*Ch.* "A little white house."

*M.* "What was there in it?"

*Ch.* "A little black man."

*M.* "What did he say?"

*Ch.* "Catch me, catch me, if you can."

The mother catches anyone of the runaways and the captive takes the place of mother, and the game goes round again.

A. H. T.

**ANECDOTE.**—The Rev. Timothy Priestley, of Fieldhead, Bir-stall, brother of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, was a very eccentric individual. He was minister of a dissenting chapel in Cannon Street, Manchester, from the pulpit of which he made some odd deliverances which have been attributed to other people. Observing one of his congregation asleep he stopped in his discourse and called "Awake! I say, George Ramsay, or I'll mention your name." He had an unconquerable aversion to candles which exhibited long burned wicks, and often in the midst of his most interesting sermons on winter evenings would shout to the chapel keeper "Tommy! Tommy! top those candles." He was the preacher, though others have borne the credit or odium, who pulled out of his pocket half a-crown and laid it down on the pulpit cushion offering to bet St. Paul that the passage where he says "he could do all things" was not true, but reading on "by faith," put up his money saying "Nay, nay, Paul, if that's the case I'll not bet with thee."

**MISCHIEF NEET.**—The last night in April is devoted, as far as the peregrinations of the West Riding Constabulary will allow, to a queer custom. Perhaps in another year or two that devotion will be a thing of the past, and before it is totally forgotten, and while there yet live many to correct me if I am wrong, I will endeavour to describe what it is. There is an old saying that the first of April is the "fools'" day, and that the last day of that month is the "devil's." It is yet, and perhaps

always will be, kept in remembrance, this silly custom of the first day; and generations after our time men and boys will be told on that day that their “shoeband’s\* loose,” or women and girls that their “garter” is coming down, and thus be made into April fools; but we cannot think that the “devil’s” day will always be his in the manner it is at present. Mischief night is a night supposed by the imps of mischief (rough youths) to be, under some old law or tradition, theirs, to do as they wish with. Their duty and pleasure combined is to go round in small gangs bent upon doing all the mischief they can, unobserved by anyone in authority, or the owners they assail. Rain water tubs are let off, “swillin” tubs are upset, doors are taken from their “jimmers,” and carried into some one’s out-house or into the waters of some mill dam. Donkeys are led into some field at a distance, and the pinder informed slyly of the asinine trespass, or they are taken and tied to the outside of some queer-tempered man’s “door sneck.” Then, again, some old maid’s door will be slyly fastened by tying tightly across the door jambs, in front of and to the “sneck,” a piece of wood to prevent her coming out of doors till released by a kind neighbour next morning. Another phase of “mischieving” is made in this wise:—A thin and narrow piece of steel is attached to a piece of band, say a yard or two in length, and while one youth holds this under the outside of the window and lets it fall upon the doorstones, a companion will throw some peas against the panes, and off both will scamper to some dark place to watch the owner come out and search for the pane he is sure was broken. Various other methods of torment are and used to be carried out upon this night, and pure damage in some places by some gangs gave place to defacement by others. The writer has often seen the records of the doings on “the devil’s night” in the whitewashed doors and windows of dozens of dwellings the morning after, and it has been laughable enough to witness the consternation depicted upon the faces of some who have been fastened in their houses, or to see the surprised looks of another when he found he had been guarded faithfully during the night by a patient jackass, or when he found he had been misled by the darkened window and stayed in bed till noon, thinking it was not yet light enough for him to arise to commence his daily duties. Happily, the good old times in this respect are things of the fast-disappearing present, and “mischief neet” will soon live but in the remembrance of a few.

B.

\* Shubband.



## Yorkshire Proverbs an' Speyks.

[COLLECTED BY ABRAHAM HOLROYD, SHIPLEY.]

“Don’t thee think to put Yorkshire o’ me ; I warn’t born in a frost.”

As queer as Dick’s hatband, ’at went nine times raand an’ wodn’t tee.

As blake (yellow) as a paigle.

As flat as a flauin (custard).

A scald heead is sooin brocken.

As deead as a doar nail.

A vaunter an’ a liar is bothi ya thing.

A geen horse suddn’t be leuked in’t maath.

A careless hussie maks monny thieves.

A man mud as weel heyt the devil as the broth at he’s boiled in.

A wool seller knaws where a wool-buyer lives.

As the sewer fills the draft souris.

A woman’s tung wegs like a lamb’s tail.

A new besom sweeps clean.

An ill sarvant will niver mak a good maister.

A hired horse tired niver.

A horse may stumble on four feet.

All things hes a end, an’ a puddin hes two.

A friend is not knawn but in need.

A Scotchman an’ a Newcastle grunstone travel all the world over.

As nimble as a cow in a cage.

A chip o’ the old block.

As they brew e’en soa let em bake.

A young saint an’ owd devil.

As threng (busy) as Thrap’s wife when shoo henged hersel in her garters.

A creaking door hings long o’t hinges.

Attorney’s haases are built atop a’t heeads o’ fooils.

A hungry dog is fain of a dirty puddin.

A reeking haase an’ a scolding wife will make one weary of his life.

A pair o’ gooid spurs to borrowed horse is better nor a peck o’ haver (oats).

As nimble as a cat on a hut backstun.

As good comes behind as gangs before.

After-wit comes ow’re lat.

A mile an’ a wee bit.

As engry as if he’d sat on a nettle.

As true steel as Ripon rowels.

A long, lollopin lass, as lazy as she’s long.

“All of you masters,” as the toad said to the harrow teeth.  
 A blatin caa sooin forgets her cauf.

“A sneck before a snout,” is said when a man reckons on easy success without difficulty.

A man had better have a Dule than a Dawkin.  
 All's well that ends well.  
 All is not gold that glisters.  
 A cat may look at a king.  
 A rolling stone gathers no moss.  
 A good Jack makes a good Gill.  
 As long lives a merry heart as a sad one.  
 A merry heart goes all the way.  
 As welcome as water in a ship.  
 An old ape has an old eye.  
 A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.  
 A grunting wife and a groaning horse never fail.  
 Aye, he's a regular slitherpoke. (He lets things slide.)  
 A bad hedge is better than neea beild (no shelter).  
 As wick (lively) as a whin.  
 Aye, he trails a light harrow. (Has no encumbrance.)  
 Aye, he's a rogue, up met an' daan thrussen.  
 Better sit idle nor work for nowt.  
 Bush natural, mair hair than wit.  
 Best is best cheap.  
 Birds of a feather aye flock together.  
 Beware of “had I wist.”  
 Brawling curs niver want sore ears.  
 Better say here it is nor here it was.  
 Better have a mouse in the pot as nae flesh.  
 Back o' beyond, where t' mare foiled t' fiddler.  
 Blood without groats is nothing.  
 Bragg was a good dog, but he was hanged for biting.  
 Better rue sell as (than) rue keep.  
 Castleford lasses may weel be fair,  
 For they wesh in the Calder and sind (rinse) in the Aire.  
 Cats eat that which sluts spare.  
 Cradle streays are scarce out of his breech.  
 Cleveland in the clay, bring two schoon, carry yan away.  
 Cahr quiet, same as they do at Birstall.  
 Charity begins at home.  
 Change of pastures makes fat calves.  
 Don't stretch thi arm farther nor thi sleeves reyks.  
 Draff is good enough for swine.  
 Don't thee think to put Yorkshire o' me; I wan't born in a frost.  
 Every dog thinks his-sen a lion at home.  
 Every herring sud hing be its own gills.  
 Every man knows best where his shoe wrings (pinches).

Every bird mun hetch her own eggs.  
 Every body sud be maister o' their own harstone.  
 Every one knaws their awn knew. This reminds us of the  
 ancient song, "I knew what I knew."  
 February fire lang, March tide to bed gang.  
 For they wesh in the Calder and sind (rinse) in the Aire.  
 Foul words break noa bones.  
 Fair words maks fools fain.  
 For love o' the nurse the bairn gets many a kuss.  
 Fair words butter noa parsnips.  
 Feals maks feasts an' wise men heyt 'em.  
 Fiddlers, dogs, an' flies come to feasts uncalled.  
 Fitter to be lenging nor loathing.  
 Fitter leave pigs lenging nor loathing. Old form.  
 Gien stuff is seldom cared for.  
 God sends the meat, an' the Deil sends the look.  
 Give loisers leave ta tawk.  
 God niver sends maaths but he sends meyt.  
 Geay say the geese.  
 Gaay an' teach thy granny ta sup milk aat ath' assridle.  
 Give a man luck on' you may throw him into the sea.  
 He'll foreheed (predetermine) nowt bud beelding churches an'  
 louping owre 'em.  
 He is a feall that is not melancholy yance a day.  
 He carries coils ta Newcastle.  
 His bread is buttered o' both sides.  
 His breeks maks buttons (said of a man in fear).  
 He that wrussles wi muck is sure ta be dirty, whether he falls  
 owre or under.  
 He'll go thrif t' wood an tack a crewked stick at last.  
 He mun ha leave ta speyk at cannot hod his tung.  
 He that spares to speyk spares to speed.  
 He that speyks what he sudn't hears what he wodn't.  
 He is not the feall that the feall is, bud he that with the feall  
 deals.  
 He is a feall that forgets hisseln.  
 He mun hev a long shafted spoon 'at sups porridge wi' the  
 Deil.  
 He that has gowd may buy land.  
 Haste makes wastes.  
 He that marries a slut eats mickle (much) dirt.  
 Hame is hamely ant be ne'er sa poor.  
 He that fishes afore the net, lang fish or he fish get.  
 He nobbud sees an inch afore his nose.  
 He that gives all his gear to his bairns may tak a mill an'  
 knock out his harnes (brains).  
 Honours changes manners.  
 He leuks as if butter weddn't melt in his maath.

He's an ill contrived bairn, I cannot construe (construe) him.  
 Hes to onny catterills 'e thee pocket, lad ?  
 He were rocked in a stone creddle.  
 He's as crewse (brisk) as a new weshen louse.  
 He's the dad of all for mischief.  
 He maks ducks an' drakes of his money.  
 He wad flea twa dules for ya skin. (Craven.)  
 He maks fish o' yan an' fowl of anither.  
 He's a gift that God niver gav him.  
 He's nayther gut nor gall in him.  
 He'll be laffin a't wreng side of his maath sooin.  
 He'll mend when he grows better.  
 He's as stiff as if he'd swallowed a poyt (poker).  
 He comes thro' honest Allerton, he'll dew.  
 He's draaned t' miller, said when a man has overdrawn his account.  
 He cannot tell a B fro' a bull's foot.  
 Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.  
 Happy is the bride that the rain rains on.  
 Hot love is soon cold.  
 Hawks winna pick oot hawks een.  
 Hungry dogs are fain o' dirty pudding.  
 Hope well and hove well.  
 He lewks as grue (sullen) as thunder. (Whitby.)  
 If it does not rain there will be a long drought. (That is, if it never rains again.)  
 I think yer wits are goan a wool gathering.  
 I'm as owd as me tung, an' owder nur me teeth.  
 It's a long loin at's niver a turnin'.  
 I see lang Lawrence hes getten hod on tha.  
 If the mare hes a bald face, the filly will hev a blaze (white mark).  
 If Brayton Bargh, an' Hamilton Hough, un' Button Bream,  
 were all e thi belly, it wad ne'er be team.  
 It's all i't day's wark.  
 I'll nut put off my doublet afore I gang to bed.  
 If wishes wad bide, beggars wad ride.  
 If thaas lakes (plays) wi't bull, tha'll sooin feel his horns.  
 I wodn't goa on a Friday, cos' it isn't lucky.  
 It's come day, goa day, God send Sunday.  
 I've a craw ta pull wi' thee.  
 I wodn't heng a cat on his word.  
 In dock an out nettle.  
 Ill weeds wax fast.  
 Its a bad bargain when both sides rue.  
 Its a good horse that never stumbles.  
 And a good wife that never grumbles.  
 I've swallowed the Kirk, but I can't swallow the steeple.  
 (Whitby.)

Jackasses niver can sing weel, becos they pitch their notes too heigh.

Leein' is neist door to steyling.

Lang gangs t' pitcher to th' beck, bud i'th end it comes home brokken.

Like a chip in the porridge pot.

Like a pig's tail, wegging all day, bud nowt done at neet.

Let's live an' let live.

Leet gains mak a heavy purse.

Love me an' love my dog.

Like a cobbler's dinner, breead an' breead to it.

Like Gawthorpe, with one road in bud noan aat.

Live horse an' thaa sall hev gerse.

"Lets begin ageaan," as't Clark o' Beeston said. (Good policy when there has been a breakdown.)

Love me leetle love me long.

Lose a sheep for a haporth o' tar.

Making pricks into pracks and pracks into nothing. (That is, leading an idle life.)

More haste warse speed.

Many a little makes a mickle.

Meat is mickle, but mense is mair.

More fowk wed than keep good haases.

My belly cries cubbord, it does.

Monny hands mak leet wark.

Men are blind i' their awn cause.

More the merrier, fewer the better fare.

Meeterly, meeterly (indifferently), as maids are in fairness.

Neither good egg nor good bird.

Neay butter will stick on his beard.

"Na, thank you," has lost monny a gooid butter cake.

Na, doant say, "nay," when ta means "yes."

Near is my sark but nearer is my skin.

O he'll niver du, egg nur bird.

Owd men are twice barns (children).

Ollus (always) messur a peck aat o' yer own bushel.

Over much of a good thing is good for nothing.

Promises an pie crusts are made to be brokken.

Penny wise an paand foolish.

Pendlehill, Ingleborough, an Peny-ghent,

Are the three highest hills between Scotland and Trent. }

Proffered things stink.

Robin Hood could stand anything bud a thaw wind.

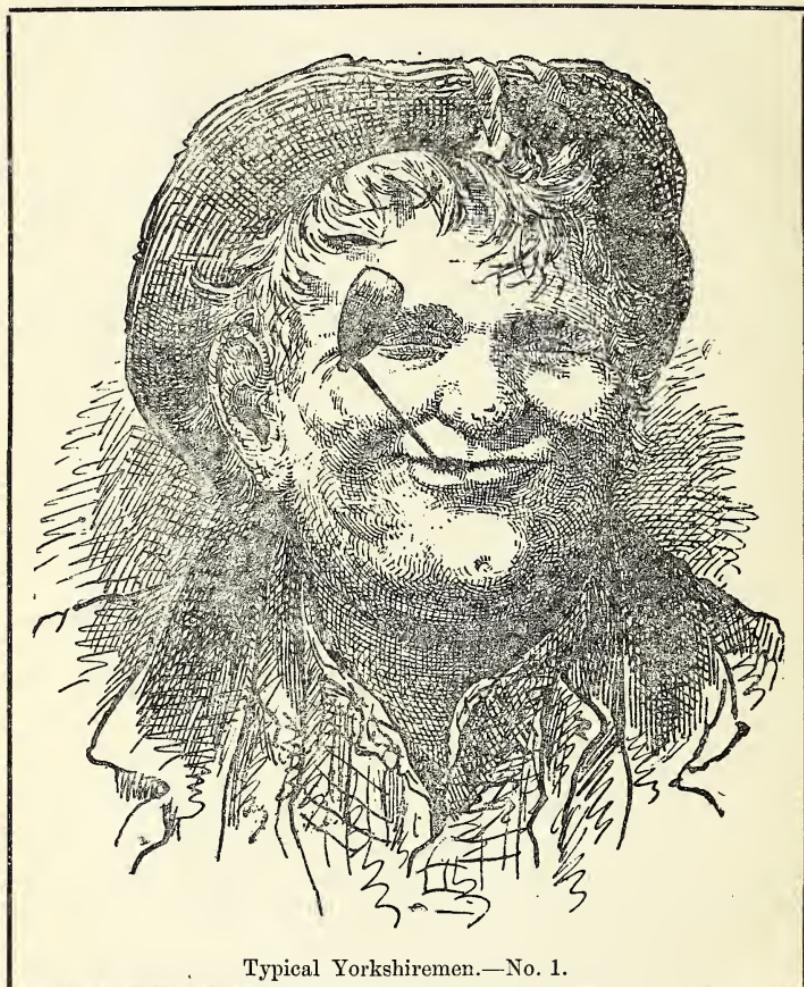
"Slips goes ovver," as't man said, when he brake t' weshing bowl.

Steyk him to t' bonny side o' t' dure (outside).

Steyk the stable door when the horse is stolen.

Savin's a gooid adlin. (*Adlin*, wages.)

Send him to the sea an he will nut get watter.  
Sike a man sike a maister.  
Save thi wind ta cooil thi porridge.  
Sa miserly, he'd save the varry dropping of his nose.  
She's going as fast as dike watter.  
Shoo's a glib tung of her awn.



Typical Yorkshiremen.—No. 1.

Shoo's teed a knot wi her tung at shoo cannot loose wi her teeth.  
Sooin owd, lang young.  
Some fowks nivver get the cradle straws off their breek.  
Thewer nivver a faal face but thewer a faal fancy to match it.  
There's no gettin white meyl out of a coil seck.

They arn't all thieves, at dogs bark at.  
There's more claat nor (than) dinner.  
Tak a sope, it'll warm t' cockles o' thi heart.  
Talk o'th Dule an he'll put up his horns.  
Them at's duing nowt are duing ill.  
Truth an sweet oil allus com to t' top.



Typical Yorkshiremen.—No. 2.

They are as thick as inkle weyvers.  
The best is best ta speyk to.  
There's noa fair words i' flighting (scolding).  
The still sow eats all the draf.  
Takkin back an' givin 's owd lad livin (said by children).  
Tha mud as weel whisle as try ta mak an old drunkard sober.

That barn's as like his fadder as if he'd been spit aat of his maath.

There's more poak nor pudding there.

There's more killed wi ower keep nor under keep.

Twa hungry meals maks the third a glutton.

This bolt com nivver aat o' your bag.

There's rare doings in the north when they bar their doors wi' tailors.

Three great ills come out o' the north—a cowd wind, a cunning knave, and a shrinking cloth.

Th' hedge stinks were th' hippins hing.

They agree like bells, they want naething but hinging.

They have need of a besom that sweep the house with a turf.

There's a hill agean a slack all Craven threff (through).

Ta mich o' owt is gooed for nowt.—*Craven Proverb.*

Thy toppin is snod, lad. (*Toppin*, the hair over the forehead; *snod*, smooth.)

That flogs dolly (said when rage is carried too far.)

The bucket is in the well (said when a trader has got as far as he can).

Thaa can nobbut grunt and growl, same as t' Wibsey fowk.

They're all queer elike.

The proof of a pudding is in the eating.

That comes in an hour sometimes, which comes not in twenty.

The man falls low who never rises.

The still sow eats all the meat.

There's no carriion can kill a crow.

That man wod stall (tire) a toad aat.

Thaa's lang a coming, thaa braads o' (like, or resembles) haver malt.

They that eat till they sweat, and work till they're cold;

Such folks are fitter to hang than to hold.

They that wed before they're wise, will die before they thrive.

There's nowt lost emeng honest fowk.

Who travels by Donnerblick scars, takes a bad road.

Wishers and would-ers are never good householders.

Why, ye are as threng as three in a bed.

What's sauce for a gooise sud be sauce for a gander.

Women and weal can nivver agree.

What the eye never sees the heart never lengs for.

What's bred i'th bone 's never aat o'th flesh.

We mun oather owd be or young dee.

What's ta duing there, mumping an muing?

Weel an wimin cannot pan, bud way an wimin can.

Winnow while the wind's in the door.

War nor a clocking hen. (A grumbler.)

When t'ship lands on t' ass-midden.

What woman but for hope would break her heart.

While the grass grows the horse starves.  
 You can't awlus guess eggs when yan sees shells.  
 You can have no more of a cat than the skin.  
 Ye've nails at wod scrat yer granny aat of hur grave.  
 Yan good turn desarves another.  
 Youth an age will niver agree.  
 Ye seek breek's of a bare man.  
 Ye brade o' the miller's dog, ye lick yer maath 'fore t' poke  
 be oppen.  
 Ye come wi' yer five eggs a penny, and four of 'em be rotten.

—o—

ON YORKSHIRE WIT AND HUMOUR.—I do not think the people of Yorkshire are as remarkable for wit, as they are for quaint dry humour ; and this latter is generally of a very grim sort.

In an essay on the Yorkshire Dialect, in *Nugea Literaria*, the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, writes :—“A week had scarcely elapsed since my arrival (in Leeds), before I determined on an excursion to the Moravian Settlement at Fulneck. Ignorant of the way, I spoke to a lad who was breaking stones by the side of the road, in a common but unmeaning manner—“Where does this road go to ?” With contempt on his face at what he thought a foolish question, he, half with the air of a churl, and half that of a rogue, said,—“ Go, no where : I have known it for more nor ten year, an' it nivver stirred yet.” A little out of countenance, but not out of temper, I said, “ Whither shall I get to, if I drive along this road ? ” “ To Pudsey, sure, follow thee nose, an aws as plain as a pikestaff.” Thinks I to myself, if such be the cub, what must they be who whelped him ? If such be the eaglet, little more than callow, what is the region of his sires ? Later on, on the same day, when Mr. H. sat down to his dinner in a humble cottage, the worthy dame, wishing him to say grace, said :—“ We are all ready, will ye start us ? ” He then received the difficult direction, to “ make himself agreeable.” They afterwards asked him to “ *raach to, and bide no inviting.* ” He decided that so far as he was concerned, for the time, it was a hopeless case. But he loved all this when he had learnt more of the people.

A gentleman walking in Sheffield, found a poor boy crying most bitterly. “ What are you crying about,” he enquired. He replied,—“ All my brothers and sisters can say what they like to father, bud if I say aught, its poison. I *nobbud* called father an old ewe-face, an' he knocked ma daan into't ass-hoyle, amengt' cowks. Egoy ! If me an' my brothers doant mind, father will sooin be t'maister on us.”

Here the word *nobbud* occurs.—Chaucer, in his “ Wife of Bath,” has,—

“ But that I pray to all this company,  
If that I speak after my fantacy,  
As taketh no a grefe of that I say,  
For mine intent is *not but* to pay.”

That is, nothing but.

The following story was commonly told when I was a lad. A certain young lass in Horton was very sick, and supposed likely to die. Soon all her relatives and some neighbours gathered round her bed, and one of them asked her if she had anything on her mind, or anything she would like to say before she departed. Raising herself up on the bed, and looking round on them all, she said:—“There is only one thing that has troubled me, and I have always been very unhappy about it; and that is, that I did not eat more plum-pudding that day that aar Sal were wed.”

I have always had the impression that she got better, and did not die at that time.

In the village of Clayton, near Bradford, there formerly dwelt a man named Nathan Bentley, who was an inveterate wag. In the same village there lived an old Peninsula veteran, who eked out his small pension by hand loom weaving. He lived in a cellar dwelling, under what is now I believe the Crown Inn. This old man used to boast that no man could come over him, or trap him, so Nathan resolved to try what could be done to lower him down a peg. Now Nathan went every morning to Bradford with milk, and one day he noticed that there was a good sized pool in the road, in front of the dwelling of Hainsworth, the old soldier. On returning about noon he stopped the horse and cart at the spot; and began to fumble in his pockets; and finally he sent the horse home with the cart, alone. He then knelt down by the side of the muddy pool, and doubling up his shirt sleeves, began groping in the mud with his right hand. Hainsworth saw this, and his curiosity was excited. Then leaving his loom he went up to Nathan, and asked him what he was looking for. Nathan told him he was looking for a sovereign, and begged Hainsworth to help him to find it. He then searched for about twenty minutes in the muddy water, with Nathan on the other side, until a large crowd had gathered round them, a thing easily managed in a village. At length, Hainsworth said, “Nathan, where abaats did ta drop thy sovereign?” “Nay,” Nathan replied, “I’ve noan dropt no sovereign, I’m nobbud seeking one.” “Ah! an all seek thee lad, some day!” But Nathan had run off home as fast as his legs could carry him. The old soldier bragged no more after that.

In a village not far from the one last mentioned, I knew a man called Tootal, and he used to give out the hymns in the chief Chapel of the place. It was then the custom, before

organs and harmoniums were used in places of religious worship for the choir, if there was one, to use the tuning fork, to get the proper pitch for the tune. On one occasion when Mr. Tootal was about to give out the hymn, the proper pitch was given to him; but either through carelessness or inattention he failed to respond properly. The consequence was, that after a short effort the choir came to a full stop. The leader then turned toward the pulpit, and said, "John, you have given out the hymn on the wrong key." To which he replied, "Whether I've given it out on the wrong key or not, ye've getten into t' lock."

On another occasion, during the reign of his late Majesty George IV., a friend of mine entered a chapel in the village of Allerton, when one of the deacons was offering up the prayer before the sermon. After asking that the blessing of Heaven might rest on the Royal Family, he exclaimed,—"Lord bless his present Majesty who sits on the throne of England. Prepare him I pray Thee to wear a crown in heaven, for Thaa knaws, Lord, at he wor nivver fit ta wear an earthly one!" Yorkshiremen are well known for being plain in their language, and this was sufficiently so, but quite characteristic of the West Riding people.

In the same chapel, before they had a regular choir of singers, it was usual for some one in the congregation to set the tune, and there were always one or two in the congregation who could be relied on for that duty. One Sunday morning the one who should have struck the tune had a bad cold. However he tried two or three times to start the tune from his place in the gallery, but failed. He then shouted across the chapel to another man who sometimes officiated, "I say, thee, Jacky Wilkinson, thee set the tune this morning, I cannot, for I've getten a kittlin' e' me throat." At which the people laughed, as a kittlin' in Yorkshire means a kitten. What he meant was, a tickling.

Before the introduction of instrumental music into the dissenting chapels in the West Riding, there was great disappointment amongst the choirs at its exclusion, and very strange devices were resorted to to master the opposition. In the Tetley Street Baptist Chapel, Bradford, the following device was hit upon. The musical portion of the congregation and choir formed themselves into a band, and bought all the instruments needed. On these they practised until they were all ready for the attempt, when they got possession of the key of the school, where there was an entrance into the chapel. On the Saturday evening all the instruments were hid away under the seats of the singer's pew, and when the minister gave out the first hymn, on the Sunday morning, they were all dragged out, and the players played, and the singers sang, and there

was an end of the matter. The *baase* viol won the battle, and all opposition in the congregation broke down at once, and the enemies of instrumental harmony heartily accepted the change.

Every one knows that the men of the West Riding are keen after money, when they take that way. A young man who had been for some time courting a young woman, told his intended father-in-law that he and Mary thought of "getting wed." "I think its time you did," was the reply. "Aye, but how much will ye gie her?" "I sal give her a thousand pounds." "Nay, bud ye'll gie her more nor that." "No, I shall not. Her sisters have a thousand each, an' she'll hev' the same." "Ah bud, ye forget that Mary's the faalest of the lot." He had chosen the plainest of the family, the ugly duckling, in expectation that her father would give her a larger dowry, to get her off his hands.

Here is another similar anecdote, but it is a woman this time. Not far from Bradford, an old couple lived on their farm. The good man had been ill for some time, when the doctor who attended him advised that a physician should be called in from Bradford, for a consultation. The physician came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and descended from the room to the kitchen, and was there accosted by the old woman with, "Well, doctor, what's your charge?" "My fee is a guinea!" "A guinea, doctor, a guinea! An' if ye come agcean will it be another guinea?" "Yes, but I shall hardly have to come again, I have given my opinion, and I leave him in good hands." "A guinea, doctor, hey!" The old woman rose, went upstairs to her husband, and the doctor heard her say, "He charged a guinea, an' if he comes agcean it will be another guinea. Now what do ye say? If I were ye, I'd say no like a Britoner, and I'd die first." This from "A Month in Yorkshire," by Walter White, 1859.

This, which follows, is culled from the *Family Herald* :—Two horses, a white and a sorrel, were matched for a race in Yorkshire. The betting was high on the white, but the sorrel had its backers. The day before the race it was discovered by the friends of the white that he was off his feed, and would be in no condition to run. So they made up a purse, and with it bribed the rider of the sorrel to lose the race, and let white take the lead. To their amazement, however, the sorrel horse won the race. "We are sold, as sure as a gun," said one of the bribers to the other. "Did you pay him the money?" asked the other. "Yes, I did; and he swore we should win." "Bless my soul," said the other, "Is there no such thing as an honest man left in the world?"—heaving a sigh of vast proportions.

ABRAHAM HOLROYD.

## I CANNOT BAR THE DOOR WITH MY BAIRN OUTSIDE.

[In the villages of the West Riding of Yorkshire there is a tender sentiment, or custom, still prevailing. When one of a family has been buried, or gone away, the house-door is left unlocked for seven nights,\* lest the departed might, in some way, feel that he was locked out of his old home.]

“ Suspense is worse than bitter grief—  
 The lad will come no more ;  
 Why should we longer watch and wait ?  
 Turn the key in the door.  
 From weary days and lonely nights  
 The light of hope has fled ;  
 I say the ship is lost, good wife,  
 And our bairn is dead.”

“ Husband, the last words that I spoke,  
 Just as he left the shore,  
 Were. ‘ Come thou early, come thou late,  
 Thou’lt find an open door ;  
 Open thy mother’s heart and hand,  
 Whatever else betide.’  
 And so I cannot turn the key  
 And my bairn outside.

“ Seven years is naught to mother love  
 And seventy times the seven ;  
 A mother is a mother still,  
 On earth or in God’s heaven.  
 I’ll watch for him, I’ll pray for him—  
 Prayer as the world is wide—  
 But, Oh ! I cannot turn the key,  
 And leave my bairn outside.

“ When winds were loud and snow lay white,  
 And storm-clouds drifted black,  
 I’ve heard his step—for heart can hear ;  
 I know he’s coming back.  
 What if he came this very night,  
 And he the house-door tried,  
 And found that we had turned the key,  
 And our bairn outside ! ”

The good man trimmed the candle light,  
 Threw on another log,  
 Then suddenly, he said : “ Good wife !  
 What ails—what ails the dog ?

\* I remember that the parents of a boy-friend of mine, in Halifax Parish, kept their door unbarred for at least a year after his burial.—T.

And what ails you ? What do you hear ? ”

She raised her eyes and cried :

“ Wide open fling the house-door now,  
For my bairn’s outside ! ”

Scarce said the words, when a glad hand

Flung wide the household door,

“ Dear mother ! father ! I am come !

I need not leave you more ! ”

That night, the first in seven long years,

The happy mother sighed :

“ Father, now you may bar the door,

For my bairn’s inside ! ”

#### YORKSHIRE CENTENARIANS.

ANN, the wife of Joseph Yeardley, of Sheffield Park, died December 25th, 1807. Buried in Tankersley Churchyard. Aged 105.\*

The following cutting from *The Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, May 19th, 1888, will probably be thought worthy of preservation in your valuable *Y. N. & Q.*, and possibly some reader may add to its interest by supplying Mrs. Bruce’s maiden name, together with the date of her marriage.

C. H. STEPHENSON, 22, SEFTON STREET, SOUTHPORT.

DEATH OF A LOCAL CENTENARIAN.—We have to announce the death, on Sunday evening, at her residence, High Street, Hartlepool, of Mrs. Jane Bruce, the attainment of whose 100th year took place on Monday, April 16th, as notified in these columns.

Mrs. Bruce has resided in Hartlepool about 70 years. Despite her prolonged years, she possessed good sight, was but slightly deaf, retained her memory fairly well, and had scarcely known a day’s illness during her long residence in the ancient borough. She was a native of Grindon, Yorkshire, where most of her youth was spent, and was married at Marton, whither she and her husband rode on horseback for the purpose. She has had seven children, of whom two or three are between 70 and 80 years of age.

During her residence in Hartlepool she was a member, firstly, of the Throston Primitive Methodist, and later of the Lumley Street chapels, though of late years, she was unable to attend the services. A constant student of scripture, she was well versed in Biblical lore, and one of her chief sources of delight was to repeat chapters from memory, and to sing the simple hymns of her religious belief. She was a great-grandmother

\* Thomas, son of the above, died January 22, 1841, aged 91.—J.L.S.

of a number of children, but not a single one of her own generation survived to witness her centenarian attainment, and although her little anecdotes of bygone days were necessarily rather brief and disjointed, she could recollect many of the stirring events of the reign of George III., and subsequent eras. In celebration of her centenary, a remarkable family gathering took place, including Mrs. Clegg (daughter), Mrs. Clement (grand-daughter), Mrs. Hunter (great-granddaughter), and a great-great-grandson (the son of the last named), several others of the family being also present, there being no fewer than four grandmothers in the gathering. Four of her sons (the eldest being 76) reside in Hartlepool, as also does one of her daughters. The venerable lady was the recipient of a number of presents in honour of her remarkable birthday.

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The death was announced, in Sept., 1867, in the parish of St. Martin, Colchester, of Mrs. Ann Rumsey, widow, in her 104th year. It is an interesting circumstance that she was the daughter of the celebrated navigator, Capt. Cook, who was massacred by the natives of Owhyee, in the South Sea Islands; and that she was born only a few years after the accession of George III. to the throne of England.

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MARY WILKINSON, who lived to the age of 109 years. She was a native of Lunedale, but when arrived at the years of maturity, she changed her residence to that of Romald-kirk, a village in the north of Yorkshire. When she was young and in perfect health, she walked several times to London; some times in four days, though the distance of 290 miles. At the advanced age of 90, she was desirous of visiting the metropolis again, and, buckling a keg of gin, and a quantity of provisions on her back, to support her on her journey, she left Romald-kirk, and reached London in five days and three hours. An instance of vigorous age not to be equalled by the boasting pedestrians of the present day. She lived to see four kings reign: and is interred in a stately tomb, erected at the expense of the inhabitants of Romald-kirk, who much esteemed and reverenced her.

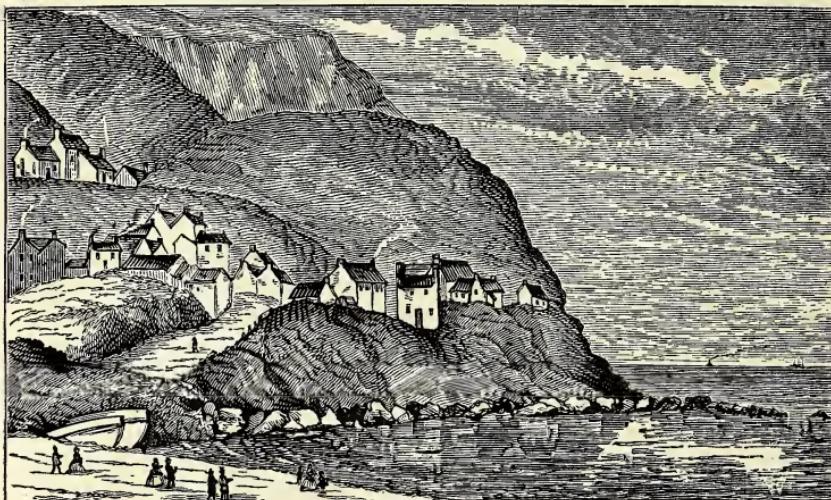
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DELIVERING A SOD.—The Priestley litigation involving claims in Shelf and Bradford district exceeding £500,000, advanced another stage (Jan., 1888,) by Mr. John Priestley recovering possession of the Shelf Hall Farm, under a judgment in ejection. The Sheriff of Yorkshire attended to put the heir at law in possession under an order of the High Court of Justice. This is a very unusual occurrence, and the ceremony of delivering a green sod was gone through. Mr. Ellis received it on behalf of

the Priestley Syndicate. About thirty actions are threatened against persons holding lands of the late James Priestley.

**SIGN OF BAD WEATHER.**—Around Bradford there is a common saying that the visit of a German Band to a village indicates approaching bad weather.

—o—  
RUNSWICK is one of the most picturesque and romantic spots on the North Yorkshire coast. We saw it at Easter, 1887, and greatly wished to see it again during the season. It is a nice walk from Whitby. A great land-slip is shewn, and the story goes that only one house was left standing by this disaster. In our *Notes and Queries* Section will be found a record of collections being made by briefs to recoup the inhabitants, a proof that we little expected to meet with when we scrambled down the precipitous, alum-shaly cliff. The village hangs against the north



Runswick.

cliff, and one has to wind about by footpaths from house to house. Standing at one door, you look down the next neighbour's chimney. Against the rugged ground, the houses are built like swallows' nests. About the middle of the bay is the remnant of Hob Hole, once a cave of one hundred feet deep, where lived a sprite named Hob, who was presumed to be able to cure the whooping-cough. The mothers in olden times, with their suffering babies in their arms, shouted at the mouth of the cave:—

“ Hob Hole Hob,  
My bairn’s getten t’ kincough,  
Tak’t off, tak’t off.

Mr. Walter White tells us that if Hob refused to be propitiated they tried another way, and catching a live hairy worm

(woolly boy), they hung it in a bag from the child's neck, and as the worm died and wasted away so did the cough. If this failed, a roasted mouse, or a piece of bread-and-butter administered by the hands of a virgin, was infallible; and if still obstinate, as a last resort, the child was passed nine times under the belly of a donkey. The present generation of Runswickians disclaim such odd notions, but they are not so daring as to say there was no efficacy in these old charms in days gone bye. Old Thomas Cooper, the postman, who has trudged and trotted his daily round for scores of years, should be taken in hand by the local antiquary or the old-time life will be lost to posterity. He is a genial old soul, a hearty hale fellow. At Loftus, the same day, we met with another village character—old William Dobson—who talked as if he were going to live another four score years, and from a marvellously trustworthy memory recounted the story of Boulby, Easington, Streethouses, Loftus, Skinningrove, Carlinhow and Brotton, from Roman times, nothing of which he has committed to paper, and shewed us, besides his Roman Coins, a Roman encampment west of the church (but quite apart from the churchyard), now known as Cockhill or Cockpit. It is a small quadrangular earthwork. That day we walked from Whitby to Saltburn.

ED.



Whitby Arms.

“They told how in their convent cell  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
 The lovely Edelfled;  
 And how of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone  
 When holy Hilda pray'd;  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.

They told how seafowls' pinions fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
They do their homage to the saint."

Thus, in verse, is enshrined the popular idea of the origin of the ammonites found so plentifully on the Whitby coast and figured on the Whitby Arms. Saint Hilda was a noted personage as we mentioned in the sketch of the holy well at Hinderwell, but she was not the only miracle worker of the district. Near Hawsker are the stones which mark where the arrows fell, when Robin Hood and Little John, who had been treated to a dinner at the Abbey of Whitby, (?) went up on the roof to gratify the monks with a specimen of their skill. "As your eye measures the distance, more than a mile, your admiration of the merry outlaws will brighten up, unless, like the incredulous antiquary, you consider such stories are only fit to be left 'among the lyes of the land'."

W.

**YORK CASTLE.**—"Whoever is imprisoned at York shall, on going in, pay a penny for a cord, although he be a true man; and so, if he be found guilty the gaoler shall find for him a rope; and if he be set free he loses his penny." This statement was inserted by an ancient annotator at fol. 53a. of his copy of Bracton. (See Mr. Horwood's Introduction to the Year Books, 20 and 21 Edward I., p. xvii). Can any of your readers say when, and how, this custom originated, and when, and how, it ceased?

Q. V.

**THE BRADFORD WAITS.**—Bradford has made wonderful strides of progress in recent years. But much of this "progress" has been at the sacrifice of some old customs and institutions that were very dear to old Bradfordians. Several years have now passed away since the old Christmas Waits were last heard in the streets of the old town, and when a few more years have rolled away the fact that they ever existed at all will be spoken of as a thing only of the "olden time."

The oldest Company of Waits in Bradford was formed about ten years before the incorporation of the Borough, or shortly before the passing of the Reform Bill. In the year 1829, Mr. Ellis Cunliffe Lister (father of the present Mr. S. C. Lister), and Mr. Matthew Thompson, who sat as magistrates at the "Spotted Horse," Manningham Lane, and at the Sun Inn, Bradford, gave permission to one Samuel Smith, otherwise "Blind Sam," to form a company of Waits for the town, which did not then number more than 20,000 inhabitants.

Sam was not long in finding three other associates, all blind, who were willing to join his "company," and another (who was not blind) to act as guide. The names of Sam's blind companions were, Jim Fletcher, Billy Blazeby, and Jack Dodge.

Furnished with musical instruments, and all tied to a pole, except the guide, they began their nightly perambulations, making music that could hardly be called sweet, but which, linked with the festive season of Christmas and other interesting associations, was always welcome, especially to the young who liked nothing better than to get out of bed and have one peep at the odd procession as it passed along the street.

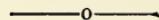


Bradford Waits.

But alas for the uncertainty of human plans and schemes! In 1862 a rival band of Waits, which had the presumption to call itself "The New Borough Waits," sprung into existence, so that instead of one band the town could now boast of two. This led to jealousies, bickerings and retaliations, and the walls of Bradford were placarded with bills headed "Caution," "Notice," &c.; "all of which," says Mr. Abraham Holroyd, our informant, "was very foolish, if the parties concerned had only considered that Bradford was then five times as large as it was thirty years previously (when "Blind Sam" first began the movement). If they had only agreed to divide the Borough and the yearly gifts between them, there was plenty of room for both bands, and two more if competition must come."

Whether it was that Bradford people did not care to patronise two sets of Waits, or that so old-fashioned an institution could not adapt itself to the new streets and new modes of life that had come upon the town, we will not venture to say. Certain it is that the "Bradford Waits," both the old set and the new, have ceased to exist, and will in course of time pass into the limbo of "forgotten things."

W. SCRUTON.



**GHOSTS.**—Primitive man knew how to outwit the ghost. For example, a ghost can only find his way back to the house by the way which he left it. This little weakness did not escape the vigilance of our ancestors, and they took their measures accordingly. The coffin was carried out of the house, not by the door, but by a hole made for the purpose in the wall, and this hole was carefully stopped up as soon as the body had been passed through it; so that, when the ghost strolled quietly back from the grave, he found to his surprise that there was no thoroughfare. The credit of this ingenious device is shared equally by Greenlanders, Hottentots, Bechuanas, Samoieds, Ojibways, Algonquins, Laosians, Hindoos, Thibetans, Siamese, Chinese, and Feejeeans. These special openings, or "doors of the dead," are still to be seen in a village near Amsterdam, and they were common to some towns of central Italy, as Perugia and Assisi. A trace of the same custom survives in Thuringen, where it was thought that the ghost of a man who had been hanged would return to the house if the body be not taken out by a window instead of the door. The Siamese, not content with carrying the dead man out by a special opening, endeavour to make assurance doubly sure by hurrying him three times round the house at full speed—a proceeding well calculated to bewilder the poor soul in the coffin. The Araucanians adopt the plan of strewing ashes behind the coffin as it is being borne to the grave, in order that the ghost may not be able to find his way back. The very general practice of closing the eyes of the dead appears to have originated with a similar object; it was a mode of blindfolding the dead, that he might not see the way by which he was carried to his last home. We have seen several doors walled up on the north side of churches in the East Riding, and heard such doors named "Dead door." (? Excommunicate door.) Further information is desired.—E.Y.

**HORN-BLOWING AT RIPON.**—The following interesting account of this ancient Yorkshire custom is extracted from an article by Mr. W. Andrews, in *The Argonaut*;

At Ripon a custom is retained which originated with the Saxons, and is perhaps one of the oldest in England; it is now useless, but is an interesting relic of days of yore. Alfred the Great incorporated this city in 886; the regulation of the place

was committed to the care of a wakeman with a competent staff of elders and assistants, who instituted the horn-blowing service. An old writer describes the ancient ceremony as follows: "It was, indeed, the custom of the Vigillarius, or Wakeman, to order that a horn should be blown every night at nine o'clock; and if any house or shop was broken open, or robbed, after that blowing of the horn, till the rising of the sun, why then the loss was obliged to be made good to the suffering inhabitant. For this obligation or insurance, every householder used to pay fourpence a year; but if there was a back door to another street, from which double danger might be supposed, then it was to be eightpence." The payment of the tax is discontinued, but the horn is still blown at the accustomed time. The horn-blower gives three long blasts before the residence of the mayor, and one blast at the Market Cross. The sound is rather dismal but yet musical. It is a common cow's horn (with a metal mouthpiece), curved in shape, measuring three feet six inches long. By means of a leather strap across the bend of it, the horn is carried. The horn-blower carries his instrument in front of the mayor and corporation when they attend church. On April 2, 1846, died, at the age of eighty-two, a famous horn-blower, named Benjamin Simmonds, who had occupied his appointment for thirty years. It is said he excelled all previous horn-blowers for the length and strength of blast.

But now no more they'll hear his blast,  
For Benjamin has blown his last.

For thirty-three years his son has filled the office. The horn now used is not the original one; this is kept in the possession of the mayor; and Mr. Frank Buckland, who saw it in October, 1874, thus describes it: "This ancient horn is not blown; it is handsomely mounted, and fastened on to a black velvet scarf, which is worn on the shoulders. At the juncture of the scarf with the horn are silver models of a miniature spur and cross-bow. On the horn is this inscription: 'Antiquis et honorem et premia possi—(I cannot quite construe this)—Vetustate lapsum restituit—J. Aiselbie, ARM., 1703.' On the lower part—'This horn was again restored, 1854, H. Morton, Mayor.' Attached to the velvet scarf are several silver plates. Every mayor on resigning office adds, or is supposed to add, a silver plate. I made a note of some of the dates, as follows:—1593, 1570, 1595, 1602, 1658. Some of the coats of arms and bosses are shaped like a sailor's hat. Several also are curious antique shapes. I was informed that the oldest badges are those of a Wakeman who lived in the time of Henry VIII., the name of one Gayscar, Wakeman in 1520, being marked especially."

Mr. William Harrison, late editor of the *Ripon and Richmond Chronicle*, told Mr. Buckland "that the horn itself is certainly of a date not later than the Conquest; that its form is true

Saxon, and that there is another such shaped horn, made of ivory, preserved in the vestry of York Cathedral. This is the horn of Ulphas,\* who was prince of the western parts of Deira. The Pusey horn is of the same peculiar elongated shape as of the horns of York and Ripon, and illuminations in Saxon manuscripts frequently give representations of horns shaped like those at Ripon and York." The name of Wakeman was exchanged for that of Mayor in 1604. Hugh Ripley was the last Wakeman and first Mayor. In the nave of Ripon Cathedral a monument is placed to his memory.

There is another horn-blowing custom at Bainbridge in Wensleydale, in the North Riding; and at Otley, in the West Riding, it is still carried out. Mr. William Smith, junior, F.S.A. Scot., in his valuable volume, "Rambles about Morley," informs us that, in looking over the village constable's expenses for 1781, he found an entry:—"September 21st.—Paid to Ben Fosterd for blowing the horn, 6d." The horn was blown at five o'clock every morning for beginning, and at eight at night, the time for leaving work. On Christmas morn a special immunity was granted to the servants and apprentices, who were allowed to lay undisturbed, except as they heard the "nominy" of the person who blew the old horn and sang—

"Dames, rise and take your pies,  
And let your maids lie still."

In Whitby Abbey lived and sang Caedmon, the first of the Saxon poets. Many old customs still linger here, and a curious ceremony is performed on every Ascension Eve, known as the "Horngarth." It is referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion":—

"Then Whitby's nuns exulting told  
How to their house three barons bold,  
Must menial service do ;  
While horns blow out a note of shame,  
And monks cry, 'Fye upon your name !  
In wrath for loss of sylvan game,  
Saint Hilda's priest ye slew ;  
This on Ascension Day each year,  
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy bear."

The authority for the origin of this custom is an ancient document, evidently as much a fiction as "Marmion." The historian of Whitby, Dr. Young, in his history, gives the document in full, and it will also be found in "Whitby and its Vicinity," by F. K. Robinson. See *Blount's Tenures, Y.N.Q.*

As to the true origin of the Horngarth service, Dr. Young supposes it to be a yearly summons to those of the abbot's vassals whose duty it was to keep the fences of his storeyards

\* See engraving of it in *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*.

near the water in repair. This garth, he adds, being superseded by the erection of better yards and more commodious warehouses; still the abbot and convent, ever jealous of their rights, compelled their tenants, or those who did not purchase an exemption, to continue this service, or at least, the semblance of it; and thus the shadow was retained while the substance was gone. Hence, in the course of a generation or two, the origin of this service, which then appeared useless and frivolous, began to be forgotten, an opportunity was furnished to the monks, or some one of them, to invent a fable which might both account for the practice and keep it up. The horn still blown on Ascension Eve to gather the people together on the south side of the River Esk, which forms the harbour, and within high-water mark, where it is supposed the ancient horn-garth was made, as a fenced-off place for storing goods, the penny hedge is planted.

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#### SIMEON RAYNER.

A Folk-lorist before the word folk-lore was promulgated, and an early contributor to *Notes and Queries* (London, weekly), Mr. Rayner's portrait may well stand as frontispiece to this first volume of *Yorkshire Folk-Lore*. He not only proposed a rough draft of the Folk-lore section, but contributed articles for its pages. Outside the most engrossing of his favourite studies and researches, the History of Pudsey, the one subject of antiquarianism that took him farthest afield was Folk-Lore. His great faculty of observation led him early to note the curious customs lingering in village life. He was indebted to his own plodding industry for his literary attainments, as he left school (if such a word is suited to the instruction and place, a cottage,) when nine years of age. Assiduously attentive to business from that time to the date of his death, he was no less plodding during the same period as a scholar and student. With largely developed caution, he ever made steady progress, financially, mentally, politically, morally. Outshining all his qualities was his serene rectitude. He was as tolerant of other people's opinions, as he was firm in maintaining his own. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* He was specially gentle with an inconsiderate opponent. He had a large circle of friends, by many of whom he was intensely revered. He lived a busy life; laboured as scholar at Mechanics' Institute when young, after the daily business toils were over, and endeavoured to disseminate truths as Sunday School Teacher, Mechanics' Institute Director, School Board Member, and Politician. He died at Pudsey, his native place, August 25th, 1886, aged 54. The only book he ever aspired to publish was the "History of Pudsey," which was successfully edited and issued the following year by Mr. W. Smith.

**TYPICAL YORKSHIREMEN.**—On pages 222 and 223 are figured the jolly and the depraved Yorkshire labourer. We turn to two public functionaries, typical of Yorkshiremen in every parish, but in this case portraits of Bradford notabilities drawn by a fellow townsman. Jonas Tasker was sexton at Bradford Parish Church in George the Third's reign. He is described as a tall, well-made



Bentley.



Tasker.

man, lithe as a willow, 'gathering them into the fat, old graveyard' with an unction worthy of his sober calling. His dress was as he is pictured, Sunday and Warty (Weekday), except on the former days he sported a smock of becoming cleanliness, and it was only on the rarest occasion that he wore a tight-fitting coat. Abraham Bentley was the town-crier, beadle, and parish constable. There were then no illustrated placards on the walls, 'fine enough to decorate a house;' large posters even were unknown; the bell-man was the medium of communication when it was requisite to make anything known to the town.

ROVER.

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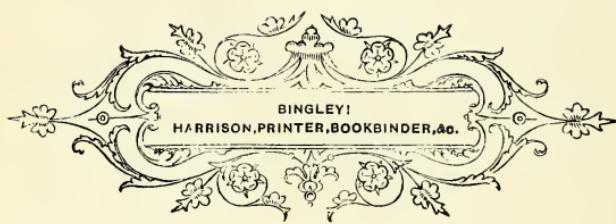
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